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SOUTH AFRICA

A SKETCH BOOK OF MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS

“ Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy !”

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PREFACE.

I CANNOT conceal from myself that in undertaking to write a book, however modest in character, upon South Africa, I have addressed myself to a by no means light or inconsiderable task. Not only does almost every topic treated of in these pages offer an open battle-field for controversy, but, moreover, the fiercest conflicts—in which the slain can be counted by thousands and tens of thousands—have already been waged upon these very fields: although but few of the contentions involved have as yet been decided so decisively as to make it possible for any particular faction to claim the victory. I have, therefore, abstained, whenever my duty would allow me to do so, from pronouncing arbitrary or conclusive opinions upon the vexed questions—social and political,—with which I have been called upon to deal.

My object, if didactic at all, is only so in that I hope to throw a little light upon the difficult problems connected with these—by no means least important—dependencies of our great Empire.

Upon these matters, albeit South Africa has occupied a very prominent place in the minds of Englishmen for some years past, our countrymen are singularly uninformed; and such information as they have gleaned during the enactment of recent events, is, to say the least of it,

a little mixed. I am ambitious of lifting aside the veil, which somehow or other enshrouds South Africa and its affairs, and in a chatty and readable manner I hope to have written a book which will not only instruct, but amuse.

“That young man has no ordinary share of vanity,” I can fancy I hear the gentle reader exclaim.

Without pleading guilty to the soft impeachment, I will, in the manner of all persons who attempt to exculpate themselves, further criminate myself by giving the grounds for the faith which is in me.

First, then, let me observe that I claim for my little work a right to be considered unique, in a certain sense, in its method of treatment of South African contemporary history. The idea popularly obtains in England, that South Africa is a place for missionaries, troublesome niggers, big mountains, big fights, and adventures in sport and in travel, and for these things alone. This impression has its origin in the fact, that nearly all visitors to the colonies who have subsequently written upon their experiences, have dwelt upon the foregoing matters, with all the adventitious colouring they could call to their aid, to the exclusion of the quieter and more everyday aspect of life, which most narrowly affects the future progress, and present well-being of the colonists themselves. Whenever an exception to this rule has cropped up, as it did, perhaps, in a certain measure, in the case of Anthony Trollope, and in that of Anthony Froude, and possibly in a few other instances, the work has been attributable to a distinct *motif*; and a suspicion of partisanship has marred the utility of the book. Moreover, I have as yet to learn that any writer has considered it to be worth while to go down into the bye-ways and hedges

of colonial life and experience, and by beginning on the lowly rounds of the ladder, endeavour to get a peep into every cranny, nook, and corner of the inner life of our fellow-subjects in the Cape dominions, by taking a good look into every window as he ascends to the house-top. This preparatory initiation should surely serve to help to explain much that a more complete survey from a higher altitude might be expected to unfold.

It is some time since I left South Africa. On my return, I delivered in different parts of London several lectures upon what I had seen and heard there. Since those days, I have had time to reconsider many crude and immature opinions then propounded.

The substance of a few of the earlier pages of this work has already appeared in the columns of a journal devoted to the interests of South Africa.

Chapters 13, 24, 28, 29, 30, and 50 have also in a certain, though very limited, measure seen the light before, as leading articles or letters in the *Natal Mercury*, the *Cape Times*, and the *Colonies and India*.

The various articles which have appeared in this country from my pen, have met, on the whole, with so flattering a reception from the colonial press, not less than from the organs of South Africa, issued in this country, that I have been encouraged to publish my thoughts in a more comprehensive, substantial, and permanent form; the leading journal of South Africa, the *Cape Argus*, having expressed itself in terms which quite put the seal upon my resolve.

I cannot but feel, however, that in writing a brief *résumé* of the various phases of life and manners which came under my notice during my sojourn in "Africa's sunny

climes," that I labour under considerable disadvantages. The public palate has been sadly pandered to, with reference to Africa, and I fear it may refuse to be satisfied with anything tame or common-place about the great continent. A halo of romance, more or less justified by facts, always hangs around a new and comparatively unknown country. Africa has supplied a theme to countless writers, travellers, and others; and the very incompleteness of the ascertained data concerning it, has left ample room for the exercise of a taste for poetical effusions and superlative imaginations. Much that has been written by gifted writers has evolved from their inner consciousness. I have no wish to point to any particular transgressor of the kind foreshadowed. Many of my readers will be able, mentally, to supply this omission for themselves. In competing for popular favour with such as these, I am, in this day of sensationalism, decidedly handicapped. It would be easier for me to follow in the footsteps of some of my predecessors, and to allow my imagination to run riot. I might also dress in new clothes, and spice with fresh condiments, the experiences of others. Thus a book full of interesting and exciting situations might be produced.

I do not fear, and I am quite willing to endure, the consequences of this abstention. In eschewing the devious paths open to me, I ask my readers to believe, that all I have attempted to achieve, and all I desire to achieve, is to make as clear and attractive as possible, certain important facts and details connected with the general conditions of the colonies. In doing this, I have adhered strictly to my actual experience. When I have drawn upon that of others, I have, by statement or implication, acknowledged that I have done so. I have indulged in no apocryphal

revelations. Should my more ambitious objects to instruct and amuse fail, I shall still hope, at least, that many readers, who may pick up this book to while away an idle hour, may be led to give a little anxious thought to problems and questions affecting the future of South Africa. We have great and urgent interests and duties in connection with our dependencies in that part of the world.

If I can do something in this direction, and better still, if, in addition, I can remove certain popular prejudices and mistakes which act in a detrimental manner to South Africa; and if I can throw the strong clear light of truth upon matters which have, as yet, been but fitfully and erratically illumined by rays from that holy lamp, I shall rest well content. I have avoided technicalities and statistics. I have endeavoured to render clear that which was confused and obscure. I have preferred to make that attempt in a popular and attractive, rather than in a scientific or academic manner. Thus it will be seen that I distinctly disavow any claim to special or expert knowledge, and where I may have been able to treat subjects from a technical point of view, I have purposely abstained from so doing. Such information can be culled from the handbooks and guides to South Africa, of which there are several excellent volumes before the public.

Whenever a book, or a series of articles, appears in England upon South Africa, there is pretty sure to be an outcry from the colonial organs and public, that what has been written is over-coloured, garbled, and distorted. I cannot deny that I think too often the blame has been well deserved. The greatest authors, after "a scamper through the country," found their works were reviewed in this spirit, and, of course, *unknown* I do not expect to escape. But,

nevertheless, I must observe that there is too great a disposition on the part of colonists to kick, if even a little truth is told concerning them and their habits. There are many black sides to South African life, and the unimpassioned critic is bound to present to view the reverse, as well as the fair side of African colonial society. I have wished to strike a fair balance. May I urge, on my own behalf, that, as I went to Africa, not as a great writer, but as a private individual, it was not worth the trouble on the part of any clique to seize upon me, that they might impress me with their views and notions, in order that I might reflect them at home?

Circumstances, and my own inclination, gave me opportunities of seeing, as much as the time at my disposal made possible, of almost every section of South African society.

From a mass of fleeting impressions my more lasting sentiments and opinions have evolved, which I offer to the world for what they are worth, only regretting that the actual performance should fall so far short of my ideals and aspirations.

My manifesto would be incomplete, however, were I to omit to acknowledge my indebtedness to my worthy cousin, Wm. Hardyman Unwin Colyer, Esq., of Sea Point, near Cape Town. He has spent thirty years in South Africa, in the course of which time he has visited every part of the colonies, and many of the circumambient territories and states. He has, moreover, had ample opportunity to study every important colonial centre, for he has pitched his tent in each, from time to time. He has been near at hand during the writing of this book, and I have found his assistance most useful in helping my memory where it

required refreshing, and in supplementing important facts here and there.

In conclusion, I may say that I cannot hope to have escaped giving offence to many friends by my opinions and plain speaking. I would that it were possible to avoid this unhappy result ; but such must ever be the lot of all who feel strongly impelled to speak what to their minds appears to be the truth. I expect attack from friends and foes, and I stand ready for the onslaught.

J. S. L.

201 PICCADILLY, W.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

SOUTH AFRICA is like Ireland, and like the poor; it is always with us. In that unhappy land, event has followed event with kaleidoscopic rapidity, and to speak of these events here would mean to re-write my book.

Let me briefly state then, what are the issues before us in the determination of the destiny of our South African dominions.

Are we to frankly accept our responsibilities there, or are we to reject them?

Tardily, in Bechuanaland, and now in Zululand, we have adopted, in a half-hearted way, the former course. But there is no whole-mindedness, no thoroughness, no method—we still hesitate.

Having put our hand to the plough, are we going to turn back?

If we do, *this* will result:—The British and philo-British colonists of South Africa, finding themselves first maligned and then deserted by their Government, and discovering themselves shut off from the North—their land of promise—by a Boer cordon, will make common cause with the malcontented Dutch all over South Africa. This marriage will eventuate in a Boer-Africander Republic—the United States of South Africa. The days of this Republic, if established, would be short indeed. So soon as the English, and progressive elements in its constitution, had sated of their dearly-bought revenge upon England, they would face toward the Dutch; and internecine strife would devastate South Africa.

Then wily Germany, having established herself at a safe and convenient distance, will be in a position to emulate the astute

fox of the fable. She will pounce upon the booty. Thus will Germany possess herself of what she has so long desired—a ready-made Colonial Empire.

England, that has not shrunk from countless sacrifices in order to found a dominion which might prove the basis of a magnificent Anglo-African Empire, where her pent-up starving millions might have room and breathing space for further development; will thus witness the first act in that drama of imperial dismemberment, for which the way has been prepared by her rulers with sedulous and unremitting assiduity.

Before the next century dawns all will be settled. England will have succeeded in forming the grandest and noblest UNITED EMPIRE the world has ever seen, or she will have sunk like Lucifer, never to rise again. Unless we let our sons in Australasia, Africa, and Canada, speak and be heard with authority on matters which go to decide their destiny; they will be for ever silent.

That our children in the Colonies should speak for themselves is an absolute necessity, else England will sink into permanent insignificance and imbecility, which position she seems meanwhile to be willing to occupy; for she tolerates rulers of both parties who have achieved successes unparalleled in our annals, in the way of making her an object of contempt and ridicule to her enemies, and of well nigh hopeless and heart-broken pity to her friends.

I cannot better express my feelings regarding South African policy, than by quoting those scriptural words, once quoted with such signal effect by my friend, Mr. Whistler.

“Therefore is judgment far from us. We grope for the wall, like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes; we stumble at noonday as in the night. We roar all like bears.”

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE,
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CHAPTER I.

THE DUTCH VERSUS THE ENGLISH.

"A PLAGUE ON BOTH YOUR HOUSES."

"Two households 'twixt 'em, both alike in dignity"

From ancient grudge-broke to new hatred."

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

IN order to present to my readers a clear view of the existing state of society in South Africa, it will be necessary to say something about the component parts of that society. In a country where political warfare has its root far more in the antipathies of races than in the clash of classes, politics become inextricably interwoven with social problems.

It is no part of my present purpose to enumerate the various aboriginal races which either now, or in the past have peopled South Africa. Some are practically extinct, as the Bushmen; others are becoming so, as the Hottentots; while others, as the Zulus, show, as yet, no signs of decadence. But these races, in the aggregate, form a very important factor in the social economy of Europeanized Africa. I allude especially to their utilization as servants and labourers. In Natal, if we leave out of the question the recently imported St. Helena women and Indian coolies, the manual work of the community is almost entirely performed by Kaffirs. On the Diamond Fields, and in the Dutch Republics, similar offices fall to the lot of the Zulus and other tribes. The domestic requirements of the older colony (Cape Colony) are met by Basutos, Fingoes, and allied—Kaffir—races; whilst in the neighbourhood of Cape Town itself, to the Mahomedan Malays, who are descended from the Sumatran slaves whom the Dutch brought into the country, we must add the mongrel residuum of the Hottentots, a residuum more or less tinged by white blood, who are both employed in similar capacities.

It is no part of my present purpose to deal with these—as I have said—by no means unimportant elements of African society. I mention them here in order to give force to my subsequent remarks regarding the social and political jealousies of the two leading races of European descent, who divide between them the control of the southern portion of the African continent. These jealousies tinge the social life of Africa throughout; their existence constitutes one of the most difficult problems with which the Colonial Office here, and our Governors and the respective Local Ministries there, have to deal.

The stranger finds the greatest enigmas which he is called upon to solve in studying the peculiarities of South African life, have their root in this divided feeling in the community.

The feud between the western and eastern provinces is in some measure due to this cause, and so in a far greater degree have been our recent troubles in the Transvaal. The existence of large masses of aborigines has had much to do with the creation and perpetuation of this animus.

In the old days the Dutch came to look upon the natives as their exclusive property; and the feeling of superiority which the possession, and almost absolute control, of a number of men of an inferior race gave them, made it most difficult for them to brook English interference and assumption. Englishmen coming into South Africa, finding that the Dutch despised manual labour, were not loath to take their cue therefrom, and they made use of the natives to the fullest extent of their power. Thus Dutchmen found Englishmen, who in this country would be glad of any chance work to turn a shilling, not only assuming perfect equality with themselves on the grounds that they, too, were above labour, and moreover that they belonged to the ruling race; but in time, backed by a paternal Government at home, arrogating to themselves the right to dictate as to the manner in which those natives—whom the Dutch had for generations regarded as their own peculiar property—should be treated. Thus the feud began and thus it has been continued, and in this chapter I shall endeavour to trace its progress and development.

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered by the Portuguese

some four centuries since, but they made no serious attempt to colonize the very small portion of modern European South Africa of which they took possession; and when they ceded their territories to the Dutch, in the middle of the 17th century, they withdrew entirely from the country. From that time until the beginning of this century—when Holland made over the whole of her South African dominions to England—the Dutch were the dominant race in South Africa; for the French refugees, who had been driven from France by religious persecution, soon lost their individuality, and their names remained the only index to their origin.

As might naturally be supposed, the descendants of the initial settlers viewed with no favourable eye the many innovations which their new masters were not slow to introduce; and their determination to enforce the observance of more humane ideas regarding the treatment of subject races was especially distasteful to them.

This feeling reached a climax when the abolition of slavery brought ruin to many of the most prosperous sheep farmers and cultivators of the vine. It is a well-known fact that in many cases such was the result, despite the enormous sum of money which England voted to the slaveholders by way of compensation. The meagre information possessed at home, regarding the value and necessity of native labour to the Dutch, and, moreover, of the great difficulties which they experienced in procuring any kind of labour of a non-compulsory character, rendered the sums granted—large as they were—totally inadequate in themselves to meet the case; but the absurd stipulation that no compensation money could be paid unless applied for personally in London, meant, in numerous instances, the total loss of the money. It was swallowed up in legal and travelling expenses. The unfortunate circumstances which followed so closely upon the bungling of the home Government did much to force a feeling of irritation into a much stronger sentiment. I allude to the public hanging of several Dutchmen for what was called high treason.

The “taking off” of a native, had, in the old time, been too often looked upon by the constituted authorities, as too trivial a matter to call for investigation, much less for punishment; and under certain conditions of sufficient provocation it was regarded

as being a most proper, nay, laudable action. The English Government very soon set about changing all this. A number of Boers becoming exasperated at the punishments which were inflicted upon them for ill-treating Hottentots, in one way or the other ; broke out into open rebellion, and the authorities singled out five ringleaders—members of the best Dutch houses—for prosecution, conviction, and death, according them but a very imperfect, and, I must add, unfair and one-sided trial. No wonder, then, that the hatred of the old settlers to the new *régime* reached fever pitch ; especially when we take the fact into consideration that the whole weight of the most influential families at the Cape, and, in short, of the entirely Dutch community, was thrown into the scale to prevent the sentence of death being carried out. Smarting under this and subsequent interference with their liberty, and with their deeply rooted ideas regarding the natives, all of which intermeddling appeared to them to be intolerable wrong, they determined to migrate across the Vaal River. Thus it was, that the Dutch Republics were founded.

Since this time, Englishmen have done very little to soften old asperities. The first offences were national—they were committed by the Government of the day ; the more recent offences have come from the colonists themselves. It must be remembered, in this connexion, that the original Dutch settlers, and the French refugees, with whom they amalgamated, were scions of the best blood of Holland and France. They did not bring with them, in any marked degree, their servants or their underlings ; as they found native labour, or the imported labour of which I have already spoken, amply sufficient to supply their requirements. Now, on the contrary, the vast majority of the immigrants with which England has favoured South Africa have been persons of a very low social status. I am speaking of the mass ; of course there have been many notable exceptions.

I am sorry to say that the bearing of Englishmen, and especially of Londoners, in South Africa, towards the older settlers of European race, is not calculated to redound to our credit either as gentlemen or as men. I can personally testify to the fact that there is a peculiar self-assertiveness and assumption about nine

out of every pore of the continent, which is absolutely disgusting. Wherever you go, it is the same, the same old story, the same thing prevails. I will explain to you what I mean by putting a few of the remarks which I have just made, and which you will find of the kind of swagger to which I have alluded, in detail, and what very bad dispute may arise between two of the most distinguished persons. "Oh! you are but a nigger like your father," says one, "What care I for a nigger like you?" "What care you, who you are, of the paternal country?" "Ah! how would I care, if I were not of the same, but in this life we have to live with our fathers, and so?" Can this be palatial? Can this be the result of the education of the land of their birth? Can this be the result of the education which other lights can we regard as the result of the education of the land of a Batavian dependent? Can this be the result of the education of the children of Dutch extraction, who are brought to the Cape of the Netherlands? Those people, who are brought to the Cape of the Netherlands, are not slow to resort to the same practice, and they will come from men who take an especial pride in their superiority over there, in direct ratio to the distance of their land, and whose honorous assertions of what they regard as their superiority, with a marked comparison to the dignity of the land which they have set up with yonder, are mere simple facts, and nothing more. Upon examination it is often discovered that the highest mental or social enjoyments which these individuals can lay any fair claim to having left behind them, are the noise of the pit of a theatre, the public billiard room, the suburban racetrack, or the assembly rooms and dance. It will be said that better men ought to be above caring about the sneers and jeers and comparisons of such upstarts; but it should not be forgotten that this questionable element is so strongly represented all over Africa, and that so many of the most important men in the place have sprung from this class, and consequently force their way into society, and even have the audacity to obtrude their jibes upon a mixed company where the African feeling may be strongly represented, before the irritation and constant friction resulting from such conduct can be understood.

The flotsam and jetsam of our great cities which becomes a

peripatetic element in the colonies, is, it is true, the chief sinner in this matter, but I may add that it is a regrettable fact that cadets of so many good English families, and especially men belonging to the military caste, (I allude here more particularly to retired or cashiered officers), of whom no inconsiderable proportion have left their country for their country's good, are not behindhand in adopting a similar attitude. Many a long-stringed adjectival and adverbial sentence interlarded with the strongest expletives have I heard hissed forth from lips parched by alcoholic rather than climatic heat; lips owned by men who, as far as birth goes, had few superiors. It will be readily understood how difficult it is for human nature to endure all this. These two elements—the “bird catching” and “ne'er-do-weel”—so immeasurably outnumber and talk down the more reputable and moderate English factors in the population, that it is not a subject for surprise that the best English families, who have been long enough resident in the Cape to see the true bearing of matters, and to get rid of their national insularity which prevents them at first from forming a fair judgment upon the points at issue, are inclined to sympathise with, if not to actually adopt, the Africander animus. The outlook before the recent Transvaal imbroglio, about which I shall feel called upon to express an opinion later on, was more hopeful. The successful English families having intermarried with the older colonists, there seemed to be some chance of the two races blending in blood and in feeling.

Better men have lately come into the colony, attracted by the prominence which Lord Carnarvon's confederation scheme and the long list of recent events have given South Africa at home. It is to be devoutly hoped that the check which the happy process of coalescence has but yesterday received will not be a permanent one, for it is certain that Dutchmen are beginning to understand that the poor limp creature whom they took to be a typical Englishman was only a caricature after all; and that the swagger and bounce of the all-sufficient colonist of yesterday were far fitter subject for contempt and ridicule than for serious consideration. That which is to be desired, and that which was growing up—and I hope despite all temporary obstacles may

continue to grow up—is a healthy colonial feeling and opinion evolved by the fusion of the best English and Dutch families.

This feeling and opinion moreover must be of an independent and national character, as opposed to the narrow Africander spirit. When I use the word national, I do not mean to imply a spirit inimical to the Imperial connexion. It will be our own fault if such a state of feeling is ever engendered. The African-born colonists will in time be too strong for the vulgar John Bullism, of which I have spoken, to have a chance of successfully asserting itself. The altered conditions regarding the natives are gradually placing the English and Dutch in different positions in regard to them, and also in regard to their relations one to the other. Dutchmen, as they become more enlightened, and consequently less prejudiced, begin to grasp the grand facts that English capital and English brains have supplied South Africa with its railways, its harbours, its public buildings, and all its industries, with the exception of the sheep-farming and wine-producing pursuits. England has protected the colonies from savages within and without their boundaries; English ships convey African produce to profitable markets; without English influence and English blood, South Africa would be nowhere; its progress, commercial and social, is of course due to British enterprise. But there are two ways of saying this, and in saying it I do not wish for a moment to disparage the many excellent and sterling qualities of the Dutch.

Nor do I desire to say anything to the detriment of the great body of reputable persons in the Cape. I should be very sorry were I to be misunderstood on this score. God forbid that I should libel the Colonists of any portion of Her Majesty's dominions, more especially those of South Africa, from whom I have experienced so many acts of kindness, and for many of whom I entertain feelings of the deepest regard and friendship. It has been my life-work to defend the Colonist. I have done so, in private and in public, by my pen and by my tongue, on every fitting occasion. In proof of this I quote from a pamphlet from my pen called "A World Empire," which was written mainly with the aforesaid object of defending Colonists. With this object in view, I privately distributed a thousand copies of the little work,

in the channels most likely to effect my purpose. I therein said that "The Americans a hundred years since were miserable Colonists. What are they now? A century or so hence it will be impossible to apply the epithet of 'miserable Colonist' to an Australian, Africander (*i.e.*, an African of European extraction), or a Canadian, where their homes are states, exceeding in wealth and prosperity this little isle itself." The whole essay is instinct with a like spirit.

Now, there are Colonists and *Colonists*. The persons with whom I am now concerned are the newly arrived importations, who could no more be considered Colonists in the true sense of the term than could I during my temporary sojourn in the country. I have merely painted in their true colours the waifs and strays who go to Africa, as to Australia, to prey upon the land, or to spy out its nakedness, with no fixed intention of remaining, and who had no settled purpose as to what they meant to do when they deserted their Fatherland. I might describe them indifferently, as "ne'er-do-weels," "Harrys," "bird catchers," "cockneys," and so on. These are they who start from England with the settled conviction that they are going to a land peopled by savages and coloured persons, a land devoid of any pretensions to civilisation, and to the possession of any of the attributes of European progress or culture. They think when they leave this country that they will find, at the end of their voyage, that all Africanders, acknowledging their superiority as Englishmen, will at once give way to them, and more, that they will be honoured and delighted in doing so. They believe that England possesses colonies merely for the benefit of those of her subjects who, born at home, can find nothing to do here, or have pursued the avocation of doing something in a wrong direction with more energy than discretion, and have at last found England too hot for them. They opine that the colonies are simply happy hunting grounds for the surplus population at home, and, were they consistent, they would add especially for the residuum population, for to that section of society, by accident of birth, or by natural subsidence, the class with which we are concerned invariably belongs. I am viewing the subject from the standpoint of those Colonists who are African by birth

or by adoption—that is to say, of those who have lived long enough in the country, and become sufficiently weighted by the ballast of interest, and natural ties to consider themselves fixtures and abiding citizens of South Africa. These views, which I fully endorse, are none too much ventilated by, or in fashion with, returned visitors. On the contrary, the rule is to run down Africaners and make them appear in the worst possible light. If such an animus is to continue and to become general with those who write or speak of South African Colonists, and if the miserable floating population of the dependency, which comprises the riff raff bragging element of which I have written, is to be defended and upheld against the vertebrate and more staid portions of the community; if it is to be spoken of as the representative section of society in the Colonies; if the views, aims and opinions of such a clique are to find powerful defenders—defenders who make it appear that those who stigmatise its faults are stigmatising the character and status of South African society proper; then we shall speedily find the better element of Colonial society asserting itself, and rebelling against the assumption of the objectionable element in question, and, in doing so, against those who support it. This would mean good bye to the Imperial connexion. It would mean the establishment of a South African republic. This conduct, and the championship of these views would give a strength and an aim to the Africander Bond movement that it could otherwise never attain.

I consider that in exposing this questionable element of South African society, I am doing all that is worthier in that society an incalculable benefit. Few Englishmen have the courage or the justice to show up the weakness and the follies of their countrymen. It is not only a duty, but the best policy to do so if we wish to conserve the empire. My natural sympathies in all disputes I have witnessed between Englishmen and Africaners were, of course, with the former. My reason was, I regret to say, nearly always with the latter. When I have thought Africaners in the wrong, I have not failed to say so. The Lord Chief Justice, now Sir Henry de Villiers, denounced in no measured terms the effort being made some years ago, and since revived,

to resuscitate and galvanize into life, and render a national tongue the miserable *patois*, called Dutch, which the Boers of South Africa speak. I also sounded my little trumpet on that occasion. I wrote a long denunciatory letter to the *Cape Times*, pitching into the movement right and left. In Natal, also, when Mr. Hartley insulted some deluded immigrants,—who were inveigled from England to Durban on false pretences, and found upon their arrival nothing to do,—by telling them among other disagreeable things, that the Natalian, man for man, was worth twelve ordinary Englishmen, I gave that gentleman a sound thrashing in the columns of the *Natal Mercury*. No one could be more intensely English, more ardently patriotic, than I. But I have a feeling stronger than this. A love of justice, and a detestation of vulgar, bullying insolence and self-assertion. These are the qualities of the riff-raff cockneys who infest South Africa, and these qualities they persistently display. I have spoken the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. A more idle, dissolute, drinking set it would be impossible to find anywhere, and they are a source of corruption to the whole of the Colonies.

I desire also to warn intending emigrants against the faults of new-comers, for even the very best of them seem to find a difficulty in avoiding a certain rude and contemptuous bearing to the older settlers. To these latter, the Colonists proper, I am anxious to do every justice. My only fear is, that this desire may have induced me to be a little unfair sometimes in the comparisons which I have drawn between them and Englishmen at home. My object however is not to injure the Colonies, nor to say anything which will prevent people from settling in South Africa. I desire rather to induce persons who have made a home among the Afrianders to act with becoming moderation and fairness instead of with caddish bounce and irritating self-assertion, to the older inhabitants of European descent.

South Africa has a future, and a grand one too; it will work out its own destiny in its own way. The present is a most anxious and critical time. I can only add—*spes meliora!*

CHAPTER II

THE HOME IN THE COLONY

"CIVILIZATION AND PROGRESS"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A FEELING WITHIN THE COLONIALS, which is in accordance with the relative position of the Colonies in the world, is that the distinction very largely between the Colonies and the "mother" land is that the Colonies are populated by the European people, while the first settlers of America were of a more moderate class. Hence, the Colonies are, in fact, no aristocratic societies, but are, like the South African society, and especially the society of the Cape, which is described as being the most aristocratic of the Colonies, which compose the other part of the world, a society that had to form themselves out of the "middle" class of the "mother" land. The Cape was the seat of the aristocracy of the Colonies, the aristocracy and civil servants. Moreover, the seat of the Society of the Cape was a place of culture, the seat of the Indian Empire, and the impressions of the Colonies, which by the way, outward bound were not without a certain influence upon the Cape colonists. At all times, the Colonies, established in South Africa, and not at all the Colonies, and the presence of English officers, and the influence of a certain influence upon the tone of the Colonies. I must add that although there is less pride of birth in the Colonies in South Africa, the best Australians are not less proud than the best Africans.

The voyage by sea being too slow to be a deterrent, there is a constant intercourse between the old country and the Colonies, which tends to render colonists *au courant* with

the times. The foregoing circumstances will help to explain why African, in a certain sense, is in advance of Australian society. But there is a more potent reason yet, which is the co-existence in the former community of inferior races, which always gives a certain patrician tinge to any society. In this connexion witness the old Virginian planters in the slave times. The popular opinion at home, now becoming obsolete, that colonists are all of the rough-and-ready pattern, and that their habits and characteristics are also of that type, can scarcely obtain much longer. It is true that there is more freedom in African society than would be tolerated here. But pride of birth, and pride of wealth, are by no means unknown. The various communities are clannish to a degree, but the principles upon which these social distinctions and barriers are based differ widely.

I will first deal with the society of Cape Town, of the Western Province, in fact. In this division of the Cape Colony, the white population is, to a great extent, of Dutch origin. I look upon the Dutch as the aristocracy of South Africa. The first Dutch colonists were of better blood than the bulk of the white settlers, original or otherwise. The Dutch were the masters of the land, and in no small measure they are so still. The English officers stationed in South Africa are generally hand-and-glove with these old families, who have larger places, and consequently more shooting, and other sports, to offer their friends, than their English rivals; and their friendship is not likely to be so compromising as that of some of the *nouveaux riches* of British extraction. This class does not readily concede the claims of the Dutch to social precedence, and the point is often hotly contested between them, or rather by the partisans of the two factions.

The Earl of Dunraven recently stated that the greatest compliment he had been paid, during his long sojourn in the States, was offered him by an American girl, who told him that upon the whole she considered that he spoke English very well. The bone of contention between Englishmen and Dutchmen has often been settled offhand, by the Dutchman remarking that, if he were really so inferior to the Britisher, how came it that he could speak the English language, which his would-be superior could not?

However, I must guard against going too far in this matter, in case I should be thought guilty of having formed a prejudiced opinion to the detriment of our countrymen in Africa. I am merely doing an act of justice in claiming pre-eminence for such families as the Cloetes, Vanderdules, Van Reenens, Van Bredas De Villiers, and the rest. Beyond this, mere blood or breeding has very little to do with any man's position in any part of South Africa.

There are many sons of nobility, and of good county families, in Cape Town, but unless they are prosperous men also, their birth will not in itself be a passport to respect. In all the large towns, the merchants, of course, are the first men, the greater number of whom have been the architects of their own fortunes, none the less are they sterling good fellows in the main. Nobody asks out yonder who was a man's father, and if a man has one he will find it better taste to suppress the fact. Some time since the younger Civil servants, who consider themselves by no means "every-day young men," and fancy that they belong to a superior caste to the largest Cape merchants, came to an open rupture with the last mentioned gentlemen. They blackballed a man of excellent position, who had been nominated for election as a member of the Civil Service Club. This led to the formation of the City Club. The large stockeepers rank next to the merchants. In this country they would be called shopkeepers, there they are designated importers, and, if they can live in the same style as the merchants, they are received upon an equality with them. Beyond this there is little or no social cliquism in any of the towns of the older province. Men are estimated at their worth, and find their level accordingly. In the African Colonies, as in the Australian, accident of birth, or any other social qualification, is not in itself considered a passport to the best society unless a man conduct himself in every way as a gentleman should conduct himself. The Tony Lumpkins and Rawdon Crawleys are sent to Coventry.

It may not be inappropriate here to say something of the dwelling-houses of Cape Town. The best houses are undoubtedly the old Dutch mansions in the city. These are fine and

substantial buildings with massive walls and large, lofty rooms, with exposed oak beams overhead, and polished oak floors under foot, with oak dados and skirtings. Arranged in squares and parallelograms, these flat-top houses have a *souffçon* of the East. The peculiar warm tinting of the walls, in various shades of brown, orange, rose, or pink, contribute to make up a thoroughly un-English appearance, despite the small paned Queen Anne windows, and hideously clumsy dormers. In the distance, when the solidity of construction is not apparent, the effect is rather of a theatrical paste-board character, not unlike that to be noticed in the French and Italian villas along the Riviera. These houses were formerly inhabited by Dutch farmers, but are now almost entirely given over to the Malays and a few professional and clerical men whose occupations make it impossible for them to live in the suburbs. Among these, the Dean of Cape Town; and from him I learnt what I could not at first understand, namely, why such good houses were neglected for others far smaller and far more expensive.

He told me that the first reason was the badly drained and consequently ill-smelling condition of the town; and, secondly, the desire to be out of the way of the coloured people who inhabit the side streets and back slums of the city. There are substantial reasons for this feeling, for concerning the aforesaid class it may be aptly said that their customs are atrocious, and as to their manners, they have none. A family man must, if possible, preserve his children from the contamination of such pernicious examples. Dean Clarke reminded me that in such a climate it was impossible to keep one's children within doors, or under the control of domestics. He added, that he had often been shocked to hear the most blasphemous language come out of the mouths of little children of good parentage, who had unconsciously picked up the polluted verbiage let fall by Malays, or Mozanibiques and cognate natives.

I mention these facts to show that it is not fashion that induces all those who are not prevented by pecuniary or other considerations to forsake the town. The favourite resorts of the more fortunate sections of society are *The Gardens*, where the houses

are small but expensive, though pretty and comfortable, surrounded as they are by stoeps (raised platforms), and verandahs, whilst the blue gum trees emit an aromatic, resinous perfume, which is singularly pleasing: or the villas at Green Point and Sea Point, which are reached by the tramway. For travelling by tram-car is not under the ban of Mrs. Grundy in Cape Town—and where such men as Saul Solomon, Captain Marison, and Professor Cameron live.

I suppose that if a preference were to be conceded to any particular suburban district, it would be given to the beautiful villages of Mowbray, Clarendon, Rondebosch, Newlands, and Wynburg. The last named village is distant some ten miles from Cape Town, and like the places which I have just mentioned, it is reached by a short railway. By the bye, the first line laid in the Colony. The Wynburg road, however, which runs parallel to the railway, is by far the most attractive means of arriving at any of these villages, although the facilities for travelling which the latter means of transit constitutes, is, on account of its convenience, far and away the most popular. Many carriages have disappeared both here and in the marine suburbs before the rivalry of train and tram.

The drive, notwithstanding, is truly lovely with its avenues of trees, clustering thickets, and wooded heights. The houses near the road are chiefly English, and are comparatively new. They resemble the suburban villas of Norwood or Bickley. There are, moreover, some fine old Dutch seats built off the main road, and standing on rising eminences in their own grounds, surrounded and hidden from view by copse and woodland. Miss May Byrne, a colonial lady, who has written some very interesting novelettes of no mean order of merit for a Cape journal, thus describes a house of this character, and I cannot do better than give her words, for they represent the kind of residence to which I am alluding:—"A quaint old house, buried in a magnificent growth of firs. A long low building, with a broad flag stoep running round three of its sides. There are big heavy doors and half doors, and there is a broad passage widening out at the back into a huge dining-hall, dark and cool, in the hottest summer day,

with the shade of the grape-vine over the trellis, and an immense cluster of plantains that thrust themselves almost up to the windows." There is a curious characteristic about these old structures. I allude to the huge stone piers which are used to support the most insignificant weights. They present a most ludicrous example of misapplied power.

But there is no sort of cliquism in Cape Town of that nature which is determined by the district in which one lives. There is none of that vulgar snobbishness which prevails among the *parvenus* of London suburban districts: the butchers and bakers of yesterday, who are for ever haunted by a feeling of insecurity regarding their position, and where the really good families are the least pretentious. There can but be a feeling of contempt for cliques which are formed solely on the grounds of residential proximity; for it is no uncommon case in the environs of our metropolis for the inhabitants of one half of a road to refuse to visit the other half; each division entertaining a firm conviction of its superiority. For this sort of thing you must go to a place so essentially after the heart of the English middle class as Port Elizabeth, where persons on "The Hill" will not visit persons living at "North End;" and for the same absurdity carried to a greater excess, I will cite Durban and Maritzburg in Natal.

In Durban this idiosyncrasy is especially hateful, when we remember that it is scarcely two generations since the original colonists landed at Natal, penniless almost to a man. Cliquism is degraded to a fetish in this colony, and birth, education, breed, or even money, go for nothing; position and social rank being determined by the answer to the question, "Where does he or she live, in the East or the West Berea, in town, at the Umgene, or where?" There are ten or twelve cliques in Durban at bitter enmity—at drawn swords in fact—and woe betide you if you try to bring them together, or if you say aught in praise of a member of one clique to a member of any of the others. Nothing good can exist, in the eyes of these narrow-minded Natalians, in any clique but their own. The system is a great drawback to the place, and in Maritzburg the same thing prevails.

I will not be so churlish as to leave these remarks unqualified.

A stranger well introduced is as kindly treated, and as well cared for, in Natal as in any other part of South Africa. The hospitality of Natalians is well nigh boundless. They have a most genial way of receiving a visitor. As to the houses in this colony, they are constructed in the main of wood and corrugated iron. They stand on ridges and little hills with broad acres of productive land around. Mangoes, oranges, bananas, and peaches are in abundance.

The caste feeling in Natal is carried out with great nicety in another way. Thus the employer is assisted by the artizan; the artizan by the Indian coolie; the coolie by the Zulu, and the Zulu will retain an Amamonga if he can find one.

This may account for a certain arrogant bearing on the part of Natalians. They have coolies and natives always at hand to attend upon their every requirement. There is a delicate flattery in the coolie's attentions; he will not allow you to do anything for yourself, and anticipates your simplest wants. I was once addressed by a Rajpoot thus: "Why are people equal here? Why does the European stoop to pick a flower when I am here to do it?" The coolies themselves lose their individual caste when away from home. In Natal a Rajpoot or a Brahmin is no better than a Topa, and Hindoos and Musselmans are as one. The Kaffirs despise the Indians, and *vice versa*. An impudent black fellow, as black as may be, but calling himself half a Dutchman, once stigmatized coolies in my hearing as being no good, on account of the offence they gave to his olfactory nerves. I must say I think the Kaffirs carry off the palm here.

I ought to add something about society on the Diamond Fields, upon which I have excellent sources of information, but perhaps it would be better to observe a discreet silence upon this point. I shall put forward both sides of the question, that of the defenders and that of the detractors of Griqualand West Society later on.

I have thus enumerated the main distinctions between society here and in the colonies, which are marked enough, it is true; and now to sum them up. There is in the South African colonies no class representing our nobility and landed aristocracy. The Dutch, of whom I have written, come nearest thereunto. The

colonists are anxious enough to appear ceremonious, and to conform to European ideas, although from climatic and other causes, they are not punctiliously observant of the minor details of modern life. This, as far as the men are concerned, applies especially to the matter of dress. The men are not careful nor particular in their dress. Silk hats, black coats, and kid gloves, are seen sometimes in the larger towns, but not oftener than absolute necessity or decorum demands. Tweed suits and Norfolk jackets are more *en règle* than any other style. Dressing in the evening is also generally tabooed, but it is becoming *de rigueur* to do so in Cape Town. Common sense has too much sway over the colonial mind to allow it to tolerate absolute stiffness, pride or arrogance, much less "la-di-da-ism" or "masherism". With the exceptions I have notified, colonists consult their own tastes and feelings on all occasions, and refuse to be fettered by formal etiquette. While observing a certain margin, they do pretty much as they like. They are *dégaçé*, and enthusiastic; but the wealthy and educated classes in the African colonies possess very pleasing manners. I have not been afraid to mention their faults. There is yet another upon which I must touch, that is to say, their love of display. This particular form of snobbishness is to an extent excusable. It arises from the desire to show new arrivals that they are as well up in the routine of fashionable observances and as well equipped, and their women as well dressed, and as well shod, as are their brothers and their sisters, their uncles and their aunts at home. It is almost needless to add that much ruin arises from this cause.

It must not be forgotten, however, that many families have been in the possession of ample means for generations, and these families pass so much of their time in England and on the Continent, that one often finds them to be excessively refined and in form. For, as Charles Lever says:—"Time does for family what it does for wine, and just merely by age your poor light Medoc mellows into a very drinkable claret." It is true that in the very constitution of colonies where money is made and parted with very readily, there must be a vast number of self-made men; but I have yet to learn that they conduct themselves in an

unseemly manner on the whole. There is more purse-proud impudence at home than in the colonies. The proximity of the Diamond Fields, where all men are supposed to be equal, tends to stunt the growth of family pride: it exists, however, as I have already shown. The lower classes, both black and motley or tar-brushed, are certainly extremely ignorant, disrespectful, and coarse. They make up for this by shrewd common sense, the result of contact with the many roaming cosmopolites who go about from colony to colony. At the same time they have more freedom in the expression of their opinions than social laws will admit of at home. South Africa owes much of its refinement to the Cape Dutch, and to those persons who have been driven by pulmonary complaints to make it their home. But the commercial progress of the place, it is only fair to add, is due mainly to those unsavoury elements in South African society of which I spoke in my first chapter.

CHAPTER III.

COLONISTS AT PLAY.

“WE’LL DANCE AND PLAY AND WRINKLED CARE BEGUILLE.”

“ But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is sped,
Or like the snowflake on the river,
A moment seen then melts for ever.”

—*Burns.*

THE district covered by the term South Africa, includes so wide an area, and it embraces within its boundaries such a variety of climates and races, and dissimilar tracts of country, distinguished by totally different natural features, that in writing a popular survey of its general characteristics, one is in danger, not only of being misunderstood, but of appearing to be contradictory. In dealing with the amusements which South Africa affords, primarily to the resident, but also to the stranger, I feel the force of this difficulty to the full extent. I will start with the assertion—which admits of so few exceptions that it may be considered to be sufficiently near the mark to be taken generally—that the colonies can never seem to be dull, stale, and unprofitable to the man of sporting proclivities.

Sport, of course, is the grand indigenous recreation—I might almost say pursuit—which South Africa affords, but for the moment I desire merely to touch upon it; for in the present chapter I am more nearly concerned with those exotic amusements which may be said to go hand-in-hand with civilization all over the world, and, in fact, have come into existence concurrently with that civilization itself, in order to show how far these amusements have taken root in Africa, and how far they have been modified or grafted upon. First, then, as to the social pleasures of the older colony, the Cape Colony, in fact. The votary of terpsichorean

and prandial delights will find ample opportunity for the indulgence of these tastes in Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, and in a lesser degree in the other important towns of the colony, although this assertion is especially applicable to the places I have designated. The profusion and elaboration of modern English life is of course practically unknown, but I question whether this is not a gain from the point of view of enjoyment: for dances and dinners are less formal, and those who give them are not ruled so essentially by the exigencies of fashion, or obligation, as is the case here; and consequently they have not yet been relegated in the conversation of colonists to the land of social boredom—a stage which, by common consent—they have long since reached at home. Climatic influences have had much to do with restraining the growth of ultra formality. The stoeps and verandahs, generally occupied, which surround colonial houses, seem to speak invitingly, and the word they pronounce is "Welcome." To be brief, people live outside their houses almost more than within them.

An Englishman's home is his castle, I might add, his sarcophagus; for he seems to be half afraid even to show his face at the window. Conventional calling is of course an institution in the colonies as elsewhere; but the matter does not end there as it so often does here; for neighbours and friends are constantly running in and out of one another's houses, and impromptu dances and musical evenings are the order of the day; that is to say, where those two demons, cliquism and race antipathy do not interfere. Cape Town has its theatre, and its opera, its numerous choral societies, and its promenade concerts. Dramatic and vocal ability are far better represented yonder than is generally supposed, and the colonists are enthusiastic supporters of both. *Patience* and even more modern operas have already been performed in Cape Town, and all our popular plays make their appearance in the colony nearly as soon as they do in our provinces. The turf holds by no means a second place to these in the colonial heart. The meetings of the South African Turf Club take place annually at Claremont, and terminate with a ball at the Masonic Hall, when an assemblage quite the reverse to indifferent is brought together.

The great social event of the year, however, is the ball at Government House, preceded by a *levée*, which calls for no special discussion at my hands, other than to say that under the *régime* of the last three governors, little grumbling as to the hospitalities thereof has been heard. The Colonists are readily drawn by novel amusements. At a Spelling Bee, the Dean of Cape Town acting as the interrogator, and the Speaker of the House of Assembly (Sir David Tennant) in the chair, the Governor and the Bishop of Cape Town were present, and the *élite* of the city assembled. I will pay the colonists the compliment of saying, that the room compared by no means unfavourably in appearance and style to that presented by a St. James's Hall audience.

Rinkomania, of a very pronounced type affected colonists, and as for badminton and lawn tennis I have often tried my hand at those games in the vicinity of the African metropolis, many a long day before they became popular pastimes in England. Cricket and football have been but imperfectly acclimated, but athletic sports hold their own fairly well. Yatching and boating find a limited number of patrons, while the Cape Town regatta turns the whole place upside down. The company which congregates at the harbour, impresses the stranger most vividly with the fact that the population of the capital is of a very mixed character. The evident enjoyment and *bonhomie* of the crowd, for it is not composed of persons who are inclined to take their pleasures sadly, is unfortunately marred by the scenes that occur at night in the streets, canteens and hotels. Vinous and spirituous influences foster racial hatreds, and many a broil is the result.

But to turn away from unpleasant reminiscences of this sort to others more cheerful. The merchants of the colony are fond of improvising *al fresco* whist clubs and card parties. The younger portions of the community seek relaxation in volunteering, target shooting, and in mountain climbing, which is, by the way, a favourite amusement of the ladies, especially when it is combined with fern collecting. Many a house, surrounded with a luxuriant growth of ferns, owes its charms to the industry of some fair collector, whose assiduity has cost her not a few footsore and weary journeys. A great many merchants lunch or dine, as the case may

Vallence, or from the heights of Box Hill, or the high ground around Westerham or from Stanstead Hill near to Wrotham.

If you be so disposed you can walk down to the sea-coast and jump from the bathing stage (which the Municipality of Durban has provided), into the sea. A peculiar recreation, for the moment you jump into the water a shoal of fish jump out. You must rely upon your own resources for amusement at night, no less than during the day, for organized amusements are conspicuously absent, the paraffine lamps which illuminate the town are extinguished at 10.30 p.m., and the grog shops are closed at 11 o'clock. The tastes of the colonists are therefore made modest by necessity, whatever they may be by choice. Chance amateur concerts and entertainments, penny readings, or public meetings will attract a considerable percentage of the adult population. The churches are the social rendezvous. I will not go so far as to say they supply the most important items in the *menu* of recreative fare. I remember all Durban running to see the Roman Catholic priests amuse some school children with a few conjuring tricks; a questionable policy on the part of the priests, I thought, as it suggested to many minds a connection between jugglery and Jesuitism. The older inhabitants of Natal find much amusement in the excitement of public meetings, or in eagerly watching for and devouring, upon arrival, home news; while the younger colonists—here as in the Cape Colony—take solace in the pleasures of horsemanship, or in volunteering and shooting. About the latter I shall have something to say in a future chapter.

Since my sojourn in Durban, the colonists have built a theatre, at the foot of the Berea. Never, I venture to assert, were children by Punchinello half so tickled as are the good folk of Durban by the dramatic and operatic performances which they can now command.

CHAPTER IV.

COLONIAL THORNS.

"DUKAKES, LE FIGNE SOUTIAS ——"

"A very serpent in my path,
An Iw'ntee, or this sort of man, of olden trade,
He lies before me."

—*K. v. J. in.*

HUMAN nature is happily so constituted, that if we cast our thoughts back upon a phase of our existence which is over and done with, we remember chiefly our happiest hours. Our great troubles, it is true, stand out like wild beacons, or finger posts, but even these are softened by time. The petty annoyances, which seemed to be very real anxieties, at the moment of their occurrence, cause but a regretful smile. We wonder how we could have been so weak as to have allowed them to disturb our equanimity so much, although we may be ever so conscious that the same result would accrue, from a similar effect, on any future occasion. The sanguine spirit of man accentuates past pleasures, while it makes light of the sorrows and pains of yesterday. Individually I look back upon my African experiences with the liveliest appreciation of the enjoyments thereof; but as the other side of the picture has not yet quite faded from my memory, and as the annoyances of which I became conscious at the time were of a general character, and such as other travellers into this far country may expect to be called upon to endure, it may not be unprofitable to note some of them.

In the first place, then, the misery of *mal de mer*, which most persons have to grin at and bear, during their journey to South Africa, is no insignificant penalty to pay, in return for whatever of a contrary nature the voyage may afford. But this is a thing of course. So may be styled the native annoyance, which of all others is the annoyance *par excellence* of the colonies. I am

speaking in general terms ; I allude to no particular race ; but I have no manner of doubt that the black population of South Africa constitutes the greatest thorn in its side. My first experience of the native was by no means a pleasant one. As soon as the ship which took me from England thither was safely alongside the harbour, my anxiety to find myself on *terra firma* was so urgent, that I forgot all about my luggage ; and when I returned to appropriate my effects, I found that the smaller and consequently portable parcels had been annexed by some prowling Mozambiquer or other African.

But this incident forms a part of a very large subject, and I will therefore refrain from adducing further instances, until I have to deal with the native question at large.

An encounter with custom-house authorities is never calculated to sweeten one's temper. They are a hateful and churlish set all over the world, and those of the Cape Colony amply sustain this reputation.

Persons possessing an imperfect sense of smell, will have reason to be thankful to Providence for this deficiency during their sojourn in Cape Town, for whenever they have occasion to traverse the road leading from the docks to the custom-house, they will be spared much that the more sensitive have to experience. To judge by the disgusting odours that assail the nasal organ as one passes along this road, I should opine that the decomposition and deodorisation of the *débris* of the town—of which, by the way, the road was composed—have been unduly arrested at an important stage. Cape Town has been fitly, if somewhat coarsely, described as a “City of Stinks”. It owes this well-earned appellation to imperfect sanitary arrangements, and to the bales of dried fish—chiefly a fish called snook—with which the sea-shore is bestrewn. The anathemas of the local press have been all too feeble to awaken the inhabitants to the necessity of improving the perfume of the town. I suppose the Malays have a long vested right to the beach as a drying ground for their fish, but surely much might, and could be done, in other directions to mitigate the nuisance. I only know two places characterized by the unpleasant odour of Cape Town—the city of

York, and Nice in the dry season—though, to be sure, London in summer is by no means exempt from this reproach, to wit, a certain fashionable thoroughfare not far from Charing Cross, while there are many other cities which run Cape Town pretty close in this respect; but even if we allow the city of fifty distinct odours, Cologne, to come into competition, I think we must give the African capital the palm. The frequent, though happily decreasing, visitations of those terrible scourges, smallpox, fever, diphtheria, and cholera, may trace their origin to this source. Some years since a great scandal was caused by the slipshod manner in which the victims of a smallpox epidemic were consigned to their last resting place. The burial ground became a hunting field for the mongrel race of dogs. I will not pursue this subject further, only to say that there can be little doubt that the late alarming prevalence of smallpox should be properly attributed to the neglect of the primary law of sanitation.

A writer in the columns of the *Eastern Daily Herald* thus describes his arrival in Cape Town, "trudging along the dusty Dock road, in the reckless and unceremonious fashion of the Cape Town cabman, by the grass-covered Adderley Battery, and up Adderley street to the George Hotel's numerous new buildings and improvements that have been completed during the last three years attracted attention, but the same old peculiar smells are still there, only, perhaps, they do seem a little more intense, a sensation probably caused by my long absence. Peculiar institution those smells, and one Cape Town is very proud of, or, at all events, very fond of. The George Hotel reached, followed by a bath and change of clothes, occupy the time until tiffin is ready, and then an attempt is made to make up for the enforced fast endured on ship-board, afterwards a walk round to hunt up old friends; an occupation taking the time pretty well up until dinner, when justice having been done to Mr. Pitman's well-served table, a visit to the theatre is made, where Miss Mabel Hayes, looking younger and prettier than three years before, assists to pass away a very pleasant evening, then back to the hotel, and, with a determination to be up very early next morning to see all that can be seen, the virtuous pillow is sought,

and in the arms of Murphy, Morpheus, or whatever the fellow's name is, oblivion follows."

Now for a friendly hint. Do not indulge too freely in Cape beer or wine if you wish to escape dyspepsia. Of these, however, when I have to deliver myself upon South African provisions, I shall have much of a more complimentary nature to say.

The stoeps, which from an æsthetic standpoint (I use this word in its original, not in its travestied sense), no less than from the point of view of comfort, impressed me so favourably, are, as far as the town houses are concerned, by no means unmitigated boons. These raised platforms, varying from six inches to three feet in height, render the pathway undulating to a degree, which, however much it may commend itself to the picturesque eye, has its drawbacks to the unhappy stranger, who, on returning from a nocturnal bacchanalia, should endeavour to wend his way in the place where his way ought to go. This should be conducive to temperance, but it isn't. I suppose the inhabitants from long use become too cunning to run the risk of breaking their necks in this fashion.

The south-easterly winds, commonly called the "south-easters," which drive everything before them, would feel slighted were I to exclude them from my list of Colonial thorns. The *Nubian*, which brought me home, was detained three days in the harbour, not being able to get out on the score of this wind. When the south easter is gathering up, the top of the mountain is enveloped in haze. The Colonists always know what they have to expect when Table Mountain "puts on its nightcap, and begins to smoke". The mist also which descends from the mountain at night is by no means a welcome visitor. It is called the Table Cloth. While I am speaking of the natural drawbacks to life in Africa, I may as well mention, *en passant*, the absence of navigable rivers, the abominable bars of sand which collect at the mouths of the said rivers, and render some of the finest harbours in the world useless, the heavy and constant thunderstorms of more than ordinary violence which are more or less peculiar to Natal during six months of the year, and in Maritzburg, are so repeated, and so long in duration, that they try the strongest nerves, while cattle

and human beings fall victims thereto. The continued droughts of the warmer seasons are more serious still in their consequences, while now and again rude Boreas vents its fury upon land and sea. Some years since five vessels anchoring in the bay (Durban) were driven into shore and became total wrecks. These meteorological disturbances are erratic in their nature, and spring up with little or no premonitory symptoms. Hence the most experienced mariners are often unable to get their ships out to sea in time, to escape being cast on to the breakers, and in consequence this part of the coast has the reputation of being very dangerous. *Apropos* of winds, the hot wind, a burning breeze, laden with the baked atmosphere of the tropics, sweeps over the colony (Natal) about once during the year, and is prevalent for three or four days.

I was in the saddle the whole of one day during the visitation of this unpleasant phenomenon, and the agony which I had to endure is still fresh in my memory.

As to the horses of Natal, they are unreliable creatures. In the first place, they affect an illness—a sickness even unto death—at certain seasons of the year. Their value at this period is purely nominal; for a man may go to bed at night with a dozen healthy horses in his stables, and awaken in the morning to find that he has not one. Further, they partake of the nature of their superiors in the animal world. They are a very mixed lot. Some are underbred and stubborn. It is a common thing to see a riderless horse canter down the Berea. The brute has succeeded in bucking his master. Natalians, though by no means graceful riders, know how to manage a horse as well as most men, for they are always in the saddle. There is much risk and loss attached to bringing horses from England. The colonists, however, have a *penchant* for good horseflesh. Despite these drawbacks to equitation, I almost regret having been guilty of so ungracious an act as to include the horse in the catalogue of Natalian annoyances.

Natalians all do a little in the horse-dealing way, and there is nothing which they pride themselves so much upon as their real or imagined cuteness in driving a bargain in the sale or purchase

of a horse. Still an outsider must be wide awake indeed if he is able even to "look in" in these transactions.

The colony has so many indigenous pests in the animal world, that it can afford to make light of the imperfections of its imported helpmates. I have had reason, on more than one occasion, to wish that I possessed the charm of the "Piper of Hamelin," for rats, here no less than in other warm climates, are a cruel plague. Africa is spared the rabbit and sparrow scourges of Australia. To make up for this, however, it has a countless list of vermin peculiar to itself. I will now enumerate a few of the more salient of these bugbears, though it may be well to do an act of justice at the start, as the Yankees say. This act of justice is the admission that never during my sojourn in any part of South Africa have I come in contact with the unbidden companions with which one meets in some of our provincial hotels. One is spared these abominations, but their numerous prototypes take care to leave one very little room for exultation. The place of honour must be given to those horrible little biting scourges called ticks, which are to be found everywhere, in sand, in bush, in field, though they especially affect a particular grass. Unhappy man, should you be footsore from the effects of walking on bad roads, and should seek relief by reclining on the *veldt* (grass), for as Gulliver was by Lilliputians smothered, so may you expect to be by "ticks". I remember unwittingly stepping into one of their nests, and in the twinkling of an eye I was invaded from top to toe by the energetic little insects. The irritation which they caused was well-nigh unbearable. They bite unmercifully. My agony can be readily imagined when I add that it took me hours to clear them off my body. Hundreds, nay thousands, were as quickly annihilated as they were caught. If allowed to remain they originate the "Natal sores," so difficult to get rid of, and which sometimes stick to one for life.

This is the land of insect life, a capital repository for the entomologist. There is a little jumping creature like a magnified green blight. Mosquitoes suck you through, and enormous spiders with poisonous fangs creep over you when asleep at night. Then there are white ants. These creatures made a hillock of

earth a foot high in my box-room one night while I was sleeping ; they also ate through a leather bag, destroying much of its contents. They are destructive to vegetation no less than to household effects. Houses have to be built on rollers or on uprights dovetailed into stone bases (a custom by the way in vogue in the construction of Japanese residences) to keep them off the ground to prevent the depredations of these ravenous little creatures, and many a derelict and honey-combed structure bears witness to their power of destruction. They have a reverse side, however, and a good one. Fowls look upon them as the sweetest *bonne bouche*. Moreover, the hills which they make can be broken up and converted into garden walks, a great point in that land of sand. There are innumerable flies and creeping insects. The worst of the former class is the Tsetse fly—a malignant enemy to the horse. Its *habitat* is the north of the Transvaal, and the vicinity of Delagoa Bay. The trees are covered with bugs, and the bushes with gnats, as a set-off, however, the beauty of the butterfly delights the eye.

The bush has other pains and penalties for the traveller. There is a numerous family of plants, characterised by prickly thorns, like fish-hooks, which impede one's progress not a little. The Dutch have given them the appropriate name of *Wagt een beetji* ("Wait a minute"): but you may think yourself fortunate if you succeed in disentangling yourself in so short a space of time, for no sooner have you freed yourself from one obstructive brier than you find yourself in the clutches of another. Plants, also, with beautiful and tempting clusters of poisonous berries, surround you on all sides. The lizards, too, are capable of causing you more than ordinary inconvenience. Their bite is often of a deadly character, the same may be said of scorpions and centipedes and hornets. At night the denizens of the bush vie with one another in contributing their discordant strains to the nocturnal choir, and, with voices by no means gentle, pour fourth a chant far from melodious. Among these the bush baby, which resembles a monkey in its general characteristics. Its squeal is unpleasantly similar to the cry of an infant in piteous distress. Enormous crickets make a noise exactly like that of a full, clear table-bell. As soon as they become conscious of the immediate proximity of

man, they cease their weird chirp, to recommence the moment they feel reassured.

This last remark applies also to the croaking of frogs, who, in the damp districts or where ponds are to be found, set up so loud a noise that you might think you were in the vicinity of some gigantic manufactory where steam engines were at work. Venomous snakes abound, green and black adders are common enough and are useful as ant-enemies; occasionally a large python or boa constrictor makes its appearance and frightens the country side far and wide. One was captured in Victoria County during my visit which measured upwards of 30 feet, and had caused great alarm for many a long day. The whip snake is also a terror to man and beast. Wild cats, or those lean and hungry scavengers, Kaffir dogs, steal your fowls or your game, as the case may be.

Let me now pass from the animal and return to the physical world, and see what further trials it may call upon us to bear. None that I have mentioned in detail can compare with that which sand supplies. I have already referred to the sand-banks at the mouths of the rivers. Upon arriving at Natal anything but a contented frame of mind is produced when the announcement is made that it is necessary to remain quiescent until the mail-bags are off. This being accomplished a barbaric scene follows, which by no means allays that feeling. One's luggage is shoved—for there is no better word to describe what actually takes place—into the hold of a cargo-boat. It is next rammed down into the smallest possible space by Kaffirs in a happy-go-lucky manner. I may mention that these Kaffirs show wonderful balancing power; as they stand on the decks of the boats they seem to grasp the planks with their feet and retain their hold despite the pumping and rocking, which are excessive. The passengers next sit on the bulwarks of the steam-packet, and wait patiently until a kindly wave brings the lugger in contact therewith. At this particular moment, the traveller, male or female, must take a bold leap on to the deck of the cargo-boat—which is a wooden structure, entirely innocent of bulwarks or railing of any description. I, for one, considered myself a promising candidate for a briny grave. The next move is to huddle the whole of the passengers together in the hold;

and thus, sitting or standing upon our stools and chairs, and scarcely discriminated from them, we ultimately reach Darban. If rain be falling, the heat, which on all these occasions is oppressive enough, becomes well-nigh unbearable. A veritable *mauvais quart d'heure* indeed! And this is all owing to the sand-bar at the entrance of the bay. East Foulon, Mossel Bay, and other seaports, are in much the same predicament. The sonnet Sir John Coode's remedial schemes bear fruit at the bottom. There seems to be every prospect of an improvement under the auspices of Mr. Innes, the resident engineer at Darban.

I have not yet completed my military arrangements. A venturous shoal blow in my rear would hardly do. The miseries accompanying pedestrianism on a road of broken shells, by no means inconsiderable at the best, are greatly aggravated by sand-heaps which collect in various directions. This even is the case in some of the leading thoroughfares.

Every step you take you feel your foot ankle deep in silvery particles, so that your progress is almost retrogressive, if I may use such an absurd figure of speech. Maritime avalanches in ascending Mount Blanc continually take you back for several yards over your well-trodden ground. So the slanting, drifting sand makes your utmost efforts to get on almost futile. You return from "a nice walk" weary, sore, and angry, blessing your fate in terms more or less appropriate.

No water-carts, and no road scrapers. Thus a heavy rainfall scarcely improves the condition of things, as you then have to pick your way as best you may, through the latent ingredients of infantile pies. The Kaffirs, with their shoeless feet, are now useful. They perform the kindly office of hardening the roads. The only parallels to the sand of Darban I can call to mind as in any way presenting a faint idea of the inconveniences arising therefrom, are the roads of Northern Italy, which are so often formed of decomposed limestone; and, nearer home, the country between Fleetwood and Rossall, in Lancashire, which is for a mile or so inland a veritable Sahara.

If it come to a competition between sand and mud, I really don't know to which I should award the palm of discomfort.

Durban on a wet night! Oh! shade of "rainyday-Smith," what would you say to it? The poor pedestrian venturing out to a dance, dinner, concert, service or public meeting has been heard to mutter naughty words, as he made his unhappy progress. If he be going to a public meeting he is indeed an object of heartfelt sympathy, for what with mud throwing without and mud throwing within, fresh terrors indeed will be added to his life, and he will, before he returns home, be likely to look upon death as a happy release from his self-inflicted miseries.

A few more annoyances are in store for the visitor, but these are of a minor nature, and the colonists have come to regard them as things of nought. Scarcely so lightly to be dismissed, however, are the defective sanitary arrangements of Natal. At Maritzburg, health considerations are, or were, entirely neglected. A sluice runs down the streets from end to end, and constitutes the sole means of drainage. Some of these have recently been covered in. In Durban also much remains to be done in the way of drainage, although it lays claim to be the healthiest seaport in the world. The Coolie slaughter-house here in Durban was, or is—let us hope it no longer remains so—a disgrace to the town. The Inspector of Nuisances allows the effluvium therefrom to poison the atmosphere, no effort being made to enforce cleanliness; the smell on the Berea road was atrociously bad. The Indian, St. Helena, and Mauritian immigrants are also housed in fever dens, compared to which even the abominations of Seven Dials sink into insignificance. Among the lesser troubles I may mention the difficulties engendered by the variable value of the rupee. Sometimes they are current as florins, at others they are only marketable at their intrinsic value. The Kaffirs who hoard up silver and gold bullion were sadly vexed in spirit thereby.

From what I have penned, the reader will fancy that there is but a faint flicker of the lamp of civilisation in the colony. Before I have done I hope I shall considerably modify this impression, for there are many counterbalancing advantages to set against the palpable vexations I have just now summarised.

CHAPTER V.

COLONIAL RELIGION—ORTHODOXY AND HETERODOXY.

“ORTHODOXY IS MY DOXY, HETERODOXY IS SOME OTHER MAN’S
DOXY.

“The false opposition between reason and revelation is, though, in this world of awful mysteries, a sort of arrogant irreflexion, were not the very maddest unreason.”—*H. R. H. Proudhon, Les Deux Sources, A. Aug., 1874.*

“Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother’s eye.”

THIS last passage bears upon me with full force when, with pen in hand, I address myself to the above subject.

England of to-day is not in a position to reprove her sons and daughters across the seas, either for moral delinquencies, or for a lukewarm religious tone. I am not about to write a sermon, but I feel that I ought to preface this chapter with a few remarks indicating that I am not forgetful of the faults of home-born Englishmen, when I unfold a candid statement of my observation of those of our fellow-subjects across the seas.

What, then, do we find here at home? A perfect Babel. Creeds and dogmas, however effete, striving for supremacy; a national church split into a thousand factions, attacked from within by those who have sworn to support it, and from without by those who are pledged to destroy it. Missions are sent here, there, and everywhere, and our own people neglected, nay, left to starve, at home. Why don’t some of those ladies and indolent men, who are ready enough to collect money for objects in the air, or may be to subscribe individually to some high-flown, high-sounding charity, who leave tracts from door to door, and, perhaps, read the Bible to dying or poverty-stricken beings, poor souls who

cannot understand the drift of what they hear, or are careless as to its meaning even if they can—why don't these more or less well-intentioned persons—for in charity let us hope they are so—kneel down and scrub the floors, clothe and wash the half-nude children, or cook wholesome food, and administer medicine to the unfortunates who inhabit London slums?

The churches, too, which everywhere abound—suburban districts teeming with them—are these erected for worship, or for purposes of fashion and of social ease? I know what the candid answer of any honest man to this question must be. Too often the vicars and rectors, or ministers in charge of these churches, think more of their embellishment with stained glass windows, and mosaic floors, than the material and moral advancement of the denizens of their respective districts. If the millions thus expended were diverted to objects more in accordance with the teaching of the founder of Christianity, the reproach of pauperism, with its consequent ignorance and vice, might have long since been removed, or at all events the sting thereof lessened.

To turn from the religious to the political world. The outlook is no brighter. Politics have degenerated into a game of brag, where one side vies with the other as to which can make the greater number of misrepresentations, and as to which can invent the more uncharitable interpretation of the actions of its opponent.

How hollow is all this. I could indefinitely extend my remarks to prove my position, but *Cui bono?*

I have merely said so much that my African friends may know that in stigmatising the faults I found among them, I am making no comparison, nor do I wish to assert an opinion one way or the other as to whether African or English society is defaced by the more blemishes.

Well, then, as to the general tone of South African society in the matter of religion, I may say the upper classes are tolerably neutral, or indifferent thereto, while the masses simply regard it with a blatant infidelity. The unbelief of South Africa is not the mild Agnosticism of a Stopford Brooke, or a George Eliot, nor the moderate latitudinarianism of a Canon Farrar, or a Baldwin

Brown. The best of the teachers of the former school find very few sympathisers in the new world, and they impute the duty of each citizen to his fellow-citizens, and to Congress, to open the people the hearts of the ignorant to the possibility of doing evil with a good intention, and the happiness of thousands besides themselves. They would not let us repeat, whether we could do it, or not, that we are a people of a sect. Neither is it the duty of any man to have a Heaven or Purgatory, nor the pupils of the former school. Our country has revealed hostility of the greatest kind to the former school. There lives more truth in the old school than in the new, and in the creeds, and I would not wonder if, in the days to come, it freed itself from the influence of the former school. Unhappily it is not so in the case of the former school of France, although she has been long a free country. In the French Lycées the pupils are obliged to profess the creeds to the priests, and to profess the various and impossible dogmas, which were at one time held by the great and must of course be much more so now. In consequence they become, almost to a man, orthodox, and are contented to say, with curses for God and the saints, Amen, and on their lips. In Africa, the streets are full of natives debased by contact with civilisation, and more especially by those very efforts which the missionaries have made to christianise them, no less than by the jealousies of the priests of various creeds, one and all endeavouring to proselytise for the advancement and glory of their respective churches, rather than to work any real good to the natives, added to the short-sighted unwisdom of some friends of the native races at home, have tended to make religion (which under any circumstances, except so far as it acts as a police system, would at all times be a matter of small moment to colonists) positively distasteful to the majority, if it is not regarded in a yet more pronounced manner. Colonists are, or their immediate ancestors were, men more or less of a practical turn of mind, they left England mainly to make money, according to the methods inculcated in the injunction the sapient Quaker gave his son. The question of bread winning has been and is the

paramount consideration with them. Consequently, in Africa, as is very much the case in Australia, the means of self-preservation are the uppermost thoughts in the human mind. The demoralising influences of the diamond and gold scrambles have brought this mental attitude more prominently to the fore. The moral tone of Africa is more or less gauged by the moral tone of the Diamond Fields. There, morality, there cannot be a doubt, sinks to its lowest ebb.

As to the observance of religion in its outward form there are churches enough in all conscience. The peculiarity regarding their congregations, to be noticed in Cape Town, is that they are mainly composed of the fair sex. Men leave religion to their wives, as they do in most Roman Catholic countries. I remember once addressing a by no means orthodox acquaintance as to the change which had come over him since his marriage in the matter of church-going. I asked how it was that from being an habitual absentee he had become a constant attendant. He replied: "My views are unchanged; but what can a family man do?" This seems to be the feeling among a good many church-goers in Africa, no less than at home. They regard the church and its services as a portion of a police system, and as that alone. In the older colony, the religion of fashion is without doubt the Episcopal church, but in Natal, Wesleyanism runs it very close, and, in Durban, at least, beats it in the race. There is far less of the *odium theologicum* and religious rancour, and more charity is displayed by one sect to another, in the colonies, than is the case at home—always excepting the rivalries of proselytising—but whether this fact arises from the absence of state control of, or patronage or endowment to, any particular form of religion, or whether it may be traced to the indifference I have already spoken about, or to a greater breadth and liberality of view than we can claim to possess, or from all these things combined, I will leave the reader to decide in accordance with his own bias. At Sydenham, near Durban, there is a little church used by all denominations, and also for concerts and lectures. The bell looks ridiculously out of place, hanging on a tree on the opposite side of the road, though this strange anomaly is commonly seen in South Africa. Church

bells are not unfrequently placed under a wooden campanile, entirely detached from the building itself. This is the case with St. Paul's, Durban, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Cape Town. It certainly saves the expense of a steeple. I remember observing at the time that this absence of church spires might be taken as an index of the very utilitarian complexion of the colonial mind, and as a symbol of the absence of an aspiration to higher aims and objects in the colonial heart; and that the existence of the little church where services and amusements of all kinds were held, presaged not so much a greater liberality in religious matters as an indifference thereto. Although mature judgment endorses this conviction, I must confess that I sympathise with that part of the aforesaid indifference which views with languid interest the warring of religious sects about forms, dogmas, and ceremonies. This indifference has its root in common sense. The attitude of the colonists in this matter is simple enough. They say you must not take the faith which a man professes to guide you as to what his life may be. They set more store by agenda than credenda. A man's belief will influence his life more or less, but an affectation of belief can do no possible good.

The Dutch, in great measure, support the Dutch Reformed faith, which is really the Church of South Africa. Dr. Robertson—recently deceased—was the most prominent man in this community. He used to preach at the leading church of this denomination, situate in a central street in Cape Town, where two services were wont to be held, the one immediately after the other: the first in Dutch, and the second in English. The congregation remain seated during the vocal part of the service. It does well to study its comfort, for the musical *mélée* is trying enough to hear, even to one who participates therein. The Dutch Reformed religion being nearly allied to the Presbyterian in dogma, there has been a project on foot to unite their forces. It is to be hoped it will succeed. The Lutheran church is the finest in Cape Town as far as internal decoration is concerned. The immortal Reformer would detect several deviations in mode of service and in doctrine, could he return to this mundane sphere. Religion

like everything else, is and should be, progressive, expansive, and comprehensive. It is the non-admission of those facts that has divorced the Church from the hearts of the people in these days. It should attract and embrace modern thought, and work it into its system, instead of repelling it. At the same time it should gladly renounce all that has become effete and untenable in its own teachings. The Dean of Cape Town goes some little way in these directions. He is deservedly popular, an earnest worker who has his work well at heart. His social qualities, liberal views, and general urbanity of manner are additional graces, and still further endear him to his flock. He preaches at the Cathedral—St. George's Cathedral.

The Church of England has seven or eight bishops in Africa. Bishop Colenso, at Maritzburg, had some warm admirers, and was a prominent colonial figure. His views on native affairs had, however, alienated from him a large section of the Natalians.

To illustrate the vague ideas the ecclesiastical authorities at home, no less than all other authorities possessed—at no very remote date, and doubtless still possess—of African topography, it may be well to retail an authentic anecdote bearing upon the subject. The people of Graham's Town sent home for a clergyman to be appointed to a church which in these early times they had some difficulty in erecting.

The answer sent back by the bishop to whom they applied was as follows:—that he thought the Vicar of Port Elizabeth might well ride over in the afternoon and preach at Graham's Town in the evening. Speaking from memory and belief, the distance is about one hundred miles. On a par with this is the tale told at the expense of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who, upon receiving despatches from Griqualand West (Diamond Fields) to inform him that an insurrection which had been brewing there for some time had actually broken out, sent back word that he was glad to hear all was so quiet on the fields. This, of course, must be taken *cum grano salis*, nothing more than a little flash of diamondiferous humour.

But to return. In Durban, no less than in Maritzburg, there are churches enough and for all. Archdeacon Lloyd's church is

the fashionable resort. St. Cyprian's, the Ritualistic establishment, finds great favour in the eyes of St. Helena women and European female domestics. As yet, fashion in South Africa—such as it is—though it casts many sheep's glances in the direction of Ritualism, has not had the pluck to declare for it in the open manner it has in this country.

Every religious community is represented in Africa—even the smallest coteries, such as the Swedenborgians: hence what good though flippant Churchmen style “schism shops” abound. Apropos of schism shops the Episcopal Church in South Africa is divided into two sections; as all who bear in mind the Colenso controversy will doubtless remember.

In conclusion, I must draw attention to a most important subject—that is to say, the inroads which Roman Catholicism is making in Africa as elsewhere.

That church is excessively active and energetic. If we do not wish to see it in the ascendant there, no less than here, we must go to work in a somewhat different manner to that which at present characterizes the action of the Protestant churches. The splendid organization and subordination of Roman Catholicism, combined with its real acts of Christian charity, which cannot but appeal to the masses, is making it a great power in England and her colonies.

CHAPTER VI.

BLOTS ON A FAIR ESCUTCHEON.

“I MEASURE THE INTEGRITY OF MEN BY THEIR CONDUCT.”

“In like manner we should learn to be just to individuals. Who can say in such circumstances I should have done otherwise? Did he but reflect by what slow gradations, often by how many strange occurrences, we are led astray, with how much reluctance, how much agony, how many efforts to escape, how many self-accusations, how many sighs, how many tears—who, did he but reflect for a moment would have the heart to throw a stone.”—*Samuel Rogers*.

HAVING said so much about the religion of South Africa, I will proceed to enumerate what I consider to be the besetting sins of its inhabitants.

Shakespeare's Cassio was not far out when he anathematised drink as “a devil”. It is the curse of South Africa, no less than it was of Othello's lieutenant. If you ask me who is responsible for this I would answer, primarily Nature.

“All is the fault of that indecent Sun,
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay
But will keep, baking, burning, broiling on
That howsoever people fast and pray,
The flesh is frail and so the soul's undone,
Happy the nations of the moral North,
Where all is Virtue.”

I take exception to the last line of this quotation, for I think that the newly arrived British immigrant has as much to do with making South African colonists intemperate as any other cause.

Again, I feel a certain amount of diffidence in writing upon the subject of colonial intemperance, when I remember the strong indictment on that score that could be brought against all classes in this country.

People “tipple” abominably in Africa, but so they do here.

Witness the habits of a large majority of the young men (and I fear I cannot exempt the old of this City of London of ours. Take all our leading markets and exchanges. The Stock Exchange and Mincing Lane give the cue to the rest. Is not the institution known as the "social glass" doing an incalculable amount of harm? The multiplication of Bodegas, and Spiers and Pond's buffets at railway stations has much to do with this evil. Out of the City, the *gastronomie d'ice* of modern England seem to find their Mecca, their heaven, in hanging over the bars at the Criterion, St. James's Restaurant, Grand Hotel, or elsewhere, and in uttering not sweet, but coarse nothings to maidens, quite as sophisticated as the spirits which they dispense. However, I need not say more on this subject. The vice of drunkenness, sufficiently pronounced here, is certainly even further accentuated in Africa. Circumstances, which I shall endeavour to explain, have produced this result. I have let Byron speak for me about the climate. Wine and Brandy are among the staples of the country, and in consequence are very cheap; quite taking the place of malt liquor, of which there are only a very few successful manufacturers. I mean successful as to the quality of the beer they brew, the greater portion brought into the market being execrable stuff.

There are no public-houses in the colonies. The restaurants are divided into two distinct classes—namely, the canteens, patronised by the sailors, cadmen, coloured people, and working classes generally; and the hotels—miserable places enough, for the most part, and far behind the times. They are fairly respectable, although I understand that some of them entertain a select company of *habitués* under the rose until the small hours of the morning.

A man can frequent an hotel without attracting the attention or being subjected to the stigma that would attach to him were he constantly seen entering a public-house.

I look upon the absence of public-houses, therefore, as being an incentive to rather than a remedy for intemperance. I said just now that the responsibility of South African intemperance was as much due to Englishmen as to any influence. This is so.

In the first place, the colonies, as I have already inferred, are pestered with

“A set of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'employed country vomits forth”

to pollute her colonies. These are the men who have made the Diamond Fields the pandemonium that by all accounts it is. Drinking, robbing, swearing, and cursing are not unknown there any more than they are elsewhere.

These are the men who are for ever bragging about their home. When here, they probably took no pains to conceal their contempt for it. They unfortunately manage to gain a certain influence over those Englishmen who have left their country either to better their pockets or their health, or merely, may be, for travel, observation, sport, or pleasure. It is a French physician who says that home sickness, in its most advanced type, amounts to a disease, and he is quite right. It is the business of the ne'er-do-weel to stimulate this disease in those colonists of the better class whom I have just now described. They know that this will predispose them to fall readily into the slough of intemperance, ever the most prominent characteristic of the adventurers and unfortunates in question. It will be readily understood why they desire to render all with whom they come in contact as depraved as themselves. Every new pervert swells their exchequer, for they take good care to make those whom they are debasing pay for the lessons in vice which they receive from them. As to the colonists, of course, all this reacts upon them, and induces them to be more intemperate than they would otherwise be, though I am bound to admit that they are naturally too much inclined that way. In discussing this question of “action and reaction,” it is very difficult, as I have already observed, to know exactly how to distribute the blame.

Colonists, old and young, rich and poor, are too much inclined to patronise alcohol, the young men of the lower middle classes—by which I mean the petty traders and shopkeepers—being especially addicted to this habit. Among the reasons which conduce to this unfortunate result none perhaps form so important a part as the looseness, carelessness, and indifference of the colonists.

A want of ballast, moral courage, and high principle can also be adduced to explain the fault. All these defects have been bred to an extent, by the contaminating influences of the black races. Still, when we take into consideration the indifferent character of many of the present settlers, we may judge therefrom what manner of men not a few of the earlier colonists must have been. Runaways from the consequences of vice and crime in England, are not unlikely to transmit some of their failings, to their sons or more remote descendants. What says the old Spanish proverb, "What is sucked in with the mother's milk runs out in the shroud".

The prevailing vice—intemperance—is, however, by no means confined to any particular class. It is a great stumbling-block in the working man's way. Witness the labourers engaged in making the lines of railway. The steady men who do not drink are chosen as gangers. These fellows make little fortunes. Some of them return home with as much as £1000 in their pockets. I am sorry to add, however, that this is not all the result of their legitimate employment. As the magistrates will not sanction the opening of canteens on the line, the men who, as a rule, will have spirits or beer, get it under the rose of the gangers, who recoup themselves out of the fortnightly wages of the men. The pity is that so many men who work on the line and manage to save a considerable sum of money, come down to Cape Town and spend all their earnings in a week's dissipation, and are compelled to apply to the Civil Service authorities for an advance of pay in order that they may get back to their work. The same thing may be said of the successful diamond diggers, many of whom come to Cape Town with the fruits of their labours, intending to proceed to England, but with the assistance of a coterie of boon companions they soon empty their hoard into the pockets of the hotel and canteen keepers.

One of the worst phases of this evil, moreover, is that drinking commences so early in the morning. Not a few ardent votaries of the cup begin spirit imbibing before they are fairly out of bed, and a very much larger number take to it immediately after breakfast. A man can scarcely meet an acquaintance, as he sallies forth in the forenoon, without receiving an invitation to

“come and have a drink”. It is only fair to add, that a chronic condition of thirst seems to be at the root of the habit, as the same men take kindly to Zoedone and other non-alcoholic beverages.

Be this as it may, however, I have no manner of doubt that drinking in the colonies is carried to a far greater excess than it is at home. Most Africanders admit freely the soft impeachment. The proofs of this fact were to my mind absolute and incontrovertible, although the reasons thereof, as I have said, are not far to seek. Every effect can be traced to its cause, and the causes for intemperance are so potent in South Africa, that if the effect of inebriety were not produced, why, then, South African colonists would be angels, not men. As to South African women, I fear I must in candour state that those belonging to the upper ten rival Anglo-Indian women in their passion for brandy-pawnee. Fashion, however, is tending too much in that direction in virtuous England. Mr. R. W. Murray, the editor of the *South African*, and without doubt one of the ablest journalists the Cape Colony has produced, and, moreover, from his long and extremely responsible position in regard to the press of many parts of the colony, a man whose experience, knowledge, and insight, are of such an invaluable nature, that they cannot be over-rated—reminds me that the women of South Africa would set a lesson to the women of England, in that they would scorn the idea of entering a house where spirituous liquors were sold.

He writes:—“By no chance do you ever see a white woman drinking in a public bar, and it must be said of the women of South Africa, that the wife, or daughter, or sister of a mechanic in that country would consider herself debased beyond redemption if she went and drank at the bar of a public-house, and so she would be; whilst in England, not only do such women frequent bars, but those who call themselves ‘ladies’ do likewise without shame, and totter out of them to cab and carriage at all hours of the day.”

I freely admit the justice of this distinction. It is a fair one with certain reservations. Anyone who cares to watch certain restaurants not far from Piccadilly Circus for a brief space of time at any hour of the day, after noon, will be in a position to amply

substantiate Mr. Murray's statement about women frequenting bars; but he did well to describe these ladies in inverted commas. I certainly cannot bring myself to believe that a man of Mr. Murray's experience of the world can be so innocent as to suppose that the "ladies" he describes, are really women of position, or even of respectability. It cannot be that the erudite editor and seasoned man of the world can have been misled by the seal-skin jackets, diamond rings, faultless figures, and equally faultlessly appointed Victorias, with their elegant horses and smart little tigers. These women who hang about the lobbies of certain restaurants, waiting for what in the vulgar slang of the day would be called their "mashers," are certainly by no means to be taken as representing the ladies of England. Rather let it be said that their mere presence, to say nothing of the noisy and blatant truculence of these attractive, charming dears, acts as a terror to unprotected ladies who should be able to enter and partake of needful refreshment at the best restaurants in London without being in fear of being molested by all the idle and dissolute hounds of the Metropolis—young and old—who hang about the said places, attracted by the odour of patchouli, which pervades the air.

As to the less pretentious women of whom Mr. Murray speaks, they do not frequent public bars in the colony, because their presence would not be tolerated at the bars of hotels, and, moreover, they would not care to enter such ambitious establishments. Then, as to the canteens, they are such miserably low places, and so much affected by coloured people, that of course they cannot be seen going into them, nor would they wish to do so. But, if South Africa possessed respectable public-houses as England does, I have every reason to believe that the mothers, sisters, and daughters of the mechanic would have no objection to procuring the beer required by their families, in the same harmless manner as they systematically procure it in this country. I have yet to learn that any one in enlightened England, not being a hopeless crotchet-monger or fanatic, sees any degradation in a woman of no social position, drinking when she is unable to get refreshment elsewhere, in the houses which from time immemorial, I might almost say, have been set aside for the convenience and use of

the public, male or female. With the women who become pot-house habitués I am not concerned. They, of course, do not come under the category of respectable women, and they are to be found in canteens in South Africa just the same as they are to be met with in badly-conducted public-houses in England. I am strongly of the opinion that the absence of public-houses in South Africa is a decided inconvenience to the wives of the labouring classes there, and for the reasons I have stated.

There can be no doubt, however, that women belonging to the class which Mr. Murray has loosely described as "ladies," would frequent the bars of hotels in Cape Town if they could. But in the colony they are not allowed to obtrude themselves in any public place. These disabilities may appear to be very hard and cruel, but I think they have a considerable deterrent influence on the classes from which the *nymphes du paré* are recruited, and if this state of things obtained in England, many a poor creature who flits with meteor-like splendour across the social horizon to sink shortly into worse than oblivion, would be burning the quieter and more subdued light of virtue as a respectable housewife. But to return to the subject of intemperance.

Drinking on the Diamond Fields, as may be imagined, is carried to great excess. Here is the hot-bed of intemperance, and here the vice is fostered all through the colonies. At Kimberly an hotel-keeper was seized with orthogranania, and organised a "Bee".

The meeting terminated in a drinking bout, and left the competitors in a most unspeakable not to say unspellable condition. Spelling makes one thirsty, let us charitably suppose.

It can scarcely be denied that a great many young men—sheep farmers, wine growers, diamond diggers and storekeepers included—work very little, and as soon as they have made money, give up working altogether until they have spent it, carrying the tipping system to the extreme of wantonness, smoking, talking nonsense, and drinking all day. These men are sadly wanting in any sense of dignity, and, moreover, in any dignity of sense.

It is they who assist to provoke the feuds, about which I spoke in my first paper, and are to an extent as responsible for their occurrence as those English Colonists of whom we have so little

reason to be proud. They cannot be pacific over their grog. There are always wars, and rumours of war where they are. Cape smoke (inferior Boer brandy) and cheap sherry do sad mischief. When elevated by these poisonous fluids—veritably *entre deux vins*—the colonist (of this type) is ready to take offence at the smallest slip in conversation of a new comer, who should he happen to speak in any way slightingly of the colonies, will find that he will have to encounter a tolerably demonstrative manifestation of the Africander spirit. He will hear ridiculously narrow comparisons drawn between Cape Town and London, to the detriment of the latter. Of course this is an extreme example of the sort of rubbish to which one has to listen: but I ask, is it not far more excusable and far more tolerable than the insolence of new arrivals upon which I have already dilated sufficiently? At Maritzburg we find a clique of young Englishmen, some dozen score perhaps—men belonging to good and titled families—who pass their time either at the bars of the Royal, Crown, or Plough Hotels, or in knocking about up country, shooting, or what not. These fellows have been sent out to lead quiet lives, to retrench, or, perhaps, to rid their relatives of the burthen of their responsibility by killing themselves by a close application to the bottle. They band themselves together, however, and are not very quiet or inexpensive in their habits. On first arrival they have the *entrée* to the best society the place affords; but so many of them commit some breach of etiquette or worse, when dulled by alcoholic fumes, that one after another they are sent to *Coventry* by the merchants and men of local standing. Despite their faults, some of them are exceedingly clever fellows, and as they are travelled monkeys, globe trotters in fact, one finds them by no means dull or unprofitable companions of the hour.

It has been said that the Diamond Fields is a colony of gentlemen. It may be so. The kind of gentlemen (a good many of them) who would have been considered boon companions by George the Fourth, on account of their power of appropriating fluids. I must add that they are as a general rule a very moth-eaten damaged set.

I may here remark that there is no class in Africa of the actual

street arab or rowdy nature such as the "Larrikins" in Australia and the "Hoodlums" of America. The large black population leaves no room for the development of these types.

The boys of South Africa are excessively precocious. They begin to smoke and drink very early. As for their more serious failings, I will not go into them. Our English reformatories, and the cases of youthful depravity brought in such numbers before our magistrates in our police-courts, make me hesitate before I make any particular allusion to juvenile offences in the colonies.

A curious case came under my notice, however, which may be worth while repeating. A certain boy in Cape Town forged his father's signature to a cheque, and with the proceeds thereof he absconded to England. The father, a tradesman of some substance, followed his son, found out his whereabouts in London, and securing him, brought him back to Africa, and delivered him up to the hands of justice, with the result that the boy became a reformed character. Few men would have the moral courage to do this.

Jobbery and scandals connected with the public services and the government occasionally come to light; but in this matter, again, England comes into court with by no means clean hands.

As to the convict station at Cape Town, it is, or it was, one of the most disgracefully mismanaged prisons in the world. I was told by the clergy that the scenes enacted there when the lights were out were of such a nature as to recall the days of old Newgate.

Each white prisoner is placed between two black convicts, to effectually prevent any communication between the Europeans.

Here Harding, the great diamond robber, was almost lynched one night. For some complex unknown reason, he incurred the especial detestation of all the convicts. His life was made so miserable to him, that the authorities at last, animated by the milk of human kindness, removed him to Robben Island.

I do not conceive it to be part of my business to enumerate other social evils and vices which if they have a particular development in South Africa, are by no means as glaring as at home. In

support the very sparse European population settled upon it. The fact is, too much has been expected from nature, so bountiful were her gifts at first, but not sufficiently so to support a colony devoid of sufficient regard for economical or prudential considerations. The natural consequence of this folly has been that almost every sugar estate is mortgaged, and a vast majority of business and private houses also. Colonists formerly had such firm faith in Natal as a rising place that they discounted the future, keeping up large establishments and numerous equipages, with insolvency staring them in the face. In fact, each man expected his property to improve of itself from the development of the property of his neighbour; and this feeling being general, it resulted in every man resting on his oars, instead of using all his energy and muscle to push his bark through the water. I admit that a great show can be made in Natal upon a moiety of the sum such a display would cost at home. But solid necessities are much dearer there, if swagger and "galore" can be commanded at a cheaper rate.

There the copper coinage is practically unknown; nothing can be purchased under threepence. Nearly everything is imported; even many of the staple productions of the colony are sent from England in another form.

Almost all enterprises are failures, mainly because money is so very hard, that is to say, most difficult to obtain. Many men who give you the impression of being in excellent positions, are really insolvent, compelled to discount bills at great sacrifices, for they are constantly bridging over the evil day. It is confidently asserted that there are none too many solvent men in the colony. The reason for this is, that each man fancies that he requires all he has earned for his immediate current expenditure. Never was there a place where the vice of "penny haughtiness" was carried to such a length. Each man must emulate his neighbour, whether he can afford it or not, and consequently no effort is made to amass that vertebrate substance, capital. Men, who with ordinary care (with half the care the very same men would have taken in husbanding their finances at home), might have been worth thousands of pounds, are seized with this unaccountable spendthrift mania. Thus men who have really nothing in the world, live in a

wanting signs that the minority, who not only admit but reprobate and try to cure the very faults I have limned, will one day be the majority. *Le bon temps viendra*. I have not penned the foregoing in an unkindly spirit. The faults of newcomers are fully equal to those of the older settlers, they more than counterbalance them, and so perhaps do those colonial virtues of which I shall speak in my next chapter.

When we consider that every post brings us prospectuses of bubble companies, many of them palpable swindles, and that unscrupulous syndicates and rascally speculators are engaged in this city of London from morn to eve in robbing the public in a respectable manner, the above examples of commercial and social immorality appear in comparison to be mere bagatelles.

CHAPTER VII.

COLONIAL VIRTUES AND GRACES.

"TEMPLA QUAM DILECTA."

OWEN, G. O. (1845), p. 127. 1.
DICKSON, G. (1845), p. 127. 2.
SOMERSET, G. (1845), p. 127. 3.
The above papers are reprinted in
Journal of the Cape Colony,
vol. 1, p. 127.

Journal of the Cape Colony,

I THINK that it is quite time that I give some explicit indication that the plain unvarnished tale which I have unfolded concerning colonial ethics, doth nothing externally, nor ought set down in malice. My readers will be in to imagine that I am falling into the error which I reproved in others, or, in short, that I am running down colonials. — But no. If the strictures of the persons I so roughly handled at the outset of these papers, were conceived in a similar spirit, and delivered in a like manner, to those in which I have indulged, they would be taken in good part by Afrianders, however hard they might hit home, especially were the agitators and grumblers in question to allow those they censure their just due, and not give vent to tirades as senseless as they are unfair. The manifest good qualities of colonists must be patent even to their enemies, and to one, like myself, who is proud to call himself their friend, the task is as light, as it is agreeable, of making out a good case for colonial virtue. In the foremost rank then, let me place the quality of courage—"Courage, sir, which makes a man or woman look her godliest".

Were I to enumerate the hardships, as a rule voluntarily endured by colonists in their oft-repeated campaigns against the various native tribes, I should certainly be considered guilty of the offence of distorting and exaggerating facts, so as to present to the public a sensational and highly-coloured statement of the case.

However, any one who has been through the recent Griqualand West, Basuto, and Zulu campaigns, will amply attest the truth of my assertion, namely, that the irregular levies engaged in these wars were called upon to endure hardships of all kinds—starvation, exposure and kindred miseries: and that in these out-and-out disagreeables, they displayed a cool and patient courage which may be fairly described as unequalled. As to the Zulu campaign, the colonial auxiliaries proved to be of the very greatest service. The large proportion of young men who left their work and their families to take part therein, is but imperfectly understood in this country, because so few persons realize here, that the total white population of Natal does not exceed 25,000 souls. These young men amply vindicated their character for bravery throughout that struggle, and the encomia of Lord Chelmsford, Sir Evelyn Wood, Colonel Redvers Buller and others, did them but bare justice in extolling their endurance and self-denial, and their excellent bearing in the field. They contrasted favourably with the raw recruits—unfledged boys—who constituted the bulk of our army. I lost many friends in that campaign, but none truer than those who owned Africa as their mother. Poor Durrant Scott, of the Natal Carbineers, who fell at Isandhlawna by the side of Colonel Durnford, was one of the best fellows it has ever been my lot to meet—as honourable a man as e'er drew breath. Many mourn his loss to-day; cheery-hearted little comrade. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* It will be readily granted also, that it requires no ordinary share of nerve and self-reliance on the part of the solitary colonists who, scattered about on isolated farms in Damaraland and elsewhere control by their pluck and presence thousands of natives.

A propos of courage, as being nearly kin thereto, I may now fittingly speak of the marvellous elasticity of the colonial character. Colonists rebound at every throw. Confucius is credited with the *mot* that our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. So think our African cousins. If, after several efforts, they fail in one line of business, they have a peculiar power of adapting themselves to some other trade or profession. It is "never say die" with them. Never mind how

often they are thrown, they are certain to scramble into the saddle again. They take reverses with an admirable temper and try again. It has been well said that the people who carry the day are those who never will accept defeat. Napoleon I. gave our English soldiers credit for this (for him) somewhat awkward trait of character. It appertains in an eminent degree to the colonists.

This leads me to speak of the general smartness and *knobs* of colonists. They know something—much or little—of many things, and they can turn their hands to almost anything; great advantages in the race of life.

Other noticeable and highly commendable traits of colonial character are, independence and absence of funkyness.

Nothing astonishes a colonist so much as the abject submission to imposition which Englishmen—supposedly the most free people in the world—endure; not unmeritingly, it is true, but with many angry, inutile growls and groanings that cannot be uttered. I have often witnessed the expression of a colonist's countenance, on which was depicted perfect amazement, when one or the other of the many glaring instances of barefaced robbery, which Englishmen day by day pass over, came under his notice. I will give a few instances of the kind of thing I have in mind:

The evil habit of "sipping" underlings and waiters is second to none of the petty larcenies in question. It has become so hard and fast a rule that it requires a brave man indeed to rebel against it. Railway porters and street arabs are exacting enough, but at the theatre and hotel the disease assumes a more virulent form. Take the hotel or restaurant, for example. One is charged for attendance in one's bill, the waiter expects a *pour boire*, also the carver, and the *chef*; but, worst of all, the man who takes one's money actually looks to be paid for so doing. Thus you are taxed over and over again. In the barber's shop you are likewise expected to pay the employer and the *employé*, and because of the latter's impertunity you do so.

The cabmen of Cape Town and elsewhere in South Africa are fully as extortionate, as impudent, ill-spoken, and blasphemous a set as they are anywhere in England, and in the latter characteristic altogether out-Herod their London prototypes.

But, strange to say, colonists are not afraid of them, and do not give in to them. Their victims are always Britishers. It is true that colonists are better able to show a bold front, as they are so firmly imbued with the idea that the Malays, to which race the cabmen almost invariably belong, are men of a different mould to Europeans—men of an inferior race, in fact. In Africa the blacks are tipped, it is true, for any little service they render the whites; in short, things have come to such a pass, indirectly through the unwisdom of home interference in native affairs, that a Kaffir will scarcely do anything for you which in the slightest degree deviates from that for which he has actually been engaged, unless you give him a ticky (threepenny piece). A white person yonder would be insulted if you attempted to fee him indiscriminately, and for no substantial cause, or paid for service which he had rendered you, as we do in this country. This arises from the absence of strong class feelings, and from the prevalence of democratic and equality principles. Those who would tip are too independent to give away their substance without a cause, and those who would receive are too much your peers to accept *largesse*, were you ever so disposed to dispense it.

These qualities of self-reliance and independence are fully displayed in politics and religion, as we have already seen. A little too much sometimes, notably in the boycotting of the English men-of-war, which brought, once upon a time, a number of convicts into Table Bay. The determination of the Cape Town people to have none of them was a commendable determination, it is true, but as they had ample opportunity of protesting against the dispatch of the cargoes in point from England in sufficient time to prevent that step being taken, they might have been a little less violent in their opposition to the Home Government. Their conduct almost led to a rupture between mother country and colony. Still this independence of character is likely to save colonists from the caucus in the political, and the confessional in the religious world.

Professional beautyism, a thing of ugly growth, would not be tolerated by African society. It has been attempted and the attempt was attended by signal failure. Colonists visiting England

look upon this fingering of dirt upon the civility of society with no favourable eye. There is too much hardness about South Africans to allow them to permit a moment to tolerate the obnoxious system of posturing and kneeling to a few women, as if the world possessed no other beautiful and graceful women than those whom this hateful fashion has nominated; rather, who have nominated themselves; and there is too much womanly dignity about South African women to allow the system either in their own persons, or by encouraging it in others. There are not a single low woman can jostle one another for the privilege of showing her pictures in the shop windows, or in the pages of society prints. The follies of the fashion of the lowly and the rankly fables, are also unlikely enough to find their way in South Africa.

In short, despite the artificiality of the civility, there is a proportionate excess of the virtues of a well-bred, gentlemanliness and senseless worship of the "golden rule" of "admit and rule of right". On the other hand, the social amenities are not apotheosised by a few women of position. By colonial women of position, I mean the single woman belonging to the highest grade of society that there is in this part of the world, namely the well-to-do people who inhabit our "upper middle classes," namely the well-to-do people who inhabit our best favoured suburbs, where there is no language is uttered on scandal-mongering, vacuity and vanity, trying to be cynical, endeavouring to be clever. In reality good English society people are too well bred, refined, and too well educated, and perhaps, I may add, too dignified, callous, and indifferent, to trouble themselves overmuch about the actions of their neighbours, or contemptuous shake of the head, shrug of the shoulders, or curl of the lip, signifying, "I don't know," and "I don't care," is about all the encouragement tit-bits of scandal receive at their hands. But the self-opinionated cliques—the self-constituted censors, the whitened sepulchres—who set themselves up as *regis abis moris* in the microcosmic centres in question, find themselves and their hollow hypocrisy, their canting, lying, meretricious busy bodyism, treated with loathing in the freer atmosphere of good social circles; and such is the fate of all Paul Prys and Mrs. Grundys in Africa, where

there is a wholesome appreciation of the maxim, "Let him beware who throws the first stone," and where to excel in circulating rumours with the view of destroying reputations, is not considered the highest aim of the intellect. There certainly was a lady in Cape Town during my sojourn there who endeavoured to assume that *rôle*; for "viperous slander rides on the posting winds and enters everywhere". She met, however, with condign punishment, for none of the reputations which spleen or jealousy led her to attack—malignantly though covertly—suffered, although strange to say, she succeeded admirably in entirely losing her own. After all, there is too much truth in the words of the poet—

"There's a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing our neighbours' shame,
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die."

The concurrent vice of men here, namely, over-dressing and Bond Street lounging, are by no means made paramount considerations by Cape colonists, though there is certainly a little tendency in that direction to be met with in Natal, called "Natal side," which I shall deal with under the head of "Colonial Idiosyncrasies" in my next chapter. Still, few Africanders are content to be what Carlyle describes as "Clothes screens". Poor creatures, "whose every faculty of soul, spirit, purse, and person, is heroically consecrated to this one object, so that as others dress to live they live to dress". The "foppish airs" and "histrionic mummery" which Cowper anathematised are not colonial vices. The colonist does not "sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease, and till his cellars are drained dry, and his larder rendered clean, his fires put out, and hunger, frost and woe reign in place of peace and hospitality".

Addison has said of English folk long ago, and his words are over true even now, "The affectation of being gay and in fashion very nearly eats up our good sense and religion". With all their love of show, colonists are less hollow than we are. There is a real good nature about the every-day colonist which has a peculiar charm of its own. He has a light-hearted, merry way of taking

life, impossible I suppose in England, where leaden skies, and the concomitant disagreeables, affect the liver, the lungs and the brain, and make it next to an impossibility to possess a good and even temper. This good nature, however, is not to be attributed entirely to the more favourable climatic condition of the colonies. It arises also from a less anxious and serious manner of regarding life than can possibly be the case in our old, care-worn, sorrow-stricken country. There is a disposition to look upon misfortunes as trifles, a contentment and *bon an* despite reverses, which by the way are borne in a wonderfully philosophic manner. The colonists possess most recuperative facilities. They are at all times a most liberal-minded, open-handed set of men, ready to help their friend in adversity, and often doing so in a most unselfish if scarcely discreet manner. I remember casually meeting a chum—one of the best fellows in this world—sometime since. He is a man quite incapable of appreciating the value of money: a series of the sternest lessons have taught him nothing in this respect. He is consequently in a chronic state of impecuniosity. When, therefore, he asked me to take luncheon with him I hesitated, and would have excused myself had I been able to withstand his importunity. On his way to a restaurant I perceived that he engaged in a digital investigation of his pocket, but he seemed unable to find a gold mine. At length he ejaculated, "Where on earth is that sovereign I had in my pocket?" This remark was followed by a bewildered look, which suddenly changed to a dejected expression as he added, "Oh! I know, I have just given it to Major —; poor fellow, he was awfully 'lapideous,' and spun me such a sad tale, I was compelled to give him something. A sovereign was all I had, so I gave him that—rather indiscreet, I must confess, considering it was my last, and I have not the remotest notion where I can get another." This little narrative illustrates a typical condition of things in the colonies. This unthinking generosity, amiable fault as it is, can scarcely come under the category of the "luxury of doing good". A responsible being, especially one with others depending upon him, ought to keep such impulses well in check.

Of colonial hospitality I have already said something. I might

write much more upon it, for it knows no bounds, and is dispensed in a truly noble and open-handed manner. This remark applies to all South Africa, the Dutch farmers at one time being especially profuse in their kind treatment of strangers. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.* The riff-raff which the discovery of the diamond fields brought into the colonies has made the Boers think twice before they leave an open door for the wayfarer to enter and sojourn as long as he listeth. The presence of so many English blacklegs in South Africa renders colonists—British and Dutch—more chary as to whom they receive day by day. It is a great pity this should be the case. It is a disgrace that countless countrymen of ours should care so little for the honour and reputation of old England as to lower it in the eyes of those to whom it is our true interest to appear in the best light. However, such is the case.

Of the colonists on the whole I have the very highest opinion, and I entertain feelings of regard and friendship for many of them of no ordinary character. They have done marvellous work in a marvellous manner in many ways, and have overcome obstacles of all kinds and submitted to innumerable hardships with patience and *sangfroid*. The gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease little understand all this. They do not estimate at its true value the difficult and onerous work which falls to the lot of the colonists in various parts of South Africa, which work they have faithfully and ably discharged.

In conclusion, I may say that, on the whole, there is more warmth of heart and breadth of view in Africa than at home, which beget the comely virtues—when not carried too far—of indulgence, toleration, and liberality.

CHAPTER VIII.

IDIOSYNCRATIC SOUTH AFRICA.

"THEY DIVERT THEMSELVES WITH THE TOLLY OF FOOLS."

"What chiefly oppresses me with anxiety about the future is the kind of thing our young men talk about as life. —*Ko. J. Bulletin Bureau, B. 1.*

"New situations give a different caste;
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste."

—*C. refer.*

THESE words are especially applicable to Africa, where the varied environment of circumstances and place develops many peculiarities and eccentricities. Pitched battles have been fought ere now on the science of idiosyncrasies, some holding that they betoken in their possessors incipient madness, while others regard them as the arrested budding of genius, which, from want of ballast or counterpoise, has opened out in an abnormal and unprofitable manner. I incline to the latter opinion, though there is no hard-and-fast rule by which the controversy can be determined one way or the other, and really all cases must be judged individually, and a decision arrived at in accordance with the respective aspects of the particular instance involved. As to the idiosyncrasies about which I am desirous of having my little say, none are of an extreme type, and they are all readily deducible from the circumstances peculiar to colonial life.

As pronounced perhaps as any colonial idiocracy, is the antipathy to what is called "a touch from the tar-brush," in other words, a strain of black blood. The various causes which have operated to produce this strong prejudice would be curious and profitable investigations, but I shall not enter minutely into the explanation of the phenomenon. It is true that even a few of the very best Dutch families are slightly off-coloured, though one must affect in their presence to be unconscious of the fact, for the

slightest hint in this direction is regarded as being the most heinous personal affront.

While upon the subject of Dutch families, a curious fact concerning the Huguenot names may be worth the mentioning. The Dutch in their efforts to pronounce these names have corrupted them strangely, thus:—

De Villiers is called Filge, Serrurier, Seringē. Some Dutch names are extremely commonly met with at the Cape, and there can be no doubt that the early settler for some time increased and multiplied very quickly. If that lying jade report has not again spoken falsely; I may say that this increase is to be accounted for by the very strong tendency to concubinage, which for a time prevailed, and also to the system which Byron thus describes: "They bred in and in, marrying their cousins, nay, their aunts and nieces, which often spoils the breed, though it increases".

The lower orders in Cape Town are a very heterogeneous mass. Goodness only knows the origin, or rather origins, of some of them. But they consider themselves, and expect to be considered, white. Many men and women in whose appearance you would find it hard to detect the slightest indication of the presence in their veins of the faintest filtration of white blood will stand you out that they are either English or Dutch, whichever race their natural predilections may induce them to honour. Shortly after my arrival in Cape Town, whilst on a visit to a friend in "The Gardens," and as yet being unaware of this peculiarity, I observed to my hostess that I would like her to request "one of the black girls" to unpack my boxes. She looked horrified. In my innocence I spoke very audibly, and she evidently feared I should be overheard. "Please don't speak of the domestics as black girls, or I shall have them leaving at a moment's notice, or avenging themselves in some other unpleasant manner." And yet they were degenerate Hottentots, or the residuum of varied aboriginal tribes, as the vulgar phrase goes, "too numerous to mention," and I would swear if they had a drop of white blood in their veins that it had been excellently well watered out. Thus, it will be seen, that *the colour* is repudiated even by those who have no

claim to any other origin, and consequently slightly piebald whites are more than sensitive on the point. The ignorant Englishman can launch no more telling taunt in his vocabulary of abuses at an Africander than to call him a nigger, by which opprobrious term in his moments of anger he stigmatises all African born persons, even those of undoubted Teutonic origin, whose parents, both having been born in England, no loophole for the suspicion, that their progeny can in any way whatsoever be tainted by black blood is left.

The tar-brush is a terrible *bête noir* to any one in the slightest degree tinctured. The social stigma attached to it causes such unfortunate persons to labour under the most painful disabilities; although exceptions are made in favour of, and *the sin* is forgiven in, a few notable instances which it would be invidious to mention.

Some of the slightly off-coloured women are very beautiful, though they seldom belong to families of any distinction. Many, nevertheless, are the daughters of eminently respectable shopkeepers and traders of some pecuniary position. Still they find a great difficulty in procuring suitable husbands, or indeed husbands at all, out of their own set—that is to say, persons similarly affected. Even the poorest artizan (English or Africander) says “nay to them, good day to them,” chiefly, no doubt, from the fear that the children will throw back, as they do, not unfrequently. It is no uncommon thing to find brothers thus—the one a fair hair, fair complexioned Saxon, the other a dark and curly-headed African. It is disgusting, I must admit, to one’s innate sense of propriety, to the *amour propre* of an Englishman, to see nice-looking grisettes in the society of nearly black or quite black natives, albeit such natives may be civilised in a way.

And yet perhaps it is better so, for I share the prejudice against the contamination of pure Anglo-Saxon (I beg Mr. Freeman’s pardon) blood. The inter-marriage of off-coloured persons keeps the taint within proscribed limits. As the white population increases from natural increment, and from the influx of immigrants, the taint will be gradually infiltrated and absorbed. At present, the feeling in question runs so high in the best social circles in the

colony, that I quite endorse the opinion of an old colonist, who remarked to me that he thought, that any man of wealth or position, who should be unfortunate enough to be touched with the tar-brush, should seek a home in England, where the blemish by no means entails social ostracism, but is rather admired than otherwise, possibly because its meaning if known, which it rarely is, is but imperfectly understood.

There is no reason, however, why the mistake of these cross marriages should be perpetuated, but I regret to say that some of the missionaries are not only ready to tie these anomalous bonds, but even encourage and stimulate the tendencies which work for these *mésalliances*, by allowing their own daughters to marry christianised Kaffirs. Young unsophisticated girls, banished on mission stations from the society of young men of their own race, although their isolation can scarcely cause them to exclaim with Miranda, "How beautiful mankind is," yet in their innocence submit to the bidding of their fathers, who sacrifice decency and common sense to their pet crotchets of the equality and brotherhood of all men, and immolate their daughters to this idea—to this faith—as Abraham would have offered up his son Isaac. No good can possibly come of this wickedness, and no good does come of it.

Wishing to be just, I will admit two things—namely, that instances are not wanting where a slight taint of black blood has produced a brain of unusual brilliancy—for example, Alexandre Dumas. But what a wealth of misery, and worse, are to be set against a few results like this. "Like and unlike can ne'er be equal powers." Moreover, although what I am about to say will by no means conduce to my popularity in Africa, it is quite true—with the exception of the recently-settled English families (of Natal pre-eminently) that among the typical and old-settled colonials of high or low estate, the slightly off-coloured girls are by far the best looking women in the Colonies.

So much is due to truth. Too much of the tar-brush, of course, produces a hideous result, but, if it has been judiciously applied by an artistic hand, and the proportions are 1-16th black to 15-16ths white, the result is good. I may remark *en passant*

that Africa cannot compare with England in the matter of feminine loveliness either in complexion, feature, or figure, the three great desiderata: but, of course, no country in the world is in the running in any of these respects, if we except Tasmania, where the girls are sought far and wide on account of their beauty.

I must say that the mixture of Dutch and English blood—the Dutch being about the plainest of the European races, and these early English settlers being for the most part by no means of the best breed—the tolerably copious imbibation of sodas and brandies, the climate, and carelessness, have combined to produce a race of women by no means the most beautiful in the world. South African women are often swarthy, large-featured, and sometimes coarse. They are guilty, too, of that worst of feminine mistakes, a *penchant* for slang. They are too loud, and although their dress is not far behind the fashion, still bright colours are too conspicuous for good taste. I should have thought that the showy attire of the Malay women would have made them despise colorific helps to beauty. But they lean towards display. It is a wonder that a certain English lady of title, who by no means objects to being considered go-a-head, did not become more popular in Africa, but I think she was too much, even for South African nerves, which are not of the weakest. As I have already said, Natal being more English than the Cape, possesses far more attractive-looking women in proportion to its population. A young fellow can decently lose his heart there once a week. Whereas I defy him to accomplish that feat more than once a fortnight in Cape Town. This was my experience, but on arriving in England from the Colonies I thought pretty well every woman I met passingly beautiful. And strange to relate, though none the less true, I must admit, that I fell in love in the most alarmingly promiscuous manner for a time after my return. Cupid hit home over and over again daily. For after all, “there is something irresistible in a beauteous form.” *Revenons à nos moutons.* Although I sympathise with and endorse to an extent the antipathy to the *tar-brush* peculiar to Africa, no less than to America, the West Indies, and elsewhere, I think colonists allow the feeling to carry them much too far,

and to betray them into uncharitable and unfair positions. A great deal of the acerbity and faction of colonial life, may be traced to this source, and many a quarrel has its origin in the colour question.

For that matter there is far too much quarrelling in South Africa on all sides. Quarrels over the erection of the Houses of Parliament, delayed the commencement of the works for months, if not for years; and then the Public Library and Museum in Cape Town, an edifice worthy of any city, was the cause of a bitter encounter some time since. Public affairs are managed in too lax a manner, and too much asperity is introduced into political discussions. In the light, or rather the darkness, of recent events at home, the familiar proverb regarding glasshouses and lapideous missiles would here apply; but in Africa, parochial, educational, philanthropic institutions, all come, as we have seen, under the same ban. In short, I really believe colonial people enjoy a good quarrel. They must take care that they do not let their blood run too high, or they may come to blows, and share the fate of the Kilkenny cats. There are none too many white men in Africa, and the blacks are never slow to profit by dissensions between the various sections of the white population.

Still, notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, the light-heartedness of Afrianders is imported even into their personal disputes, which, if they cannot always be said to be skin-deep, are at least more readily healed than are such variances at home. I do not fear the unfortunate termination to South African quarrels which proved fatal to the Hibernian felines. The English love of order has taken strong root in African soil, and colonists are well aware—and the able way they have set themselves to the task of responsible government proves this—that the great strength of a people lies in settled government and in constitutional institutions.

A little narrative to the point will not be out of place. A party of riotous fellows on the Diamond Fields were put to flight by three policemen. A hundred men in plain clothes would have been resisted. The policemen represented order. Such being the case, I could never understand the attitude of Cape colonists towards confederation. I merely mean to touch upon the subject

in this chapter. It is a seductive theme for me, and therefore dangerous to commence. I should like to say so much upon it, but the time has not yet come. Briefly then. What would confederation mean? It would mean, power to walk alone, to fight the natives unaided, and to manage them far better than we can from this country, where Ministers are all more or less under the influence of certain misguided and irrational bodies, who, with the best motives possible, do not understand the intricacies involved in dealing with the natives: with which complexities only those on the spot can successfully cope. Had South Africa been united, no such *fiasco* as the lamentable mistake, perpetrated by Lord Wolseley in Zululand, could have occurred. The battledore and shuttlecock of political parties at home, and the necessities and exigencies of the political situation here, were really responsible for this unfortunate blunder. Colonists are broad and liberal in all matters but in their local politics. In this they are babies; for their political education has scarcely commenced. They are unable to take a magnanimous view of important issues which affect the future of South Africa generally. Their opposition to Lord Carnarvon's extremely temperate, statesmanlike, carefully prepared, and considerably advanced policy of confederation, shows this conclusively. They have behaved like children with a new toy. Because they had recently received a brand new constitution they were as jealous and suspicious as men could possibly be, imagining that England wanted to take it away from them again; in itself an impossibility. The argument adduced against Lord Carnarvon's scheme, that it was unconstitutional, appears ludicrous when we remember that the constitution supposed to be attacked was one of yesterday's date, and, moreover, that the scheme which the then home Government and the entire English Parliament wished to introduce into the colonies, could only have had the effect of giving the colonists, in a larger measure, the control of their own affairs. It is strange, as I have already said, that colonists, as a rule the possessors of broad and enlightened views, should be quite incapable of grasping a lofty and beneficent political measure, and that they should regard it through selfish and narrow glasses. Natal—with

a difficult native question—was not to share in the prosperity of the Cape Colony where—as the Cape colonists said and doubtless thought—native difficulties had been satisfactorily arranged. Since then they have experienced a rough disillusioning, produced by the Basuto and other wars. But surely all enlightened Afrianders must see that our present colonies in that part of the world are situate only on the threshold of the promised land. To the rich uplands of Central Africa, to the Zambesi and beyond, we must ultimately go to found a second America, and to have free scope and breathing room for the development of the English race. The present colonies are but the base of our future relations to Africa generally. Home distress and over population will soon not only make this abundantly clear, but also bring the necessity for the opening up of these untouched markets for English goods, and fields for British enterprise, before the notice of our statesmen as an imperial, imperative, national necessity.

The greatest hope for the colonies and states of South Africa is in confederation. Only thus can they hold a respectable and respected position in the councils of the Empire, only thus can they successfully keep in check the aboriginal races, and by this means only can the English fulfil their destiny of advancing into and colonising Central Africa, opening up its glorious resources, and either civilising or improving out of existence the native tribes, as the gifted Sarah Marshall has it—

For that we still must fight, or firmly stand,
And hunt the savage from the savage land;
The tameless man of blood away must chase,
And plant the standard of a nobler race.

This would also give an impetus to the now rapidly approaching federation of England and her colonies. I cannot hope to treat of the subject now *in extenso*, but I must add that I am sanguine that the baneful effects of the narrow views of the political and upper classes of South African society, and the ignorance and prejudice of the lower orders, and of the inhabitants of the Dutch Republics, will in the long run be nullified by the union of the numerous and increasing body of far-seeing and educated colonists.

Confederation is opposed because it would destroy small local

reputations which their possessors fondle and nurse, vainly persuading themselves that they are world-wide. They cling lovingly to the pedestals, upon which the popular voice has placed them. It is the old, old story,—Little men of small soul would rather “reign in a village than serve in Rome”.

In addition to this, we must not forget that reason does not rule the actions of one in a hundred human beings. Prejudice is a far more powerful motive. It is by destroying in the national mind a prejudice against, or creating a prejudice in favour of, some great political change, that all reforms, good and bad, of this and other centuries have been accomplished. Let politicians try rather to create a sentimental prejudice in favour of confederation in the colonies, for that will carry the day long before reason, which is allowed to be on its side, could possibly gain sway. With the best intentions in the world the two Anthonys, much as I honour them, assisted in the ruin of the scheme. They imported too much of the fire of their patron saint into the controversy.

I have been taken to task when writing upon this subject some time since, for stating that in some measure the Eastern and Western antipathy had race hatred at its root. I have entered into this issue in the columns of the *South African*, the editor of which journal has supplied me with a mass of data upon the subject, with much of which I was perfectly acquainted, and might have used in writing here, but that I prefer to bring the matter down to the briefest outline. The Eastern and Western controversy originated in the warring of Conservative and Radical principles—the old and the new—the Conservative represented by the West, where Dutch sympathies greatly influence public feeling, and the Radical by the East, where the opinions of the descendants of the founders of Port Elizabeth hold sway. Of course, a mass of substantial and prosaic considerations go to form and foster the antagonism. The Easterns complain of various neglected requirements in the way of posts, railways, public works, &c., which attributes of civilisation they maintain are attended to in Cape Town and the West, though neglected in the East, which they say subscribes its full share to the common

exchequer; which exchequer, therefore, they urge should be expended as much in the one division of the colony as the other. There may be, and doubtless has been, and is, plenty of truth in these statements, but when the jealousy on the part of the Easterns takes the shape of a movement for the removal of the seat of government to a central position, the whole agitation becomes too ludicrous. If any central town (certainly not Beaufort, which has been quoted as a suitable place) should so grow and become so important as to merit the distinction of being the Capital, a certain *raison d'être* for the movement would have been established; at all events there would be something to go upon. But I must confess I think the matter too puerile for contention, and in this good-natured, though somewhat contemptuous manner the Westerns regard the whole affair, the hatred being chiefly on the side of the East, especially on the part of Bayonians (Port Elizabethans). Cape Town is the oldest town, possesses the largest population, and all the attributes and offices of government and administration, are centralised there.

Moreover, it is most immediately in communication with the mother country, and is the only town fit for a Governor to live in. It contains all that is most deeply rooted in the past history, and most reputable in the present life of the colony. All successful men of business, upon retiring, if they do not come to England, set up their establishments there, and to this rule Bayonians are in nowise exempt. They would be blind to their own interests and comforts if they were, for the pull which Cape Town has over all other South African places is so enormous, that there is not, and never can be, any room for rivalry. Still the Easterns complain that each month they contribute to the revenue half as much again as do the Westerns, and they argue therefrom that the seat of government ought to be held in the East, where the large sums expended in government appointments, civil service situations, and the like, should be spent. But these posts are open to all, and I have yet to learn that because a town may not be the geographical centre of a country, it is therefore not its vital centre. London, Berlin, Paris, and New York are examples to the contrary. Colonists are childish

in these matters; magnanimous and far-seeing in private affairs, in politics they allow selfish and petty motives to gain the ascendancy. In fact, although political life has not yet degenerated into a trade as it has in America and Australia, yet there is far too much of that complexion about it. Each microcosm in South Africa is endeavouring to aggrandise to itself all the advantages it possibly can. There is no sustained effort to secure the public weal. I believe that the establishment of a South African United Dominion would cure this. At present petty aims and ambitions intervene. A clear case of love's selfish labour for self lost, because every such centre is equally energetic in stealing a march to advance its own particular interests and ideas. The free atmosphere of a Federal South Africa would suffocate a good deal of this narrowness, and build up a wholesome national spirit as opposed to parochial patriotism, which struggle for limited supremacy is silly and contemptible. It resembles nothing so much as the ox and the donkey races with which the vulgar are delighted from time to time at Claremont, near Cape Town.

Now as to African loyalty. It is of a peculiar type. The Queen, the Imperial connection, and the home government generally as represented by the Governor, are all regarded with a certain degree of loyalty; but it is of a commonplace nature, and has very little enthusiasm about it. At the Table Bay regatta the most noticeable incident to my mind was the manner in which the Governor was received upon his arrival. Although he was a popular man, he was scarcely greeted by one raised hat as he passed through the dense crowd. As the representative of Her Majesty, and therefore of the law and order of the realm, one would have hoped to have seen him accorded the honour appertaining to his position, "duly remembering whose authority he had". An old resident remarked to me that I must not account for this by supposing that the people were surly, disloyal, or indifferent. But, said he, the democratic feeling is so strong that the mass of the people are unable to grasp the true meaning, policy, or necessity of respectful loyalty to any central authority, and to understand that in honouring those rulers appointed by the

Queen, with their full approval moreover, they are really honouring themselves. Ignorance must plead their excuse.

As to loyalty towards England itself the miserable wretches of whom I spoke in my first paper have taken good care to reduce that to a minimum. The young bloods of the colony declare that they are as loyal to the Queen as are any other British subjects, but they have nothing to do with an English parliament—they look to their own parliament alone. Neither does it matter much to them what becomes of England; they would defend, they say, their own country, but were England surrounded by countless foes, no cry for aid, however urgent, would persuade them that it was their duty to come to her assistance. In this matter I think their bark is worse than their bite, for every man in his senses—English or otherwise—must know that were England snuffed out, the candle of civilisation and everything else of good report would burn dimly indeed for centuries to come. As to Englishmen, they say that they may be very good fellows at home, but when they come to Africa they are far from being so. This is the mental condition to which the brutal behaviour of the men I have already sufficiently described has brought colonists. Men who malign virtue, malign women, malign the colony and England to boot as far as her reputation—if she be judged by them as specimen Englishmen, which she unfortunately is—be concerned. Miserable beings, I must have another fling at them, spoiled (if there were ever any good in them to spoil) by the cheap pleasures and conveniences of the capital, they have inspired such disgust and disloyalty to England that many an Africander will tell you that he would rather have an inundation of Germans than of Londoners, as they make, says he—and this is undoubtedly true—far better and more useful citizens. If you object that the English feeling would not be conserved were this to be generally adopted, you would probably be told that the English feeling might go to the regions so graphically described by Dante for all he cared.

There is a fairly loyal feeling for the Queen herself, but in the case of a good many colonists—especially men from the Diamond Fields—it is loyalty with a reservation. They are loyal in a mea-

sure to the Queen's person, but not to the monarchical system. Some years since the Diamond Fields fellows were requested to take the oath of allegiance to Her Majesty. A very large proportion refused to do so because the names of the Prince of Wales "and other grandees" were included in the attesting document. They said, "We are British subjects, and as loyal as any other British subjects; but we will not bind ourselves to be prospectively loyal. No other British subject is required to do this, and why should we be?" It was a mistaken and ultra-nervous move. Loyalty must be spontaneous to be worth anything. You cannot galvanise it into life. The Diamond Fields men were in a very accephalous condition before the colony of Griqualand West was taken over by the Cape Government: they were at one moment contemptuous to the Republics, and declaring their loyalty to England, at the next praising the Free States, maligning England, and for a change they occasionally had a little fling at the Queen or the Cape Government, as they might feel disposed. Public opinion is even now very fluctuating there. It changes from day to day, from hour to hour, from minute to minute. Thus a meeting may be called for a certain purpose, and may be a packed meeting. Half-a-dozen men of another way of thinking gaining admittance will as likely as not argue the whole mass into endorsing their views. This has occurred more than once. So much on this subject.

I will now give the social mirror another turn.

I have several times alluded to the wastefulness and extravagance which are peculiar traits of colonial character. One becomes quite sorrowful when one sees the amount of residuum produce that is allowed to go to rack and ruin. Akin to this responsible frivolity may be quoted the love of holiday-making inherent in the soil of Africa. The aborigines were ever thus, and so were, and are, the settlers. Holidays are kept upon every pretext, reasonable or otherwise. Volunteering has received a great impetus from this cause.

The relationship subsisting between children and parents is of a character which would be calculated to shock mothers and fathers in England, even in these days of precocious and insub-

ordinate children. Children act and talk with a freedom which has something of an American style about it. It is no uncommon thing for sons to dictate to their fathers instead of the more legitimate and antiquated custom concerning fathers and sons. Repression in anything cannot obtain in a colony, and parents who wish to keep their sons away from the Diamond Fields have a hard task before them, for it is to that place the malcontented boys almost invariably flee. "The sage called discipline, a faithful servant long," has in South Africa "declined at length into the vale of years." It is a great pity, for it is but right to concede that there is far too much license in the matter of child indulgence in the colonies, though I must confess that the conduct of colonial mothers to their sons would teach many worthy matrons at home a good lesson. They have no idea of alienating the affections of their boys by interferences with their liberty of thought, talk, and action, much less by repression and espionage. They leave off this style of thing when the boy arrives at the age of about sixteen or even before, and the bare idea of attempting it with a man who may be living under his father's roof, after he is of age, would not only be repellent to them, but would never enter their heads. Such is unfortunately by no means the view taken of parental prerogative in this country, though this distasteful relic (among so many other mistaken views) of the Puritan revival is happily dying out. There is a sympathetic indulgence to the condition of youth in the colonies. As the communities there are very youthful themselves, they therefore know full well that young things will experiment, and will be foolish, and that it is impossible to put old heads on young shoulders.

In Natal one meets with a great many peculiarities more or less indigenous of growth. There are plenty of things to make life a burthen there, as I have already shown. Locusts, and in justice I must add, wild honey. Houses intolerably warm in the summer, and no punkahs to make the heat endurable. In Durban the cemetery is pretty well in the centre of the town. How strange in a new place! As to postal arrangements, there is no from door to door letter delivery, so that when the mail bell rings one has to go or send to the post-office for one's letters, which means a

general scramble and much unpleasantly close fellowship with insolent, odoriferous Kaffirs. An Anglo-Australian remarked to me that the masters of the Kaffirs ought to be ashamed to send their henchmen with instructions to bring their letters by main force if needful, but at all events not to wait their turn, but to struggle to procure them at the earliest possible moment. You are pushed and huddled about by these abominable fellows, who excuse themselves by saying they are doing their masters' bidding.

Sometimes the clerks at the post-office at Durban ring the bell when no mail has arrived. In response to the false alarm a long pilgrimage may be taken to the post office, and you can scarcely come to any other conclusion than the whole affair was a hoax, as all you get for your trouble is the flimsiest of apologies. "One of those wicked wilfuls which men call accident."

The clerks seem to have great license. They appear to close the post-office of their own sweet will. It is not pleasant, moreover, to be told in a surly manner on the other side of the dust-hole looking opening through which one's letters are handed to their owners, that "you must wait two or three hours until the letters are sorted," and with no further comment down goes the drawback in front of your face. Now, you may happen to know that it is only caprice and Jack-in-officeism that prevents the clerk from giving you your letters at once. It is often a cock-and-bull tale which they would not attempt with a resident, but with which they enjoy gulling a visitor. A newcomer can scarcely be persuaded to believe that a public servant would have the assurance to perpetrate this little joke on his own account, it being a proceeding entirely opposed to all ideas of undeviating routine and departmental duty observed in England.

But this is a preamble to what I wish to say upon "Natal side"; a hideous swagger peculiar to the golden youth of the rising colony, which has earned the appellation of "the garden of South Africa". There are several unpleasant developments of this quality, which of course strike strangers more forcibly than they do the old inhabitants, who indeed seem to have become almost unconscious of them, or to regard them as a normal condition of youth. The rude behaviour of young Natal towards

persons unbeknown to them is far from pleasing. For instance, as to the matter of the rules and etiquette of the road. Everybody must be conscious of the want of courtesy and worse, displayed by young Natal here. The Natalian equestrian delights in ousting a pedestrian from his lawful side of the road, and in endeavouring to run him down, should he be crossing the highway from left to right.

Again, suppose a man and his wife to be walking leisurely along the sandy roads of Natal, foot-paths being but exceptional boons. The hobbledehoy on horseback who may espy them, conceives at once the sublime idea of showing off his proficiency as a horseman, and good appearance in the saddle. Accordingly he breaks into a full gallop, throwing up sand in boundless wealth—in fact, a veritable Sahara. I have seen many an inoffensive woman thus treated. As to slackening his pace for anyone, that is out of the question. Is this fair or gallant, and does it not merit the somewhat harsh remark, “Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil”? The Berea and other roads out of Durban, being minus lamps and paths, are absolutely dangerous to an equestrian or pedestrian at night. Few of the townsmen carry lights on their gigs or dogcarts, and they also consider it to be decidedly *de trop* to signify by shout or whistle which way they are coming. The nights are sometimes very dark, and to those unblest with good sight and hearing, the ordeal of travelling after sunset is a nervous business. As to rendering assistance to anyone who should chance to be in any difficulty on the road, that would be a fatal effort of courtesy for a Natalian of this generation. To sum up the *jeunesse dorée* of the colony: their chief recreation is to be on horseback, or to be strutting about with an inferior cigar in their mouths, looking impudently at everybody with whose affairs they have not at the time become thoroughly acquainted. They rarely read a book, and they know nothing of the world or its bearings. To this fact the recent *exposé* in the *Cape Argus* of “Young Natal” amply attests. In several articles under the above heading certain examination papers were reviewed in the columns of the leading South African journal. Some of the answers given by Young Natal would disgrace School Board

students. They have few amusements, and at present, although they are not so often to be found hanging about canteens and hotels as are the Cape colonists, they are nevertheless far behind the latter in intelligence.

Inter-colonial jealousy runs high. Natal swears by everything that is hers, and sad indeed is the great heart of the colony whenever her horses are beaten at Cape Town. Clubs and institutes are not well supported; concerts are more favoured, but a theatrical company is idolised. The advantages of Natal are at present few, excepting those which nature has bestowed upon her, and these are many. One ought not to judge Natalians too hastily. But I have said what I have said because I think they richly deserve all. Old Natal can swagger on its own account. Mr. Hartley, M.L.C., had the impudence to say that man for man the Natalian was worth twelve Englishmen, and this to insult some newly-arrived colonists, who had been inveigled to Natal on false pretences, and could not find work to do when they arrived. Mr. Hartley's heartless remark was considered very clever by young Natal; but somebody gave him a pretty warm thrashing in the columns of the *Natal Mercury* for it. Young Natal is not brilliantly intellectual. An example of this will suffice. A firm idea seemed to pervade the community that all Germans were boorish, uneducated men. This idea was thus formed:—

Some years since, a number of impoverished, unfortunate men from an agricultural district in Germany landed in Durban. They started a small industry in planting sweet potatoes, from which circumstance they have earned the sobriquet of "Sweet Potato Germans". By hard work they have succeeded admirably in their modest way, and have actually reduced the price of the nasty vegetable from which they take their nickname to one-tenth of its former value. These men came from some State where compulsory education had not been enforced, and were consequently very illiterate. From this last fact the colonists inferred that all Germans were the same, which proves that they are not *au courant* with even the most salient points of modern European history.

It is a strange country, Africa; and one meets with some

curious specimens of humanity there. What means, too, persons of birth adopt to gain a livelihood yonder! A connection of my own there, whose father was a colonial governor, is keeping a little store up country, and another relation, who is nearly allied by marriage to a baronet of ancient lineage, and himself a man nursed in the lap of luxury, and of varied culture, is managing a butcher's store. The son of a well-known admiral died in poverty at Pinetown, his last employment being that of a waiter; the nephew of a noble lord is a billiard-marker at ——; the cousin of a prime minister, a purveyor of bottled beer; the sons of an eminent clergyman, peripatetic loafers; and of the editor of a leading London paper, a third-class actor; a scion of an old Suffolk family, a carpenter, and of another good county family, a Zulu trader; while the Cape Mounted Rifles possess many a sprig of nobility. In fact many persons who were at the top of the social ladder here are scarcely on the first round there, while many of the leading men in the colonies are men of no origin whatsoever. These vicissitudes of fortune are, of course, conspicuous in all colonies, and in the United States more so than in British dependencies. *Apropos* of the United States, there is a trait of the colonial character resembling the American I must not forget to mention—that is to say, the unthinking and refreshingly careless manner in which a tourist (American or Africander) will spend his "entire pile" in England or on the Continent before returning to his home, and then trust to Providence to make another. Hope, faith, and courage are here pourtrayed. A little narrative which bears upon the delightfully *insouciant* attitude of colonists with regard to money matters may not be out of place. A Natalian had occasion to visit the Mauritius. He discovered when on board ship that he had left his portmanteau at his hotel, containing £1,250 in bank notes. Instead of hurriedly returning he sent a policeman for it, but the messenger had not come back when the ship sailed. He merely remarked, "Well, I suppose I have lost my money, but if I have any luck I will soon pick it up again in Mauritius". There are many more colonial idiosyncracies, and in naming a few, I will draw this chapter to a close. These are the hand-shaking, the tossing for drinks, and the illicit diamond-buying

eccentricities.* There are several expressions and words peculiar to the colony. Some, of course, are Dutch, as *yeldt* (grass), *kloof* (pass). Others are culled from savage vernacular. Then there are the familiar colloquialisms, "You bet," "Jump a claim," (Australian), "Swindle for drinks," "So long," and the rest. But I must not compile a glossary, nor trench upon Mr. Hooten's domain.

Curious customs obtain in the Cape Colony, in the matter of public sales and private auctions—or rather public auctions, for all funerals are public at the Cape. The immediate relatives of the deceased are expected to throw open the house from which the funeral takes place to all and every comer. Refreshment of course has to be provided. The same implication necessarily attaches to sales. It is said that many of Dutch boaters, pretty well live by taking the round at funerals and sales.

Some portions of the foregoing chapters have appeared in the *Journal* of which I have spoken in the preface to this work, and they have received the most flattering and favourable notice from the leading Cape Journals—the *Cape Argus*, *Natal Mercury*, and *Times of Natal*, &c. I was heartily amused, however, to read an article occupying over two columns of space in a certain Natal journal upon my remarks concerning young Natal. The writer has unconsciously by his style of treatment given powerful testimony to my statements concerning the selfishness and want of breeding observable in too many typical Natalians. For, while he has not refuted a single assertion of mine, he has descended to the grossest personalities conveyed in the poorest jokes concerning my patronymic. Some score of times he alludes to me as "Little Mr. Little," and upon my adjectival appellation he has rung the changes by using all the synonyms at his command—"wee," "diminutive," and so on. Perhaps this undue anger, and this obliviousness of all the canons of gentlemanly behaviour may be owing to the fact that "Little Mr. Little" was considered sufficiently "big" to write the leaders for a Natal paper, the latchet of

* If the member for the Diamond Fields is to be believed, seven-tenths of the people on the fields are illicit diamond buyers—that is to say, they purchase stolen diamonds from natives. He stated this in the House the other day.

whose shoes the journal in question is not worthy to fasten. I will be charitable, however, as even the aforesaid organ accords me the place of honour in its leading columns, and thus gives the lie to its own contentions concerning my unimportance.

I have now done for the present with the ethical, polemical, and politico-social aspect of colonial life, and shall proceed to deal with African fields for investment and emigration; with the industries and occupations of the people, and from these subjects, by natural transition, I shall have something to say about the missionaries and the natives, dealing with the various civilised and savage African tribes, and anon with railways, steam-packets, and public buildings; profitable speculations; sports, and adventure; natural features and conformation of the country, rivers, and mountains; health and wealth; provisions; descriptions of journeys up country; comparative analysis of life; governors and public men; first and last impressions; dialects and native folk lore; the future of the country, and numerous topics besides. But from such data as the foregoing chapters contain, prosaic as many of them have been, the poetry of a people is evolved. Baffled hopes and cruel experiences build up our belief and creeds, which poetry, or religion if the term be preferred, sets forth.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPE INDUSTRIES—GENERALLY.

“LE TRAVAIL N'EST PAS UNE PEINE, C'EST UN PLAISIR.”

“You cannot escape from anxiety and labour—it is the destiny of humanity.”—*The Earl of Derby.*

“Blessed is the man who hath found work, he hath found a life purpose.”—*Thomas Carlyle.*

“A SPLENDID country, sir, and it will one day lick America; but it wants a lot of fencing in.” Such is the gist of the answer an Anglo-Africander will give to all and any questions concerning the future of the land of his adoption. The Dutch Africander is somewhat more apathetically disposed towards the issues which are determining the course and development of the wealth and resources of the colonies. The Boer—pure and simple—has no ambition beyond the selfish aims involved in his own individual advancement, and, in fact, is opposed, in his dull, phlegmatic manner, to progress altogether. Progress means good-bye, he faintly perceives, to his isolated and dog-in-the-manger attitude. The up-country Dutch hold much of the land, and this little fact has more to do, than at first sight appears, with the somewhat slow progress these colonies have made in comparison with other dependencies of the British Crown.

There is an outcry all over Africa, which is not dissimilar to the outcry which is making itself more audible, day by day, in this country—Land! land! everywhere, but not an acre to use. It is complained of the Dutch that they are a conservative and non-progressive race of men. As I have already implied, to the Dutch a very considerable portion of the land belongs. The impatient

colonist of British extraction can ill brook the existence of this barrier—as he rightly considers it to be—to the legitimate development and advancement of South Africa. This is yet another symptom of the old race hatred to which I have before alluded, and to which I must often allude again.

There can be no doubt, while it may be granted that the Dutchman has been the true pioneer of civilisation in Africa, that he has an awkward habit of being satisfied with very meagre and unambitious results.

In the first place, he cares not at all about the wellbeing of the native races who may be living in his midst. He desires nothing so much as that they should remain in a condition of bondage, or that being impracticable, he satisfies himself by using all his dead-weight to keep them in a condition as nearly assimilating to it as possible. The nearer—the better. The Boer's ordinary life is pastoral, and his system of government is not carried much beyond a family or patriarchal system. He models his life on the primitive pattern described in the Pentateuch as being the life of the early Jews. He considers, moreover, that, having gone into the land to take possession of it, he has a perfect right to the full and unfettered control of all the savages who may be living thereon. He claims undisputed possession of the land, and everything, animal, vegetable, or mineral, which may be upon it, or under it. This being granted him, he rests content ; he desires nothing more.

Of course I am now dealing with the typical Dutch—the old agrarian Boers. The Anglicised Dutch families of Cape Town and elsewhere in the urban districts, from intermarriage and association with the English, have ceased to assimilate to their congeners in anything but in a certain sentimental sympathy. The old Dutch farmers, whether of the Cape Colony, Free State, Natal, or the Transvaal, are, however, to all intents and purposes, unaltered, and unalterable, from their sluggish ancestors.

Men may come, and men may go, but they go on for ever. The momentous changes which the nineteenth century has seen in the social, political, and scientific worlds, have rolled past them, not over them, and they stand aloof, like the rocks in their own

river currents, defying the element which bears all else before it, and remaining the fossilised prototypes of their ancestors of the seventeenth century.

All this is very provoking to the more energetic and progress-loving colonist, and it leads to endless heart burnings, and jealous, angry feelings.

When the go a head colonist is twitted upon the relatively slow progress which South Africa has made when compared with Australia or with Canada, he is wont to exclaim: "Yes! man, but there is this difference. Canada has fine rivers, and in Australia there are at least some which will consent to run above ground for a few miles, without becoming so ashamed of themselves, as to be forced to hide themselves beneath the surface, as they do with us. You will say we ought to be independent of rivers. But how about the infernal bars at their mouths. They ruin all our grand harbours. We might perhaps get along pretty well, despite these drawbacks, had we not to reckon with the lazy, good-for-nothing natives; and even this obstacle to progress would sink into insignificance if we were not cursed with a race of pig-headed, do-nothing, obstructive Dutchmen."

With such millstones around their necks—and such millstones they undoubtedly have—we cannot be very much surprised if, despite other advantages, Africa has not been able to tell so flattering a tale of progress as have some other colonies. This is her misfortune, not her fault. Nevertheless, it must by no means be imagined that the colonies are thereby stationary. Much less are they losing ground. The returns of exports and imports in recent years, no less than the existence of the splendid fleets of boats owned by the Union Steamship Co. and the Donald Currie Co., which they run between South Africa and England, combine to bear ample testimony to the contrary.

It is true that the import returns, as compared with the export sheets, are not always favourable. For many years before ostrich feathers and diamonds swelled the export returns, the disparity between these and the imports was very great indeed, so much so that it used to be commonly said of the Cape Colonies that they were living on their own fat, like the long-tailed sheep

peculiar to the country. Just now the commercial outlook is also gloomy, although the exports for the first eight months of this year are a million pounds sterling in excess of the imports.

The industrial occupations of South Africa are at present, one and all, of a primitive description. The country has not yet arrived at a manufacturing state of development: it will not be sufficiently advanced to support manufactories on any large scale for some time to come.

The natural products are in most cases sent home in the raw state, and manipulated here. Still, Australia now makes much of its own cloth, and there is no sufficient reason why Africa should not do likewise. In short, she is just now commencing to do so. Australia produces wines moreover, which Englishmen, with all their conservatism and prejudice, are beginning to place on their tables. Africa could do, and should do, the same thing, which I hope to show anon. Australia coins its own gold, and indeed, in another generation, it bids fair, should its present rate of progress continue unchecked, to become independent of Europe for most of the necessities and luxuries common to this civilised age. As far as South Africa is concerned, it may be broadly laid down, that she is minus manufactures. Wine growing and making scarcely answer to this description of industry, in that the African vineyards by no means produce sufficient wine for native consumption. The same may be said of brewing. There are a few brewers in the vicinity of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. The beer which they brew is, in most instances, undrinkable. There are, however, one or two brewers—Cloete and Versveld, and Dr. Hiddinge—who succeed in turning out palatable beverages. These resemble the more approved descriptions of Vienna or Strasbourg beer.

In Natal, a relative of the late Sir Robert Peel brews a mild kind of drink from palm nuts and Indian corn. All things considered, however, I don't in the least wonder that the discerning colonist should prefer bottled Bass or Allsopp, notwithstanding the somewhat ruinous price he has to pay to procure these luxuries.

Even in such a simple matter as soda-water, it seems to be

impossible for the native manufacturers to compete with our Rawlings, Schweppe, and Webb.

Many Africanders affect a liking for Boer tobacco, but here again the supply is in no way equal to the demand.

Building materials are in a very large measure drawn from this country. Corrugated iron for roofing, and for the construction throughout, of stores, warehouses, churches, and other edifices, finds a splendid market in South Africa.

I understand that glass-blowing works have met with fair success in Cape Town, and it is also a fact that the celebrated dyes so largely advertised in this country are reduced from fibres and barks in the city at the foot of Table Mountain. With these few reservations, however, and maybe one or two others which do not occur to me just now, I may boldly assert that the South African colonists are engaged in industries the result of which is the production of the raw material solely. In the isolated cases where they have gone beyond this, they have as yet been unable to produce either the quantity or the quality to make it possible for them to seek markets in England.

The colonial industries may, for the sake of convenience, be thus roughly divided: (1) Agricultural, (2) mining, (3) marine. Under agricultural industries I would range: (1) sheep-farming, (2) ostrich-farming, (3) wine-growing, (4) tobacco-growing, (5) wheat-growing, (6) sugar and coffee planting, (7) arrowroot, cayenne, cotton, fruit, and several minor cultivated plants.

I shall, in the succeeding chapters, endeavour to lay bare a few facts connected with the foregoing pursuits.

CHAPTER X.

SHEEP-FARMING AND ARTIFICIAL OSTRICH REARING.

“TWO FIELDS OF ACTION, HOWEVER CLOSELY LINKED.”

“Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills.”

—*James Thomson.*

WITH the first named industry I cannot lay claim to be very well acquainted. My excuse for speaking of it at all is, that I consider it outside of my province to deal with dry statistics, I am only concerned with generalities. I desire to paint a series of living pictures of life and manners in South Africa; and that which I shall have to say about the pastoral occupations of the South Africans, will partake more than ever of the chit-chat order.

Until ostrich farming and the development of the diamond mines had assumed proportions of such importance, the sheep formed the back bone of the country.

The young English farmer, especially he of the modern type—that is to say, the man who has been educated at a farming college, and who, too often unfortunately, despises all but the ornamental and swaggering portions of his profession, makes at the best a discontented and jaundiced farmer in Africa. The Dutch are, after all, the really successful and the typical sheep farmers. They are quite content to live out their solitary lives in their long rambling houses, with their brick-paved, straw-bestrewn floors, and their lofty walls and large beamed oaken ceilings, which speak out their poetry not in beautiful carvings and elaborate cornices, but in a noble array of hams and haunches of venison or billtong, which are suspended from convenient hooks in the exposed tim-

bers. Their only literature is the Bible, their only recreations, riding, smoking, and nigger driving. They enjoy the latter most of all. The young Englishman who goes to the colonies with a view of trying his hand at farming, must be content to lead the life of a chrysalis, if he would wish to make money or become prosperous. But the worst of it is, the warm climate has an awkward tendency to develop the chrysalis into the moth. Thus many unfortunate Britshers instead of attending to their farms, hie to boot and horse, the first thing in the morning, and flicker round the garish flame of canteen and hotel until nightfall, when they return home pretty considerably fuddled.

There is only one end to this kind of thing, utter ruin and collapse. If Englishmen better understood what sacrifice would be required of them, as the penalty of success in following a farming life in Africa, a good many of the young scamps who at present pester the colonies, would stay away, and much misery at home and there would be saved. At a dinner party, some time since, it fell to my lot to conduct the young and *sympathetic* widow of a certain dignitary of the church to her place at the table. "Oh, Mr. Little," she said, "I understand you know South Africa well, I am going there, my late husband's boys are there sheep farming," mentioning a place not a hundred miles from Graff Raynet. "Now, do tell me all about it." I told her the plain unvarnished truth, namely, that she would be fifty miles from any town, and that that town would probably contain at the most, but three or four persons with whom she would care to associate, and in short, unless she had made up her mind to a life of self-abnegation for the sake of her step-sons, she had better stop away. Others had told her a more flattering tale, and I fear she was in the position of being convinced against her will, which is notoriously ineffectual in altering an opinion. The boys had gone out very young, and had thoroughly settled down to their adopted life, which they seemed to find far from irksome. Happily the better qualities of the true woman asserted themselves, and I hear that the sparkling widow became reconciled in time to her position. But she had to live down a good deal, and few would have acquiesced in so dull a life without a murmur. She had disregarded the advice I,

and her more candid friends had given her, for she took out to a howling wilderness, boxes of ball and dinner dresses made by the most fashionable West-End *costumiers*. I mention this little circumstance simply to show the misapprehensions which prevail in England concerning South Africa. These misapprehensions are responsible for so much home sickness and misery, that I think it only right to call attention to them as often as possible.

The exports of wool from South Africa, reached the aggregate value of £4,000,000 sterling, last year. The Merino is now the popular breed in the colonies. The old big-tailed sheep of the Dutch are rapidly giving way, under the dispensation of which Darwin was the exponent.

Although for the more lucrative uses of its fleece, the Merino excels its older rival, yet in the days of the long tailed sheep, meat was far cheaper than it is now. The Merino sheep is subjected to all the diseases to which it is incidental in other countries, and it falls a ready victim to the long continued droughts peculiar to this part of the world. The murrain did not prove so fatal an enemy to the long-tailed variety, in fact the very peculiarity from which it has received its distinctive appellation, served as its protection. It is confidently asserted that during the months when the power of the sun had dried up the springs and rivers, and withered and destroyed the pasturage and herbage, the sheep lived upon the reserve which these big tails constituted. At all events the sheep did survive the dry season and as their tails were shrivelled at the end of that period, it cannot be denied that strong presumptive evidence in favour of this theory exists. Why moreover should this not be feasible when we take the fact into consideration, that persons inclined to an undue development of adipose tissue, as a rule require less sustenance than individuals of sparer habit, and are able to survive, when from illness or from any other cause they cannot take food, far longer than your meagre and thin subject. We are taught to believe that the Dutch used to make little carts in which these terminal appendages were accommodated to keep them off the ground. We know that they came near rivalling the Laplanders and Esquimaux, in the estimation which they put upon that por-

tion of ovine anatomy so dear to little Bo-Peep. Like the Savages of the North it is said they sucked the fatty sugar stick. I cannot say whether this is a fiction (scarcely an amiable one) or not, but the old Dutch were such a strange race, one is surprised at nothing. Be this scrap of news false or true, this I do know to be an undoubted fact, namely, that at some of the old farm houses of the agrestic Boers, the visitor is expected to wash his feet before going to bed, in a pan, common to all, which a native brings round from person to person, the ladies of course having the precedence. This is a trying ordeal, for the Dutch women have ugly splaw feet, and rarely the sight of a pretty ankle compensates the unfortunate victim of this cleanly, albeit nasty custom, for the suffering which he is called upon to endure. Added to this, the poor guest has to greet the whole of the female portion of the family with a brotherly kiss, in the morning, and on retiring at night, toothless old fraus and buxom young girls included. He has no alternative, but must take the rough with the smooth, the bitter with the sweet.

As to ostrich farming, though it is a baby enterprise, it has proved itself to be a very healthy bantling. The farms have only been in existence for a quarter of a century, but many agriculturists have deserted their more legitimate pursuits, in order to devote their energies to this novel enterprise. The industry is principally in the hands of the English, though many Dutchmen have taken kindly to it, and not altogether without success.

Being a very precarious pursuit, few will grudge those who make it pay, their good fortune. The ostrich possesses a ravenous and indiscriminate appetite, which the merest tyro among natural history students knows full well. The visitor to the Zoo might be inclined to fancy, from the avidity with which the giant birds devour any unconsidered morsel which may be thrown to them, from a copper coin to a daily newspaper, the question of diet to be a matter of indifference as in any way affecting their wellbeing. For all that, they require very careful dieting when they are kept in confinement, with a view to a profitable result. If this precaution be neglected they lose their health and in consequence their plumage, and they are, moreover, unproductive at the breeding

season. The processes of artificial incubation and rearing are generally known in this country. As to the market value of the ostrich, a Cape farmer assured me that his mature birds were worth about £40 each. Until recently the feathers were saleable at from £30 to £60 per lb. Nevertheless, with all its attractions, ostrich farming is an uncertain venture. Thousands have failed where hundreds have succeeded, and even now but comparatively few understand the industry sufficiently, or are willing to give it the exacting attention it demands, to ensure a successful issue. At this moment there is a great depression in the feather market, the super-abundant supply has produced the inevitable result of decreased value. The prosperous farmers, however, will be little concerned at an eventuality which they have long anticipated, and I have heard them say that having triumphed over the initial difficulties attending their occupation, they could well afford to receive a much lower price for their feathers, and yet make a handsome profit. This statement stands as clear evidence, that much money has been made out of ostrich farming. There is yet another danger however which menaces the future of the South African farms. The Australians who acclimate everything from sparrows and rabbits (to their cost) to salmon and horses, have recently been turning their attention to the field of enterprise with which we are just now concerned. They are preparing farms on an enormous scale, and purpose, moreover, sending the feathers into the market in a finished condition. African breeders both in the south and in the north (Algeria) must look to their laurels, for Australians like Americans have an awkward knack of being terribly in earnest. However, in the future, there may be room enough for all. Notwithstanding the fluctuations of fashion, the capricious jade cannot long turn her back upon one of her most useful servants, and there is no chance whatsoever of the demand for ostrich feathers permanently falling off; there is, on the contrary, every reason to believe it will steadily increase. It is difficult to imagine what could be substituted for the graceful plumes which Douglas Jerrold described as "the natural panoply of kings". The supply is becoming so plentiful that the value is certain to fall steadily, if gradually.

All these things considered, the Cape ostrich farmer needs to call to his aid—to a marked extent—the qualities of patience, careful attention, courage, and endurance. The birds are, moreover, subjected to many diseases, and at plucking times they become very wild and furious. Several cases came under my immediate notice of severe and even fatal injuries, resulting from the kick of the male ostrich. They kick out behind; it can be readily understood what that means.

I am informed that the Cape feathers are inferior to those which come from Barbary and Algeria. It is a well-known fact that the very best feathers of the tame bird are inferior to those of wild species. The ostrich farms have not yet been visited by any epidemical disease, but as these diseases sooner or later show themselves in all animals which man has robbed of freedom for his profit, we cannot doubt that in time the owners of ostrich farms will have to reckon with this foe also.

CHAPTER XI.

WINE GROWING.

“EL VINO BUENO NO HA MEUESTER PREGONERO.”
(GOOD WINE NEEDS NO CRIER).

“Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain.”

—*John Dryden.*

At the very time we are experiencing our Christmas festivities, the inhabitants of a considerable portion of the Western province, and especially those of Cape Town and its vicinity, are in the full enjoyment of the grape season. The grapes are truly splendid, and rival in excellence those of Italy or France, while in appearance they more nearly assimilate to the berries of the Jersey vine. Of course they do not come up to English hot-house grapes, but our London costers would be only too glad to be able to put such fruit on their barrows, and still more so, to be in a position to sell it, at the very modest price it commands in South Africa. Possessing such excellent raw material, it is not surprising that one of the sorest points in the colonial mind, should be the contempt, nay the infamy—with which the very name of “Cape Wine” is greeted in England. Why should we, Africanders ask, be unable to produce as good a wine as Europe? The answer is, or rather the answers are, not far to seek. That the grape itself leaves nothing to be desired, we have already seen. The varieties are mainly Muscat of Alexandria (colloquially called the Honepoot grape) the Frontignac and Pontac, excellent types, it will be allowed. The earthy flavour common to so many Cape wines has been attributed to the fact, that the grape is grown near the ground and

not in the trellis or hop-garden fashion. The arguments are all in favour of the assumption that this method of growing may be expected to produce a better flavoured grape than other systems, and moreover it is urged that in France this very system is in vogue, although the flavour of French wines is untainted with earthiness.

However, although I concede, that this lowly system of growing has nothing *per se* to do with imparting a foreign taste to the wine, nevertheless I am pig-headed enough to believe that it has to do with it after all, in the following manner: Certain particles of earth adhere to the grapes, and are carelessly allowed to remain instead of being detached, and so the wine suffers. There can be no doubt also that it loses much of its flavour from the fact of the high temperature at which the grower is forced to manufacture the wine. But the evils arising from this cause can be remedied, and have been remedied in the case of Australia. In the Cape Colony the fermentation is too often clumsily conducted. Then again the wine, as a rule, if properly managed, should not require more fortifying than do European wines. The manufacturers are too lazy and too indifferent to ascertain when their wines require the addition of foreign spirit and when they do not. Trusting to 'the rule of thumb,' no wonder that Cape wine arrived in England in a miserable condition. The truth of this matter is, and many candid colonists admit it, that the Cape *are* produce good wine enough, but that up till now, it has not been worth while on the part of those concerned in the wine business to do so. "It is no use for us to produce good wine," they say, "we get the same price, whether the article be good, bad, or indifferent. For any extra labour or trouble we receive no adequate return, if we receive any at all. Only a few brands are received in England, our motto is therefore quantity not quality."

The ordinary colonial consumer knows nothing about wine, and is unable to judge a good wine from a bad one. He would probably put down a well-matured, dry, and soft sherry, as so much 'water bewitched'. He wants something well fortified, something that will bite the tongue, not a mere

soothing fluid dear to *connoisseurs*. In this desire he is surely not out of accord with the lower section of society in this country. The ordinary British public who alternate beer drinking with spirit nipping, would certainly entertain the same taste regarding wine—were England a wine producing country—and were wine the common and cheap fluid that it is in South Africa. The wine grower has not considered it to be worth his while to cater for the higher grades of society, who know something about wine, or imagine they know. It is too small a class, and even if the grower thought it would pay him to do his very best to produce a high class vintage, it is very doubtful whether prejudice and fashion would not be forces too powerful to allow the better class of colonists to forego with a courageous independence, European wines in favour of the despised products of the colony.

As to the home market, on the principle that no good thing can be expected from the Cape, we have given the wine a name and condemned it offhand. It must be admitted that the Colonists have themselves greatly to blame for this unfortunate animus. Their carelessness and indifference created the first adverse impressions, which once allowed, prove so difficult to eradicate. The idea, however, prevailed in the centres of the industry in Africa, that all wine consigned to English buyers was merely intended to be doctored into a Spanish or Portuguese semblance, and, therefore, it is said “you cannot be surprised that very little care was taken in the matter of the selection of wines for the home market”. Barrels were filled up with all sorts of refuse, and the wine itself was pressed from grapes of all conditions and kinds, and carelessly intermingled with various extraneous substances. It was a common thing to fill up a hundred gallon cask with twenty gallons of water, to make up a deficiency caused by leakage. Sometimes this wine was subjected to a fortifying process, that it might be able to cross the line without suffering deterioration, or becoming altogether worthless, but more often this precaution also was entirely neglected. The question of duty, the length of the voyage, and, strange as it may appear, the dearness of labour, all stand in the way of the

production of cheap vinous fluids for this country. Native labour is much dearer than the peasant service of Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, and Italy. Thus handicapped, with many things conspiring together against Cape wine and its success and reputation, it is practically excluded from the home market. I have gone a long way along the road of condemnation: and shall presently glance at brighter aspects of the case. With every sympathy with the Cape Colonists in their repinings, and something more than repinings, upon the prejudice against their favourite beverage, I submit that they have the remedy in their own hands, and that they have mainly themselves to thank their own apathy and want of enterprise, for the fact that Cape wine has failed to acquire a reputation in England. Some Cape Colonists shrug their shoulders, and say, "Oh! we can readily drink all the wine we make, here and on the Diamond Fields". This is perfectly true, but surely their ambition should go beyond this. Certain vineyards have produced wines which enjoy a world-wide fame. If a few vineyards can do this, I cannot but believe that others could at least aspire to the manufacture of a creditable wine, if they could not rival those of Constantia or the Paarl. These vineyards, and certain favoured spots near Stellenbosch, are alone accredited with being capable of producing wines fit to send to Europe. At all these happy vineyards you are told the same tale. It is to the effect that the famous estates, which you may be visiting, alone possess the necessary soil, slope, and natural shelter, to ensure the excellence of the wine. The neighbouring vineyards are out of it, and for them to attempt rivalry would be useless vanity. But how much sherry comes from the true sherry district, how much Johannesburg from the famed spot from which it takes its name, how much Madeira is really Marsala judiciously treated, and so on, in too many well-known instances, to need recapitulation. Of course the soil, natural characteristics and conformation of the land, will favour the growth and development of a certain grape, and give particular districts the power to produce wines of superlative excellence. This is the case with Constantia sheries, just as it is with Johannesburg hock or the far-famed Chartreuse liqueurs. I have

been told by men, who have been entrusted with the task of buying port wine in the Oporto district, that upon riding up country on mules to the vineyards, they were met by growers who brought wine for them to taste, informing them at the same time, as to the particular districts from which the wines came. Upon selecting any special sample or samples, they were always assured that the desiderated quantity could be supplied from certain specified vineyards. The uninitiated would probably be satisfied with this guarantee, but the knowing buyer should insist that from wheresoever supplied, the wine sent must be equal to the samples. The mere assurance, however faithfully discharged, that the wine would be supplied from the same vineyards as the samples, would be, in itself, insufficient to ensure the aforesaid result. Proximity or identity of growth is in itself an insufficient and vain guarantee that the wine in bulk will equal any given specimen. There can be little doubt that a good deal of the reverence for particular habitats which are supposed to favour the growth of certain wines, to the exclusion of all others—is little better than a superstitious fetish, which it serves the interest of persons concerned to foster. Anyhow, I have no manner of doubt that the colonists could very soon produce plenty of wine for the English market—wine, too, which could be sold upon its own merits, sailing under no false colours—if they cared to do so. The prejudice against it would soon die out if a persistent onslaught upon it were made. Poor Holladay Brown was about to attempt this on a scale and plan which would probably have met with success, but that he died before his schemes were matured. I feel certain that the day will come, when Englishmen will be prepared to give African wines a fair trial. The humbug and adulteration practised in all the old centres of the wine trade, have induced us to turn a favourable eye upon Hungarian and Australian vintages. The reason for this curious indulgence is mainly, that we hope to get ‘a purer article’ from the more maiden fields which these wine centres represent. I believe we should be willing enough, upon a similar principle, to give the products of the industry of our fellow subjects in Africa a place in our favour. As a fresh enterprise, we might be confident of

getting decent and wholesome wine, if only on the theory of the new broom. Would not it be better for our poorer middle classes to drink cheap colonial wines (Australian and African) in lieu of the doctored-up filthiness which second-rate wine merchants, grocers, and the dealers in pernicious decoctions (who have grown up with fungoid rapidity in the suburbs and in marine holiday resorts) foist upon them. This is the day of bogus vintages and fictitious labels. Such devices succeed, because of the enormous percentage of ignorant wine drinkers—men belonging not only to the *neuveaux riche* class, nor to the less pretentious patrons of wine,—but to a very large majority of the entire community. Surely this vulgar and indiscriminate ostentation on the one hand, and the downright lack of palate and knowledge on the other, offer a premium to deception. Everyone can substantiate my position for himself. We all have heard in our own individual circles, of countless authenticated anecdotes relating how the make-believe connoisseur has publicly or privately shewn the ass's ears under the lion's mane. The man who, upon being asked what wine he was drinking, expressed himself in doubtful terms, and who, when he was told that it was '48 port, forthwith put on a knowing look and said, "Ah! I was debating in my mind as to whether it was '48 or '47, but I inclined to think it the latter," has his exact counterpart in Africa. Such men, do very much to ruin the prospects of Cape wine. They are to be found in high places there, and their gross ignorance is too seldom exposed. I have often heard ardent and disgusted Africanders declaim against the preference given to European wines by certain colonists, whom rightly or wrongly, they accuse of shewing this preference from no higher motives than those of flunkeyism. Even if they exonerate them from this fault, and give them credit for an honest partiality for foreign wines, they at least upbraid them with want of patriotism. Some colonists desire that all continental wines should be taxed so exorbitantly, that South Africans should be unable to afford to drink any but colonial wines. This is scarcely in accordance with free trade principles. I have no sympathy with this view. The wider interests of any given community, and of the

whole world in fact are best served, when the first of everything is allowed to come to the front, whether it be of native or foreign production ; and the best possible products should be allowed fair play in an unfettered world. Thus each nation is stimulated to do its very utmost, and if it find it has no chance of rivalling other nations in any given kind of produce, it is better that it should cease to endeavour to do so, and turn its energies to some more hopeful and congenial pursuit. Were Africanders generally to taboo their own wine, they would do their country a service ; for growers would then be put upon their mettle, and I am confident, that they could under such circumstances, produce an unrivalled vintage. I certainly consider, however, in view of the enormous drawbacks and obstacles to the chances of fair play which prejudice and high freightage (caused by the long journey) entail on Cape wines, that the home government should be contented with a lower tariff of duty from her own colonies (I include, of course, Australia in this proposed concession) than she exacts from foreign states. I am aware that this scheme opens up the very large subject of imperial reciprocity. It is objected that our manufacturers receive very scant consideration from colonial ministers, when they are adjusting their budgets. But England should set the example of adopting a more magnanimous and far-seeing policy in these matters. Many results, fraught with good to the English race, would surely follow in its train. The Cape has urged this concession upon the indulgence of the imperial government, but as yet without success. However, despite the duty, the freightage and all the rest of it, I am fully sanguine that, taking into consideration the difficulties attending the culture of the vine on the continent, to wit the phylloxera, and the new and still more subtle parasitic pest—no less than the increment in the value of land, and in the price of labour in Europe ; if carefully prepared Cape wines were judiciously introduced into this country by an enterprising company, possessing the needful capital—they would have a very fair chance indeed of competing successfully for popular favour with their many European rivals.

Should any *entrepreneurs* be contemplating such a move they would do well to discount the inherent “ follow-my-leader ” pro-

clivities of Englishmen. The attestations of several well placed analytic chemists, and of a few men of supreme social eminence, ought readily to be secured, and advertising and pamphleteering would do the rest. Thus started, I believe the wine would ultimately find favour on its own merits.

CHAPTER XII.

STILL APROPOS CAPE WINE. POST PRANDIAL ANECDOTES.

“WINE THAT MAKETH GLAD THE HEART OF MAN.”

“Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.

Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.”—*King Solomon.*

“There is no fool like an old fool.”—*Ancient Proverb.*

ALTHOUGH South Africa is a wine-producing country, its inhabitants are living in a state of Stygian darkness concerning the nature of the Bacchic fluid, that is to say, they have very little real knowledge of the respective merits of different wines. A few anecdotes will suffice to show this. Let me then introduce the reader to a Dutch aristocrat, who may be taken as typifying the class to which he belonged, or rather what that class was, until quite recently. He was a member of the Legislative Council, and a man of considerable substance. He was ignorant to an unmitigated extent, pig-headed, opaque, suspicious. With this character was joined a love of show and a punctilious snobbishness in following the order of the day. The last traits are by no means unfrequently distinguishing characteristics of the upper ten in the colony. Although an Africander, he was not one of those who stood upon his dignity as such. He must be taken rather as an example of another prevalent type of African born Europeans, I allude to those mistaken persons who capitulate to English swagger, and affect to be ashamed of their own country. They adopt an apologetic tone towards it in their conversation, and invariably seize every opportunity to depreciate and abuse it. At the same time,

they speak of England as their home, although neither they nor their fathers for several preceding generations were born there; while in the case of the Dutch Africanders, pure and simple, the absurdity is still more marked. As to our worthy, he had only paid this country a flying visit, and really knew nothing about it. He never allowed, moreover, an occasion which afforded an opportunity for display to pass by. Becoming aware that a chance would present itself in due course of giving an especially telling dinner party, he sent to his agent in England to desire him to forward by the next steamer a small parcel of wine—it must be, he added, a very expensive and fashionable brand, and one especially affected by the English aristocracy. I am unable to say whether the agent was ignorant of geography, and in consequence, of the whereabouts of Constantia, or whether some mischievously or evilly-disposed person desired to play off a joke upon the would-be connoisseur; maybe the whole thing was a mistake. However this may be, the desiderated consignment arrived by an early steamer.

In due season the days were accomplished, and the appointed night arrived, and the proud host found gathered around him among others all the latest arrivals of consequence from Europe, including many Civil Servants. These men with the sheep-like flunkeyism of the Britisher, (for I regret to say many of the young fellows we send out to take these important posts in the colonies are sad upstarts)—thought it the “correct thing” to speak disparagingly of everything belonging to the country that was about to support them. They included Cape wine in their category of abuse, although, in all probability, not one of them was acquainted with its merits or demerits, nor were they, I ween, by any means likely to be judges of wine. To these animadversions the host, who had led the conversation in that direction, gave his unqualified assent. He added, “Ah! well, we shall see, my good friends. I have some splendid wine in my cellar; it has, it is true, only just arrived from Europe. My agent has been keeping it for me. The Prince of Wales drinks it. Oh! it is truly magnificent!” One of the unwary youngsters hereupon ventured upon the enquiry as to the name and vintage of the wine. The old boy looked a little puzzled, but soon regained his self-possession and made

answer in a mysterious manner, that "he would know all in good time". As may be supposed, the unfortunate man had neglected to examine the wine, knowing little and caring less about its quality, so that it had a good reputation. It struck him, however, as being somewhat awkward that he couldn't give it a name, but he plucked up courage again when he reflected that among the older guests—which included two or three veteran British officers, and a few prominent Dutchmen—there would at least be one who could fix it, and he would then have nothing to do but to endorse his dictum. Thus, no doubt, he trusted fondly he would be delivered from his self-inflicted dilemma. Imagine, then, his horror and chagrin when a pompous old Dutchman, who secretly despised his friend's affectations, proclaimed in a loud voice, "Why! man, it's Constantia". Strange to add, his quondam friends were all ill-bred enough to join in the laugh against him.

Shortly after this misadventure, very much the same company assembled at the house of a member of the government of that day. It is said that—

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The host had—with questionable taste, it must be admitted—prepared a pitfall for the unfortunate, though affected, Africander, whom, by a kind of tacit consent, the Dutch community had determined to punish for his foibles, and perchance to cure him of them. With this end in view, the minister led the conversation to Cape brandy called Congo brandy, a strong, though sometimes very excellent spirit. He turned to the simple Dutchman in the hottest moment of contention, for various opinions concerning Congo were expressed, and challenged him upon the subject, in terms which implied the delicate flattery that his opinion should be final. The innocent victim swallowed the bait. No words were strong enough to furnish his anathema withal. His vocabulary of abusive epithets concerning it failed him. A little later, in the smoking room, brandy was produced not in a liqueur decanter but in a bottle bearing Exshaw's name. There was no need to bait the trap further. The victim turned to mine host and volunteered a glowing eulogy on the quality of the spirit. Inclining to

the assemblage generally, he added, "One thing I must say for Dr. ———, he does give us something drinkable, instead of inflicting upon us the vile stuff this country produces". "Pardon me," said the chief conspirator, in a careless manner, "I omitted to tell you that my *gautche* butler has, for some occult reason best known to himself, drawn the brandy from a cask of Congo into this bottle instead of into a decanter. Confound the fellow, I must get rid of him." It is needless to add that "smothered laughter tittered round the place," succeeded by a profound silence. But the evident moral—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, the old man did not learn until his dying day.

Bearing on the same point, a wine merchant at Maritzburg informed me that he had had the hardihood to deal with a very important client in the following manner. The customer came into the wine store, to order some sherry in the cask, adding, that the wine he had for some time been receiving, would suit him very well. "I'll just sample, however." Upon doing so he protested that it was not the same wine as that to which he had been accustomed. The merchant knew otherwise, and moreover, he knew his man. So affecting to have made a mistake for which he apologised, he again repaired to the regions below, and drew him another glass from the same cask. "Ah! now you have the right thing," said the easily gulled purchaser, and an order followed for another cask as a matter of course. This man also was a supposed judge, and an arch-enemy to all colonial products of a vinous description. At the same place—Maritzburg—dining at the Royal Hotel, one night, the following amusing incident occurred. A certain officer of Her Majesty's service, who shall be nameless, not liking his sherry conceived the idea of producing a similar prejudice against it in the minds of a number of men (members of the legislative council), by whom he was surrounded. He protested that it was highly fortified, and proceeded to prove his assumption. To do this, he ladled a small portion of the wine into a salt spoon, and placing a lighted match under the spoon, held it there until the wine boiled. When the aqueous portion of the fluid had evaporated, and only the spiritous and saccharine properties remained, he put the match to the residuum,

the result being instant ignition, and a somewhat prolonged burning. Had it not been for a few simple statements from an onlooker who referred to the axioms of a certain science, and to the large percentage of alcohol, about one third of the whole bulk, possessed by sherry, the worthy officer would have carried his point unchallenged, and the hotel keeper or his wine merchant would have been irrationally and unfairly condemned. So much to substantiate my position. Three-fourths of the so-called knowledge and palate assumed by men regarding wine, either here, or elsewhere, is mere assumptive swagger. Moreover, prejudice is allowed to usurp the functions of sober judgment.

Let Cape wine have fair play, and it has the very best chance of ultimate success in the home market.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE ABOUT CAPE WINE—THE CONSTANTIA VINEYARDS.

“THE BLOOD RED WINE IN THE WINE CUP FILLED.”

“The first sip of Constantia, whoever will forget? That rich, juicy, exhilarating wine, full of fruitiness, nutty and clear as amber. The first glass of Constantia, like beauty, is a joy for ever.”—*R. W. Murray.*

“Flourishing vine—whose kindling clusters glow
Beneath the autumnal sun.”—*P. B. Shelley.*

THE best wines in South Africa are produced at Stellenbosch, Paarl, “where happiness reigns supreme” over six miles of vineyards, and at Constantia. At Hex River, near Worcester, Mr. Huys produces 50 leaguers (150 gallons = one leaguer), annually, of a wine resembling Madeira. It is of a very excellent quality. Mr. Van Reenen of Constantia, prepares a very similar nectar. Far better judges than the writer have mistaken it for Madeira. Few more enjoyable days have fallen to my lot than that which I spent at Constantia. I drove over from Wynburg, and was received by the Cloetes and Van Reenens in a truly princely fashion. Mr. Van Reenen supplied me with a fund of information. As to Mr. Cloete, on the strength of being acquainted with a relative of his—he received me into the bosom of his family in a truly large-hearted manner. I could not but feel (almost before the old gentleman opened his mouth), that “I was in the presence of an aristocrat of the old school,” as a friend of mine would say. The Cloete family is one of the oldest landed families in Africa, and it has supplied the colonies with generals, judges, and administrators. The residence of the Cloetes of Constantia is a typical Dutch house—with spacious rooms and large halls. Away from the residential portion of the building I was taken through paved yards and lofty warehouses to see the fermenting tubs and the other adjunctive accessories of wine-making.

But the maps of Central Africa to which Mr. Cloete drew my attention, charmed me more than all. These charts were sketched out some three centuries since by Iberian cartographers. On them I found marked many localities supposed to have been recently discovered, whose appellations although they differed in orthography, were yet identical with their more modern forms; the respective nations—English and Portuguese having adopted a spelling in accordance with the genius of their respective tongues. These places evidently have retained the same names, as the natives gave them three, or upwards of three centuries since.

The locale of Messrs. Van Reenen & Cloete's estates is especially lovely, in fact the beauty of the wine growing districts of the colony surpasses my weak powers of description. In the background, a noble stretch of hills encloses the sloping and terraced compounds in an amphitheatre of rugged beauty, forming a natural protection to the favoured spot. Here we have the graceful silver tree with its argentiferous cones and leaves, the sugar bush and the wax flower, luxuriant heather, and a profuse growth of fir and oak trees.

"Among the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hugging, O,"

Mr. Van Reenen's estate is the oldest vineyard. It has been in the possession of his family since the days of Van Riebeck (*circa* 1660). Mr. Cloete's estate is higher up the mountain. In the mountains are numerous caves. In the largest of these, on the crest of the mountain, the baboons were wont to assemble, within the recollection of many comparatively youthful colonists, to appoint a leader to conduct their descent on to the adjoining vineyards. Alas! like the lions, leopards and hyenas, familiar, though dreaded visitors or may be dwellers here, some century or even less period of time, since, they have at length retired before the advance of their fell enemy, man. Mr. Cloete's estate being nearer the hills, suffered more especially from the ravages of these creatures in these good old days. However in the common rendezvous before mentioned, they matured their plans. The commander-in-chief, generally the senior baboon with an admirable astuteness, which possesses a certain grimly amusing char-

acter—disposed his men in small detachments on the numerous heights and vantage grounds which overlook the vineyards in all directions. These small bodies were under the eye of his lieutenants, the elder and more sagacious animals, and when directed by the latter so to do, they descended upon the vineyards, which they plundered with no unsparing hand, far and wide. Making their way down in rank and file, the wily marauders cast furtive glances around. Immediately a light or other sign of life was seen in the house, the "man" on the height, who should be the first to espy it, would communicate the fact by signal or some private telegraphy to the other commanders. In a very short time the generalissimo would be informed of the fears of danger. If after comparing notes with his adjutant, the peril was considered to be imminent, the signal would be given to retire, and the whole army would return from the plain to the wooded heights above, with whatsoever booty they had managed to secure.

This certainly demonstrates clearly the possession of some measure of intellect on the part of the baboons. And really when one comes to compare the intellectual capacities and horrible faces of some of the aboriginal African tribes with those of the baboon, one is at no loss to understand how Darwin came to the conclusion for which he has received such a large meed of abuse.

However, I will let the matter rest there. At Constantia the grapes are not made into wine until they are reduced almost to the condition of raisins. Hence the liqueur-like vintage, which is held in high esteem on the Continent. The late Czar of Russia had an especial *penchant* for it. The Grand Duke Alexis, when at the Cape, pronounced a very superlative verdict upon the Constantia wines, and he asserted that so high was their repute in Russia that imitation brands were commonly foisted upon the public. The late King of Italy, sent Mr. Cloete a gold watch and chain, very artistically designed, and bearing the Italian crown and the motto of Victor Emmanuel, artistically worked in diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. This was in acknowledgment of the hospitalities extended by Mr. Cloete to the Duke of Genoa, and also to testify his Majesty's appreciation of the Constantia wines, of which some of the most perfect samples were sent to

the King. The pity of it is as with the Duke of Wellington's soldiers, there is so little of the quality. Messrs. Van Reenen, I believe, although I am rather chary of trusting myself to figures, can at the most send home no more than 240 leaguers annually, and Mr. Cloete does not send so much. These gentlemen produce, besides the brand Constantia, Pontac—(the only wine which owes its red colour to the pulp and juice of the grape, the other purple wines are so tinted by allowing the skins to remain during fermentation)—Red Constantia, Frontignac, White Constantia, dry Sherry, Stein wine, and Hock. The best hock is called Vlakkenberg hock, after the sheltering range of hills which shut in the Constantia vineyards—I have no hesitation in saying of these vineyards that they rank among the finest vineyards in the world. The French Consul-General spoke wisely, when he remarked that colonists little appreciated the source of wealth which they possessed in their wines, yet one continually hears a certain type of Africander—(and as I have done ample justice to the better class Africander in my earlier chapters, I have no compunction in showing up the more repulsive types in their true colours)—who resemble a Yankee in all that is most repellent in the Yankee's nature, without his shrewdness, wit, and *bonhomie*,—such expressions as the following, "We want no help from England, we want no English markets, we are quite capable of standing alone and developing our own country". Foolishly conservative and narrowly self-conceited, one dare not remind them of necessary improvements, without meeting a retort not only insolent, but grossly ignorant. If you venture to assert, that in England a commercial opening like the Cape wine industry would be seized upon with avidity and made the most of, they resent what they consider to be an unpardonable innuendo with disdain, and so they sit in their hotels or stores, and talk weak politics and leave such enterprises as the Cape wine scheme and others which would immeasurably enrich and advance their country, to be undertaken by the very men they would despise and shun. To sum up this vexed question, I would say, that there can be no doubt whatsoever that there is a fair field for legitimate expansion and enterprise in the Cape vineyards. The vulgar prejudice against

colonial productions and everything colonial at home would give way if some pains were taken to efface it, and especially if the colonists endeavoured to render the bulk of their wine really worthy of patronage. That the Cape *can* produce excellent wine and excellent brandy is indisputable. When this fact is more fully appreciated, we shall receive in lieu of the miserable stuff at present shipped to England, wines as drinkable and wholesome as those of Australia. It may be contended that the growing temperance movement of which the symptom among the upper classes, is the demand for light French wines, Chablis, Sauterne, Claret, and Burgundy, will militate against the success of colonial wines. I do not think, however, that this contention will hold good. Although the colonists can produce excellent hock, for obvious reasons that could not find a market at home. But for the heavier wines there will always be a fair opening and a steady demand, if they can be sent over in good condition, and sold here at a reasonable price. I feel certain this can be done. California is developing her wine districts at such an enormously accelerated rate of progress, that it is quite on the cards, that despite the extensive demand which it calls forth near at hand, it may one day seek a mart across the Atlantic. It behoves Africanders then, to be up and doing, and with the best wishes in the world that success may attend their efforts whenever they should think fit to bestir themselves, I take leave of this subject. In the natural course of transition I feel under a certain obligation to say a few words about the tobacco of Africa. Personally, I am unable to smoke a strong or altogether novel tobacco, and that of South Africa coming under both these categories, my opinion does not count for much. It is, however, held in high esteem, not only by the up-country natives, but also by many Africanders. It is chiefly produced in the Transvaal and Orange Free States, but it is also grown on a somewhat considerable scale in the vicinity of George Town, where likewise the best colonial brandy comes into existence.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAPE WHEAT AND OTHER CEREALS.

“HE THAT TILLETH HIS LAND, SHALL HAVE PLENTY OF WHEAT.”

“And in his hand, a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits which the earth had yold.”

—*Edmund Spenser.*

“Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas.”

—*The Tempest.*

APROPOS of smoke, it is a regrettable fact, that the effort to develop the wheat fields of Africa, should have so ended, for in that unsubstantial manner, it is to be feared, all the projects in this direction have eventually degenerated. The question is repeatedly put, and with some degree of common sense, why, if Australia can send us corn, Africa, which is much nearer home, should not do likewise. Those who thus deliver themselves forget, however, that South Africa is a country practically devoid of rivers, that is to say, of rivers upon which any reliance for useful purposes can be placed. They dry up at the very time they are most required, they become mere swamps here, and narrow brooklets there, while in other places they take a header underground and entirely disappear. Much of course might be done to remedy these natural defects, and I shall have something to say upon certain methods of treating the evil in due season. At present, however, little or nothing has been effected. Artificial irrigation is in its infancy in the colonies. Despite this terrible drawback, and those which defective transport, dear labour, and many other causes conspire to create, there are many places in South Africa where the corn is pronounced by experts to be

superior to any in the world. Ceres and Proserpine have granted these favours voluntarily and spontaneously, for the colonists have certainly not importuned the fair goddesses with any degree of vigour. Too often tares and wheat are allowed to grow up together, the ground has merely been turned over; ploughing is almost too strong a term to express that for which it is actually made to do duty. Manure is not brought into requisition at all in many places. It is truly wonderful, nevertheless, that with such broad acres of waste land in her very midst more wheat is not cultivated. As to the other cereals, they are not cultivated on any very extensive scale, and in fact, oats are only grown to meet the requirements of man's domestic help-mate—the horse. I shall reserve what I have to say about maize (or mealies, as they call Indian corn out there) and millet, until I write upon the natives. If they do not almost exclusively raise these grains, it is they who principally consume them. There are, it is true, many districts in the Cape and Natal where wheat is grown in a more or less serious fashion by the colonists. Of these perhaps the chief is the country around Malmesbury. Malmesbury is a village, or a town of some 2,000 inhabitants, situate about fifty miles from Cape Town. It is a fair specimen of a colonial village of early date, and it has quite an old world look about it with quaint gabled cottages and rambling streets which call to mind such towns in England as Arundel or Wrotham, although withal a mantle—slightly foreign—is cast over these general characteristics. They are nevertheless English in the main. There is nothing new, or commonplace here, and really the little out-of-the-way town possessed a charm which appealed to me forcibly. I daresay the railway has altered much of this. One is lost in wonderment, as to how, in such a modern place (from a European point of view) as South Africa, so antique looking a village should find itself. Still Mr. Howels tells us that Lexington in America has quite an ancient appearance, and I learn that the out-of-the-way towns and villages in Tasmania have an air of by-gone days, out of all proportion with their actual age. But to return to Malmesbury itself. I started one morning early with a few boon companions in a Cape cart to drive to this centre of the corn producing country. The *freshman* finds that even (for

South Africa) so comparatively trifling a journey as this, tries to the utmost his powers of endurance, and he begins to understand what a severe strain must have fallen to the lot of those early travellers to the Diamond Fields, when roads were not, neither had hotels sprung into existence along the route. Thus put to it and too often with a very limited supply of provisions, or worse still minus those all-necessary commodities altogether, and with no water, the pioneer diggers had to camp out in the veldt at night, exposed to the damp and cold up-country weather, and oftentimes to frost also. We were far more fortunate at any rate, and we had nothing much worse to put up with than bad roads—although it is true they were very good for South Africa—hard seats, and jolting. Notwithstanding I must plead guilty to being in a state of complete collapse at the end of the eight hours' drive, and thus the very poor sleeping accommodation which the only hotel in the place provided, appeared to me to be luxurious, and I put an estimate upon it far beyond its real intrinsic merits. I may here pause to mention a very curious custom regarding bed-rooms and sleeping arrangements, which obtains in all country inns in South Africa. It is not considered necessary to provide a guest with a separate bed-room, and I will even go further, and say that it is sometimes expected that you should share your bed with a stranger. This is by no means a pleasing characteristic. To be awakened from your slumbers and find your room invaded by perfect strangers is bad enough, but it is worse still to have to submit to the intrusion into your bed of a person who may, for all you know, be a jail bird, lunatic, or the victim of some contagious malady.

The interest of the journey mainly consisted in the fact that we passed through one of the great corn producing districts in South Africa. Farms and ploughed lands met our approving gaze in abundance as we wended our way through miles and miles of corn fields. It seems to be dawning upon the colonists at length, that they can grow their own corn instead of looking to Australia for the wherewithal to make their bread. In this district, at least, the more primitive methods of agriculture, still in vogue in other parts of South Africa, have given place to the most approved

appliances of modern days. The steam plough and threshing machine, the improved rakes, and all the varied mechanical machinery in general use in far older countries are here to be found. This is especially so, in the case of a very large farm belonging to Mr. Eaton. I asked the question with impetuous vehemence, why with so much waste land lying around these central farms, more was not brought under cultivation? The same old provoking answer greeted my ear—absence of labour and capital. Mr. Howard, the agricultural implement maker, when in South Africa, on a visit to his sons who own extensive farms near Malmesbury, expressed great surprise at the slow rate of progress with which agricultural pursuits had been blessed in the Colony. He is not the only visitor, sophisticated or otherwise in such matters, who has experienced and expressed this surprise.

As to the journey itself, it yielded but a poor return to the lover of the picturesque, the country traversed being flat and for the most part uninteresting. After passing the Koelberg Hills the wandering eye has nothing upon which it may rest excepting alone, the long chain of the Drackenstein Mountains which draw out their lengthened being on the right of the road.

I was considerably amused at the mixed character of the copper coinage which I found in my pocket upon arriving at Malmesbury. At the wayside inns and toll gates the change dispensed is made up of old tokens, Georgian pence, and an *olla podrida* of mouldy coins, which in this country the less scrupulous youth reserve to set in motion the mechanical peep shows with which various fairs and exhibitions are favoured. I suppose these derelict pence have reverted to South Africa, much in the same way as have not a few derelict citizens, on the principle in either case, that anything is good enough for the Colonies. As to these waifs and strays of humanity, who are cast upon these shores, from time to time, many of them degenerate into waggon drivers and transport riders, at which pursuits they earn considerable sums of money. But the tastes which have often been their ruin by no means desert them in their fallen condition.

Some little way outside of Malmesbury we pulled up at a desolate looking inn, yecept the "Welcome Inn"—

"Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray."

In prowling about the purlieus of the bar, I noticed a room entirely given over to champagne bottles. "For what purpose," I asked, "can a miserable little inn like this want all that champagne? I should imagine that the boss of this shanty only pounces upon the man afflicted with the depraved taste for 'phiz' once in a blue moon." A general laugh rebuked my innocence. "Why, man," said an old colonist, who was of our party, "the transport riders will make short shift of that lot, many months before your growing beard, assumes the full extent of its fair dimensions." "And what," I added, "do these gentlemen consent to pay for the indulgence of their extravagant tastes?" "Half-a-guinea a bottle at the least, and probably more," I was informed.

This little narrative may perhaps be pardoned as "pointing a moral," if not "adorning a tale". It contains within itself food for very serious reflection. My confusion was subsequently twice confounded, when I learnt that on the Diamond Fields, and elsewhere, the diggers drink champagne (wine passing muster for the best brands too) out of pewter pots.

We arrived at Malmesbury, as I have already indicated, weary and sore, not footsore, to be sure, but sore nevertheless. We had come over to attend a ball, but I and another positively refused to have anything whatsoever to do with it. After a substantial meal I was only too glad to get to bed. It was rather trying, however, to be awakened during the small hours of the morning by the loud knocks at the door of the returning revellers, who had forgotten to take the key with them. Notwithstanding, I was up betimes the next morning investigating the mysteries of the strange little town.

CHAPTER XV.

MALMESBURY.

“THE SHELTERED COT—THE CULTIVATED FARM.”

“The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun.”

—*Wordsworth.*

“Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
And aits set up their awnie horn.”

—*Burns.*

THE chief institution of Malmesbury is its hot-spring baths. These hot springs are met with in various parts of South Africa, and are considered to possess considerable curative properties. At Malmesbury there is a women's invalid bath, and the same accommodation is provided for invalided men. There is also a swimming bath. The building which covers in these important and well-arranged adjuncts to health is constructed in a very tasteful manner. The originator and proprietor of this establishment, M. de Lethe Barras, is a medical man in practice at Malmesbury. The hot spring oozes forth from marshy, muddy soil. It will, therefore, be readily understood that before the building could be erected, considerable expense and trouble had necessarily to be borne. Like Amsterdam, it is built on piles. These piles are about 27 feet long, and they are cut out of hard, firm fir trees. After they have been driven to a certain depth, they have to pass through solid masses of magnesia formed by the constant subsidence of a white precipitate from the spring. These blocks had to be bored, of course, before the piles could be driven into them. The temperature of the water is 89 degrees. It is impregnated with iron, sulphuretted hydrogen, and magnesia. The wood-work and paint

throughout the structure which forms the baths is blackened and corroded by the action of the sulphur, so that constant renovation is necessary. Persons suffering from cutaneous, rheumatic, or liver complaints, receive great benefit from a course of bathing, and, in fact, many cures have been effected by this spring. I ventured to suggest to Dr. Barras that he might have prepared similar baths by the more simple expedient of bringing together identical ingredients in like proportions, and thus spared all the labour and trouble of pile-driving and so on. The doctor met my objection—which I have no doubt he considered to be very child-like—in the courteous manner of the race to which he belonged. “In a case like this, Nature must do her own work,” he said. “Nature’s counterfeit is not nature. A glass of wine chemically prepared is but a poor thing.” There was no answer to the logic of this view of the matter.

In the Cape Colony the convicts are employed in useful work, and they are made to assist in the support of the state, instead of being a burthen to the community as they are in England. They are employed in quarrying, road-making, and engineering, everywhere. We watched them at work here, embanking the river with random blocks. Theoretical objections to convict labour, have no weight in a country where labour of all kinds is in such earnest request. That this should be so, may appear a curious anomaly in a land teeming with aborigines. I hope to throw some light on this strange fact when I address myself to the consideration of the labour and native questions.

On our return journey we made some considerable stay at Durban, a pretty village some ten miles from Cape Town, where the Cape hounds meet, and where waggon builders much do congregate. The population of Durban is about 800 souls. The importance of the place and of Malmesbury, are not entirely owing to the neighbouring wheat fields. Horses and cattle are reared in the immediate district, and there are some lucrative salt pans not far off.

On the whole, from what I saw and heard in South Africa, I am inclined to take a somewhat hopeful view of the future of agriculture there. It may be a long time before South Africa

shall become an agricultural country, but I cannot admit that it is on the cards, that she never shall achieve that distinction. Before she can hope to do so, much remains to be done, as I have already hinted, and hope to further elaborate in subsequent chapters. I look to the northern portions of South Africa, towards the Zambesi, to become the granary of all the southern parts of the continent, but nevertheless, we need not go further north than the Transvaal and Orange Free State to discover symptoms favourable to the agrestic future of South Africa, and not to go outside the boundaries of the old colony itself, if we cast our eye towards a very promising though somewhat recently annexed portion thereof—to wit, British Kaffraria—we find in that favoured land hundreds of families earning a respectable livelihood from agricultural pursuits alone. English farmers are attached to their native soil. They are incredulous and conservative, and even in times of great depression, and I may add, of distress, the glowing and by all accounts truthful descriptions of Manitoba's wealth and capabilities, scarcely suffice to lure them from home.

For all that, there is plenty of room for small farmers with families, who cannot get on in England, in certain parts of South Africa. They would do well to go there for they would not only benefit themselves, but the colonies and England to boot. In this country, despite the ravings of the peasant proprietorship advocates, the tendency must inevitably be in the direction of the creation of larger and larger farms from year to year. I allude, of course, to the immediate future only. A time may come, when should a complete change take place in our system of land tenure, things will be different. Other things being equal, however, we cannot look for any realisation of the dreams of the small holdings party. I need not meander further into the tortuous paths of controversy I see before me, in this connection, but will return to the colonies. Who can doubt that the creation of a large farming community there, "a proud peasantry, a nation's pride," would be the salvation of the country? I am free to confess, however, that taking the broadest view of the matter possible, wheat growing has not been a great success up to date. As to the wheat itself, countless unpleasant contin-

gencies may assail its growth, the foreboding of which, would send many an English farmer mad. When at last it is safely grown, it has to run the gauntlet of being devoured by stray cattle, or of rotting in the fields for the want of reapers. In Natal, and other parts of South Africa, wheat is winnowed on the peculiar plan practised in India. It is pressed out by cattle, and pitch-forked and thrown about by natives until the wheat is separated from the chaff. I cannot say, that the general adoption of machinery, in the present state of affairs, would be certain to improve the agricultural prospects of the colonies. I fear that the mortgage which in almost all cases would of necessity be the forerunner of any such purchase, would tend to make affairs worse than ever. In this matter of farming, Natal especially suffers from her limited area, and from the fact that a large portion of that area has been set aside for Kaffir locations, and that a still larger proportion is in the hands of absentee proprietors. Much land has fallen into the possession of companies and individuals, and it is asserted that they are playing the waiting game with their property. All these causes make it impossible for the government to make grants of land to immigrants. Such grants were never made on any very extensive scale; and at no time exceeded 50 acres. Fifty acres of uncleared bush, or sandy soil, far away from a town and unapproachable by roads could never be a sufficient inducement to small farmers to settle in Natal. All these things are much to be deplored, for farming is a very necessary industry in this new formed society. The fact remains that agriculture has been very disappointing in its results up to the present time, never very lucrative and sometimes barely paying, if it has payed at all. The Kaffirs will not work, coolie labour is too expensive, and English labour cannot be retained. These last three causes, have also well nigh ruined sheep farming in Natal, which would be an excellent business enough, if the Kaffirs would but work. Sorry fact, but fact nevertheless, love or money is powerless to tempt them to become industrious, unless they have an especial inducement to urge them on, such as a desire for more cattle or wives; or stronger incentive still, an itching to procure a

gun. In Natal, however, the natives are not allowed to use fire-arms, as a general rule, although this restriction on their liberties is waived, under certain circumstances, and in accordance with certain conditions. One cannot blame the Kaffirs altogether for their indolence, except on abstract grounds. If they can eat, drink, and be merry without working, and if they constitutionally prefer sloth to industry, they are free to indulge their fancy. It must not be forgotten that there are countless highly respected members of society in England, whose constitutional antipathy to soiling their hands, or using their brains, is taken as a thing of course by the whole community. Still, this awkward trait in the Kaffir's nature, is, it can be readily imagined, an extremely sore point with Natalians. What wonder then that they were more than incensed with Sir Garnet Wolseley, who, upon his first visit to Natal to settle native matters, after the Langalibalete revolt, saw fit to heighten the natural difficulty in the road of getting native labour. He distributed hoes and spades among a set of incorrigibly idle and hunger-shaming blacks. These fellows, said the colonists, have already too easy a time of it. They are able to live too much after their own hearts, without working at all. As for the spades, they added, they will only make playthings of them, and at all events, no policy could have conduced more effectually than Sir Garnet's, to keep the natives out of the labour market. The colonists have never forgiven the hero of Tel-el-Kebir for this and other imputed mistakes, and I don't think they ever will forgive him.

Although Natal is labouring under a great many disadvantages, which have handicapped her in almost every industry in which she is engaged, it is only a question of time with her. That she will ultimately assert herself may be safely assumed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GARDEN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

“WHEREIN ARE ALL MANNER OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS.”

Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,
So charming a spot. It's rarely one's lot
To see, and when seen, it's as rarely forgot.

—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

“Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest poison,
And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food.”

—*Brainard.*

“Some flow'rets of Eden ye still may inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all !”

SAUNTERING in Durban one day, I met a gardener with whom I had had some transactions, and in the course of a chit chat with him, I led him to speak of the natural advantages Natal possessed in its climate and in its soil. “A prolific country, sir, a very prolific country,” said the worthy horticulturist. “Put a twig in the ground, it will grow into a tree before the morning—cut a tree into six or seven lengths, and bury one end of each a few inches beneath the soil, and the next week you may expect to gather fruit from six or seven trees instead of from the original one; in fact, I verily believe if a woodcutter should chance to accidentally chop off his finger, and leave it on the ground, a full-grown man would be found in a month or so.” This last hyperbole, with its absurdity of extravagance, forced from me a sardonic smile, but my interlocutor remained perfectly serious. I was compelled by his gravity to laugh outright, which unbecoming levity by no means pleased Natal's eulogist. Nevertheless, Natal

owes much to nature's kindly aid. Floriculture and arboriculture may be almost said to take their destiny into their own hands, but if herbs, both great and small, have grace, rank weeds do also grow apace. This is a very important reservation, for where a few pice would suffice in India to repay a native for weeding a fruit plantation or flower bed, you are put to a much greater expense in Natal, if indeed you can get the work done at all. However, the roses and bulbous plants in Durban are splendid, especially at a certain Mr. Ridgedale's—a florist. The colonial roses would compete favourably at our rose shows, were not distance to prove an insurmountable obstacle, for we have not yet among the other odds and ends of progress been able to discover a specific which shall be all powerful to arrest the decay of flowers. Pending the advent of this floral preservative, those of my readers who have not been to Natal will find my statement, that the roses of that colony challenge comparison anywhere, backed up by those of their friends who have been there. Captain Matterson has a fine display at Rosedale, near Maritzburg, and so has, or had, the Rev. Mr. Eastwood at *The Chase*, and in various other charming bowers near the capital and seaport, the lover of England's floral emblem can revel in his taste to repletion. Apropos of vegetation, I remember proposing to one of Whyce and Jackson's foremen that they should endeavour to protect their railway cuttings from the shifting of the land, and from more serious landslips, by planting the binding *Ailanthus* on the banks of the railroad. This fast growing creeper is an excellent upholder of earthen walls, and it likewise detracts from their barren unsightliness. In America the plant is used largely for this purpose.

The Botanic Gardens at Durban were once properly laid out, but they are now relegated to a condition of pristine luxuriance, and the rapid growth of all kinds of things, side by side, would seem to threaten an ultimate reversion to its primitive condition of jungle. This must be a great sorrow to the worthy curator, but as he does not receive adequate assistance, we cannot blame him. The fact serves however to exemplify the vegetable wealth and capabilities of Natal. Her indigenous flowers and fruits are of comparative unimportance, but various exotics thrive wonderfully

well. All the Indian fruits grow in perfection. Under the headings of South African botany, and South African provisions, I shall have something to say about them, but I must now turn my pen to the description of the actual industries of Natal. Of sheep-farming I have already spoken. I ought to add that horse-rearing, and moreover horse-dealing, is a great institution in the colony. Every Natalian prides himself upon being an excellent "judge of a horse"—an excellent hand at a bargain also. They are as clever as the famed Mr. Jenkinson in that inimitable novel of Goldsmith's creation, in extolling the virtues and concealing the defects of equine property of which they desire to dispose. It is said of Lord Spencer in Ireland, that capital horseman and experienced judge of horseflesh, as he is acknowledged to be, yet the mishaps which have befallen him in the saddle, during his Viceroyalty, are to be attributed to the fact that the Irish horse-dealers have been "too sharp for him". The same experience of Natalian cuteness has fallen to the lot of many an unwary *stranger* in Natal.

The staples of Natal may be properly summed up under the heads, arrowroot, coffee, and sugar. Cotton growing—although cotton is probably indigenous to Natal—cannot be said to have succeeded very well in the colony. It has fitful moments of success, only that and nothing more. Upwards of forty years since, cotton found its way into Natal from the United States, and samples grown from this original parent, were sent to this country, and met with praise of no unstinted character, from the experts to whom they were submitted. Capital was invested in the industry, but a parasitic insect had to be reckoned with, and this little enemy was altogether too powerful for its opponents, so that cotton growing had to be given up. Natal papers speak of an effort to revive the industry, and if this should be done, it can but be hoped the militant fly will consent to come to terms with the growers. Indigo planting has not met with much greater success than cotton growing. I have heard many a wail uttered by a man who at one time owned three or four large indigo factories in India, and whose name and family have been associated with the industry there, since the earliest days of the East India Company. He bewailed the fact that he was unable to turn to some useful pur-

pose the indigo of Natal, which grows wild on all sides. Some little effort has, I believe, been made, to initiate indigo manufactories. A very good internal trade, and a little export business is carried on in preserved fruits. As Mr. Noble points out in speaking of the Cape Colony, tons of fruit now allowed to rot, might be collected and preserved for home use. Natal cayenne is unrivalled in the world's market. It is not generally known that the ground nut—a little luxury so dear to the heart of the street Arab of London—grows extensively in Zululand and Natal, where it is collected and roasted, this method of preparation being especially in the hands of the coolies. The penniless and simple swain, who flattens his nose against the window panes of the small general shops of Whitechapel or Long Acre, or in any other locality, metropolitan or otherwise, where the establishments which dispense such dainties exist, and exhibit their wares to the full gaze of the foot passenger—would be surprised if he knew that the principal habitat of his petty luxury was separated from him by ten thousand miles of space.

Potatoes are very scarce, but yams and sweet potatoes are plentiful enough.

With regard to arrowroot, this is an industry which has not been overdone, and it pays admirably. It is said that Natalians, who have remained true to the cultivation of that highly nutritious plant, and have abstained from meddling with anything else, have now the largest balance at their bankers.

As to coffee, it cannot be said, in any sense, to have flourished well in the Colony. In the sub-tropical climate of Natal, the coffee plant buds, flowers, and develops its berries in the most erratic manner all the year round. Thus double, if not treble, labour is necessary in the selection of the fruit, in short, it has to be gathered two or three times over. Coffee bears its berries in this most inconvenient fashion. The unhappy grower whose trees are budding, flowering, and bearing all at the same moment is placed on the horns of a dilemma. Either he must sacrifice much of his crop, or else he must submit to two outlays in the way of labour. This is a very awkward position to be in, in that labour is not only expensive, but often absolutely unprocurable.

The Kaffirs, who are under monthly terms of engagement, are as likely as not to leave one at a most critical juncture, when fine crops must be gathered or perish. This has too often proved disastrous to the prospects of the coffee and sugar planters. What kind of luck would our hop farmers call it, if, in addition to all the other risks to which they are exposed, they were finally check-mated entirely, by having to whistle for labour, when the burr had become fully ripe and ready to be gathered in? The Natalians have imported coolie labour, which is far more reliable than the so-called aboriginal labour, to meet the difficulty. But coolie labour is expensive, in that the importer has to pay the passage money of his servant from India to Natal, and back again. The coolie is bound for three years only, and it so happens that the unfortunate employer who cannot with all his prescience be expected to see so far into futurity, is often compelled to dispense with the services of the coolies, and let them return home, when he most imperatively requires their services.

There is plenty of soil favourable to the growth of coffee in Natal, but it is not always to be found in a convenient spot, that is to say near the coast. At Sydenham, near Durban, the house and plantations of the late Mr. Randall are situate. Poor man, he was prosperous, and yet beloved, not with the eye-service-love which all rich men can command to satiety, but with a more real and a deeper feeling. All about his house the soil is of that dark chocolate colour, which betokens a stratum of earth so favourable to the growth of coffee. The hillsides having been entirely divested of bush, this fact was plainly discernable. The initial existence of the bush is, however, a great desideratum, it prepares the way for the coffee. With all these advantages in his favour, Mr. Randall was too shrewd to be allured into the dangerous enterprise of coffee planting. I have seen many and many coffee estates entirely neglected, the owners being either unable to incur the expense of gathering in the berries, or not caring to run the risk of so doing.

The *locale* in coffee growing is a great part of the battle. Sheltered terraces near the bottom of hills are the best situations, the wind and cold of the higher ground and the moisture of the

valleys are alike fatal to coffee. The foregoing long list of vexations and trials, which make the coffee planter's life in Natal far from a happy life, are only a few of the sum total of those considerations which, taking one with another, conspire to render the planter's life well nigh unbearable. The worst of all remains behind. Many otherwise prosperous estates have been entirely ruined by the borer-beetle, a little parasitic insect, which devours the berries so soon as they are formed.

It seems wonderful that it has not occurred to men of such indomitable pluck, courage, and fertility of expedient, as the Natalians undoubtedly are, that they might succeed in getting rid of this pest, if they should set some entomological scientist to study the habits of the unwelcome intruder, and thereby discover among other things which might be turned against it, what may be the particular parasite by which it, itself, is infested. The French have at all events kept the phylloxera, which devastates their vineyards, in bounds, by introducing from America a mightier warrior than their fell enemy, which ally makes short shift of the phylloxera, and having accomplished its task, dies. By similar means the Yankees have kept under the Colorado beetle, and surely the borer beetle must have some natural enemy, and if this enemy be a weak foe, there can be little doubt that were careful experiments tried, some kind friend among the insect loving animals could be induced to develop a passion for the objectional insect. Animals and birds have been known to like a change of diet, in the same way as their more fastidious relative, the human biped. Natal, however, looks on apathetically at the mischief wrought by the voracious beetle. *Labor ipse voluptas* is a very pretty sentiment, the Natalian may reply, but anyone who has had such a series of disappointments and trials as have fallen to our lot, may well be excused for thinking the aphorism a little threadbare. They have a Colonial geologist in the Cape Colony, and I believe in Natal, and I think a government entomologist would not be out of place, whose first task should be to ascertain the wicked ways of the borer beetle.

All said and done, however, the Natalian has by no means a cheap breakfast table as far as coffee is concerned, for it is sold at

1s. 3d. per lb. in Durban. In truth, the industry has degenerated into a mere garden hobby, men grow a little coffee for the use of their families. They roast it at home. Coffee walking sticks are in great request, and a limited trade is done in them.

I may add that the growth of tea has also been tried with no good results in Natal.

CHAPTER XVII.

NATAL SUGAR.

“THE SWEET CANE FROM A FAR COUNTRY.”

“Honey made by the hands of men.”—*Herodotus*.

SUGAR is after all the main stay and strength of the colony of Natal. The industry requires an enormous capital, which is a great drawback to its more complete success. This leads to the baneful system of mortgaging. If any good is to be done, elaborate and expensive machinery is necessary. So far as growing the cane is concerned, there is little or no care required; in earlier days, in fact, the sugar was pressed and dried in a very primitive fashion. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. The missionaries set the example of establishing central mills at which the cane from a number of small estates could be crushed. The Kaffirs were granted little plots of ground suitable for the growth of the sugar cane, and were required to bring the produce of the soil to a central mill to be crushed and prepared, by machinery, common to all. Many planters have since copied this sensible plan. To properly start sugar-planting, a capital of at least £15,000 is required. If this capital be the actual property of the grower, and not more or less borrowed, a profit of 15 per cent. may be realised, but when 12 or 13 per cent. is being paid by some growers for money, it is easy to understand how difficult it is to make the thing pay. Then, again, hundreds have been ruined merely for the lack of experience.

Victoria county is the principal seat of the sugar industry, in fact, the whole of the land in the vicinity of the coast is of that light nature which so well suits the cane. I visited several of these estates, and in order to give some idea of the sugar industry

of Natal, I may as well give an account of a journey to one of the Victorian mills. A party of three, we started early one morning to ride over to Clare, having received an invitation from Mr. Clarence, the proprietor of a sugar estate there, to pay him a visit of inspection. The day was of the description which is vulgarly styled "scorching," and our horses were very fresh.

They insisted upon cantering up every hill, instead of walking in a respectable and staid manner. They were without doubt in a far greater hurry than were we. The roads were very bad indeed and some of the descents seemed to me, unpleasantly precipitous. It was necessary to hold one's horses well in, as not a few of the inclines were rather critical. I soon found it would be better to allow my animal to expend his superfluous energy in galloping up the ascending sides of every hill. He thus became too tired to desire to be very impetuous in going down the next incline. Horse-riding is ticklish work to a nervous rider, in Natal. In addition to the miserable roads and the extremely undulating nature of the country, one has to contend with other perils, in which none constitute so important a factor, as the waggon trains, drawn by a score or two dozen oxen, beasts with horns of undue length and proportions. I am afraid to commit myself to state what the actual measurement from the end of one horn to the tip of the other would be, but I may safely say, that if any of these brutes essayed to pass down one of our narrow country lanes, they would tear the hedgerow away on either side. They are finer brutes than the Highland animals. The waggon drivers use inordinately long whips to urge on these cattle, sufficiently lengthy to reach from one end of the team to the other. With peculiar skill they switch these whips, uttering at the same time shrieks and yells far from pleasant to the ear. It is necessary to give these fellows a wide berth, for if you fail to keep well clear of them—you are as likely as not to find that your horse, resenting a chance cut across his legs or flanks, has started off over hill and dale, so that you will have all your work cut out to bring him under control again. Female equestrians are often treated in this way, just for the fun of the thing—"the broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears"—but the women of Natal are splendid horsewomen, and they

generally manage to keep their saddles under the most trying circumstances, and succeed admirably in tiring out the most unruly steed.

The country we passed through on our way to Clare was extremely undulating. The land resembled a magnified ploughed field, for it was corrugated with alternating deep furrows or valleys, and hillocks. Some of these hills, however, are cone-like and rise abruptly out of comparatively level ground. On the top of most of these sugar-loaf eminences, the houses of the merchants stand. Many were in progress of erection at the time of which I am writing. The necessity and value of horses in a country like this can be readily imagined. We passed Churchill's estate and Overport the residence of Mr. Hartley (in some respects the Sir John Bennett of Natal) and yonder is Kennedy's—a very important estate. Clare is on the Umgeni. The mills on the rivers are favoured as there is no necessity to sink wells which must be done elsewhere. The water is pumped up from the river. The working of nearly all the factories, and Clare is no exception to the rule, is relegated to Indian coolies and to a few French creoles from Mauritius. The Mauritians have been trying hard to buy up the leading sugar factories in Natal. I have heard them boast that they know "how to work the thing" in a far more satisfactory manner than the Natalians. They affect to be unable to understand why sugar has been, comparatively speaking, non-successful in Natal, for they say that they have far greater difficulties to contend against in their own island, and yet they succeed in surmounting them. There may be some reason in this attitude, for besides the obstacle, which the want of capital and labour constitutes, reckless experimentalising, limited experience, and too great an extravagance in living expenses, no less in the conduct of the industry itself, have conduced towards the failure of very many promising sugar ventures. The Mauritians desired to buy Clare, but although they offered a goodly sum for it, certain members of the Clarence family in Fiji and New Zealand refused to part with it, in fact, as I have already stated, Natalians are loth to see their estates pass into the hands of Mauritians.

Arriving at Clare, we made our way through the orchards on

the outlying portions of the sugar fields, into the garden facing Mr. Clarence's house. This worthy gentleman is one of the "Father Pioneers" of the colony. His portrait is to be found in a photographic group representing "Old Natal," which picture attracted my attention at once upon entering the house, hanging under a pair of fine antlers in the pleasant morning-room.

Mr. Clarence himself received us on the threshold of his house with true colonial politeness and cordiality. Relegating our horses to the care of a couple of coolie grooms, he bade us enter and partake of a typical colonial tiffin, in which fruit and vegetables played a prominent part. When tiffin was over, we were conducted by young Mr. Clarence through about five hundred acres of sugar cane until we reached the factory, which we forthwith entered. The first thing which struck us, was the loftiness of the storeys—there were but two in the building. Another noticeable feature was the wonderful cleanliness of the whole place, so different to what one had seen in the sugar factories of Spitalfields, and other parts of the east of London. In these establishments, every floor, and every ladder is covered with a dirty black toffee-like substance, which can scarcely be said to be on friendly terms with decent clothes, as it inflicts upon them well-nigh irreparable injury; and as to clean hands, one is in a worse plight than Lady Macbeth in that matter, for a little water will by no means cleanse one. Here, however, that comely virtue which treads on the heels of the quality of holiness reigns supreme. Within 24 hours of the time when the cane is cut, it must be pressed. This is accomplished by a powerful looking machine, resembling that instrument of torture to be seen in the Tower—"the Maiden," which instrument was used in dark ages, to detach fingers and thumbs from the hands of unmanageable enthusiasts—political and religious. Although the modern machine is intended for the compression of sugar sticks and not of fingers, it mistakes its vocation sometimes, and robs indiscreet persons of their digits, should they allow them to wander too near its capacious jaws. As the pressing process proceeds, the liquid from the cane runs off into a trough. At this stage of its development, sugar resembles the lustrous water of a London gutter.

This dirty looking fluid is received into large tanks, and is there clarified by means of cows' blood or sulphuric acid. When fermentation commences, the applied heat is immediately checked and lime is added, in the proportion of half-an-ounce of lime to 100 gallons of liquor. When the mass is thus tempered a thick scum rises to the top of the fluid and hardens. It cracks on the surface and the liquid falls to the bottom and becomes concentrated into a syrup. This is not filtered through charcoal, but it is allowed to subside. The Pan boiler next takes charge of the liquid, and it is from this, forced up into a vacuum pan, a splendid appliance. At Clare it was christened "the Musgrave," in honour of Sir Richard Musgrave, at one time Governor of Natal. It was manufactured by Pontifex & Wood, and was the first vacuum pan in use in the colony. In this pan the sugar begins to assume its ultimate shape. It becomes a thick toffee-like substance, which is baled out in jalls and thrown into centrifugals, small quantities of water being added to whiten it. The revolving centrifugals are worked by steam. The syrup oozes out of the perforations, while the sugar remains behind, beautifully dry and white. It is a very pretty process. These centrifugals are of course in common use in countless manufactories in England, and are familiar to every Londoner who has visited the various exhibitions of machinery which have been held from time to time at South Kensington and elsewhere. The remaining molasses, as well as the scum, is reboiled and subjected to the same process again and again. But the sugar which results from the first process is of course the finest in quality. It is perfectly white. Some of the treacle which remains at last, is distilled, and the rum is sent to Zanzibar where it is in great demand. This rum is a very strong spirit. It is killing the up country Kaffirs, who develop a *tendresse* for it, when they have once tasted it. It counts its victims by thousands. In Natal, certain restrictions are put upon its sale to the natives, but these restrictions are frequently evaded. In Zululand during Cetewayo's *régime* the sale of rum was prohibited. Distilling, on any very extensive scale, is not practised in Natal, but I think that there is a fair opening for an industry of that kind there. The superfluous treacle on the sugar estates is thrown on to the ground,

there being no room to store it. Mr. Bellairs of Demerara, in his prize essay on sugar-growing, says that he is of the opinion, "that the largest quantity of sugar is given by taking the molasses from the syrup and boiling it to a desirable degree of whiteness, and by mixing it with another syrup boiled from the sugar exclusively, which plan will give a very good first-class sugar". This system is very largely adopted in Natal. I do not pretend to be able to say whether or not it is the most economical and approved method of sugar-boiling. A slight insight, however, into the multiform developments of the processes of sugar manufacture suffices to convince one that it is no child's play. Each process must be watched attentively from first to last, or at one or the other of the stages of evolution from syrup into crystals, the whole thing will be ruined. As in brewing, this close attention exacts many sacrifices—early rising and the rest. To conduct sugar-manufacture to a successful issue is one of the most difficult tasks in the world, and it takes a man years to gain the needful experience. In Natal, the case is very different to that of India and elsewhere, where sugar is but imperfectly and primitively made.

Sugar refining in its higher branches is not gone into in Natal, however, hence the strange anomaly of having to pay 2s. 6d. per pound for loaf sugar. It strikes one oddly that in a sugar-producing country, refined sugar should be sent from England.

In the colonial factories the coolies do not strip, as our German-Jews do in the London sugar-houses. In India they make this a habit, but Natal is a sub-tropical, not a tropical climate. The estate I have just described is small. Mr. Clarence's modesty shows his sense. He has not attempted, like so many others, to cultivate more ground than he has either the capital or labour to work properly. Many of the largest estates, and notably the enormous Tongat Estate, the largest ever held in the colony, have been broken up into allotments, colonists not being able to work the larger properties. As to the cane itself, a word about that before I dismiss this subject. The small Chinese reed is considered the most economical variety, and is in consequence chiefly used. The cane roots are allowed to remain in the ground eighteen or even twenty years before they are grubbed up. It is a somewhat

peculiar circumstance, and puzzles one at first sight, that although the export of sugar from Natal represents a value varying from a quarter, to half a million sterling annually, yet, sugar is not much, if it be any, cheaper in Natal than it is in England. This fact, however, is owing to the more scattered disposition of the population, and the consequent exhaustion of time and labour in distributing the sugar in small quantities to the various centres of consumption. The centralisation of the main portion of the people of this country in large towns and cities facilitates distribution in a far more bulky form, and the expense to the individual is consequently lightened.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOWELS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE GOLD MINES.

“IN CERTAIN FATHOMS IN THE EARTH.”

“Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem,
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely with gold beneath their tides.”

—*Paradise and the Peri*,—*Thos. Moore*.

“A mask of gold hides all deformities.”—*Thos. Dekker*.

THE Mineral wealth of Africa is simply incalculable and it is upon that inheritance, after all, that she must hope to shape her future. As a general rule, it may be safely asserted that the nearer one travels towards the central portions of Africa, the richer the country becomes in mineral producing districts. In short, Africa bids fair to realise, and that too at no distant date, the most extravagant dreams of the most ardent searcher after an El Dorado in modern days. There is scarcely a mineral which is not to be found in enormous profusion scattered all over that vast continent with no niggard hand. If Africa were peopled with a dense European population like unto England, and if all the appliances of modern civilisation were in full force there—railways, canals, and the like, it is impossible to over-estimate the grand sustaining capabilities which the concurrent, and in this case inevitable development of her mineralogical deposits would represent. Sir Bartle Frere recently spoke in the following terms upon South Africa, in the above connection. “There was also enormous

mineral wealth. They had all heard of the diamond fields, and they would soon hear of the gold fields, the richness of which he was assured was such as was seldom to be found in the great gold-producing countries in the world. And, above all, there were immense stores of coal there. They, as Yorkshiremen, need not be told that with wool on the surface, and coal beneath, there were there present some of the conditions which had made Yorkshire such a prosperous county. He believed that in a very short time many of these resources would be developed, and it was to him the subject of the greatest interest to think, all this prosperity and inevitable influx of Europeans, was to be reconciled with the welfare, progress, civilisation, and the Christianity of the native races." These are brave words of Sir Bartle's, and they are by no means high-flown, exaggerated, or over-coloured. In a little work like this I shall not attempt to say much about the gold and diamond mines of South Africa, much less for reasons which I have already given, shall I attempt to write a geological disquisition. If I did so, I should be going entirely wide of the purpose which I proposed to myself. I aspire simply to present to my English readers an idea of life in South Africa, and to give them an insight into the social and political peculiarities and characteristics of the colonies, an aspect of South African affairs which has been very much neglected by writers on these colonies, and, in short, one which has hitherto received no adequate attention whatsoever.

Much has been heard recently about the De Kaap gold mines in the Transvaal, and although these particular mines would appear for the present to have proved unproductive, every mail brings pamphlets and newspaper articles in abundance on the subject of the undeveloped gold resources of the republic over the Vaal river. The absence of transport facilities and of roads, no less than the lack of necessary capital and machinery, added to the fact that so much of the land is in the hands of the Boers, stand in the way of their present and of their proximate development. Maybe these difficulties cannot be readily overcome, but of their ultimate removal there cannot be a doubt. The great distance from harbours, in short, from the coast, and the high price of

provisions have hitherto militated against the success of all mining operations in the Cape. When I first went to Africa an era of prosperity seemed to be opening up for the Lydenburg gold diggings. There were 1,000 diggers there and many were doing well. Then followed the war with Secocoeni, and the successive defeats of the Boers by that chief. These reverses frightened the diggers, who returned to the Cape Colony, Natal, and Griqualand as best they could. The thousand miners, soon dwindled down to 300, and so on until the place was practically deserted. The fields have never recovered their full prosperity since those anxious days, although they are looking up again now. The subsequent defeat of Secocoeni by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the annexation of the Transvaal, induced some diggers to return, but since the retrocession the mines have become practically a monopoly in the hands of a person nominated by the Triumvirate.

I shall never forget those troublous days when the East African steamboats from Zanzibar brought down her freights of returning diggers. They had many tales of misery and privation to tell. From one of the proprietors of the *Gold Fields Mercury* I gleaned the narrative of the hairbreadth 'scapes and adventures with which a seven days' journey on foot from Pilgrim's Rest to Lorenzo Marques (Delagoa Bay) bristled. The editor of the *Mercury* remained at his post until the last, pouring out week by week the most perfervid denunciations of Boer misrule, crying, until his cry became almost a hysterical wail, for annexation. I shall have something to say about this Transvaal business later on. As to the Gold Fields district it is a lovely country, broken and mountainous, and the hills are intercepted by many waterfalls and streamlets. The gold is largely found between enormous boulders, but much danger and labour attend the removal of these large stones. Thus heavy work is carried out without yielding an adequate return. Many pioneer diggers lost their lives by insanely endeavouring to traverse the intervening country between the coast at Delagoa Bay and Lydenburg during the fever season. Of those who thus acted, at least 70 per cent. perished in the rash attempt, in that howling wilderness. Of the survivors, for few indeed were unstricken by fever, the majority were mere wrecks of

their former selves. One does not need to have been long in South Africa to hear many harrowing tales of the miserable experiences of men who were attached to those parties. In more recent days, however, passenger conveyances ran from the Diamond Fields, so that none but the very rash and foolhardy had in settled times any reason to incur these dangers.

On board one of the coasting steamers I dropped upon Mr. Macdonald, the Transvaal government gold commissioner. He was an American, and had had a very extensive experience of Californian, and moreover, of Australian gold mines. He pronounced loudly and emphatically in favour of the gold prospects of the Transvaal. Many Australians likewise, who have visited and worked at the diggings, entertain and express opinions favourable to the future of the mines. On the whole I am strongly of the opinion that the gold fields of the Transvaal only want a fair start to put them in the position of becoming the stepping-stones to the prosperity of the country. The Dutch know only too well, however, that a general inrush of Englishmen and Cape and Natal colonists, to their fields, would mean good-bye to their isolation, to their pig-headed ideas of no government and no taxes, and to the power to enslave the natives, and to inflict abominable cruelties upon them. They will therefore do their utmost to retard the progress of all gold fields within their boundaries. The English have an awkward knack of building large towns from which they conveniently spread themselves all over a new country. Large and successful gold fields would constitute a nucleus around which all kinds of commercial and political institutions would spring into life. The Boers know full well that in this case they would have to submit to being quietly pushed on one side, with their old world ideas and habits, or they would be forced to take time by the forelock and walk out of the country. This will probably, nay assuredly, be the end of the matter, but not yet.

Gold-mining, take it all round, is a more popular industry than diamond digging. There are many disappointments which attend the latter. Stones, which appear on discovery to be the finest and whitest of gems, are apt to drop into fragments and

crumble away in the night. Again the most brilliant gems, instead of finding their way to their legal owners, are conveyed by the pilfering 'boys' (*i.e.*, black navvies) to some illicit diamond buyer, and in short, the risks which the miner runs after he has become possessed of the stones, are, to say the least, formidable. Firstly then, there is the risk that some purloining hand will appropriate his treasure. Then there is the great difficulty which attends the sale of his finds. The grasping merchants are nearly certain to best him; and lastly there is the especial danger that in sending his diamonds to Europe to be cut, he will lose them altogether. Either they may be stolen, or the lapidary to whom he has entrusted them may, should the gems be of the first water, exchange them for inferior brilliants. Thus some diggers, when they are lucky enough to procure a really good stone, bring it to Europe themselves. Even then, it is a question whether they would not act prudently, in being present all the time it is being cut, to secure perfect safety for their property.

In the case of gold, however, although it has the disadvantage of being greater in bulk, you have the satisfaction of being able to at once exchange it for articles which will supply your ordinary requirements, or if you wish to do so, you can convert it into the current coin of the realm. These reflections lead me to my next chapter on the diamond mines of South Africa, but before I close I intend to append an extract from an article by Mr. R. W. Murray on the Gold Fields of South Africa, which appeared in the *South African* on May 31st.

"The *Daily News* last week stated that the first large shipment of gold brought home came on board the Nubian, and that it was 800 ounces. That is not quite the fact. That the Nubian brought home 800 ounces of pure Transvaal gold nobody questions, but it was not the first large shipment which came home to England from the Transvaal. Over a year ago there was brought home 43 lbs. weight of gold, which was deposited with Messrs. Blaine, Macdonald & Co. Since 1877 the Standard Bank of South Africa has been receiving, through its manager, parcels of gold from the same quarter. Mr. Maynard was exhibiting years ago a nugget of 81 ounces. The Union Steam Navigation Com-

pany have brought home two boxes which could not have been of less value than £5,000. Mr. Dunn is at work in the gold fields now, and he knows as well as we know that gold abounds there.

“The *Daily News* will be, no doubt, surprised to hear that by the ‘Trojan,’ just arrived, there has been received quantities of gold which will weigh down the beam, and to show that these gold fields of South Africa are what they are reported to be, we may state that the parcels of gold which have come to England from the Transvaal, warrants the assurance that was given the other evening by Mr. Hamilton, C.E., who said, ‘The Transvaal Gold Fields are the richest that I ever saw,’ and in answer to questions put to him, Mr. Hamilton brought out the undoubted fact that the Transvaal gold fields are likely to become the richest that the world has ever known of.”

CHAPTER XIX.

ADAMANTIA.

“POISON TO MEN’S SOULS.”

“They find pearls on their coast, and diamonds and carbuncles on their rocks, . . . they polish them and therewith adorn their children, who are delighted with, and glory in, them during their childhood, but when they grow to years, they, of their own accord, lay them aside and would be as much ashamed to use them afterwards as children among us when they come to years, are of their nuts, puppets, and other toys.”—*Sir Thos. More’s ‘Utopia’*.

“Life’s jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
The diamond to-day may be dust to-morrow.”

—*Alsager Hay Hill*.

“I shall have at least fulfilled my mission—I shall have convinced the world that the Cape diamonds are as radiantly pure and blue-white as the Dresden drop and the Braganza. I shall thus upset one popular delusion.”—*Mr. Porter Rhodes, finder of 150 carat Cape diamond*.

THE effect of the discovery of the Diamond Fields upon the South African Colonies can scarcely be exaggerated. As by a magician’s wand the drooping fortunes of the place were at once transformed into a condition of prosperity. Trade revived, and all the progress of South Africa in recent years, if it cannot be put down entirely to this discovery, has at least to thank it for giving the incentive thereto. The history of diamond digging in the Cape, from the first discovery of a stone, in 1861, on the farm of a Dutch Boer, situate near the Orange River, until the present day, reads like a romance. This initial diamond was looked upon by the farmer so much in the light of an unconsidered trifle, that he allowed it to become the plaything of his little son. Subsequent events in this connection are well known, and I do not intend to inflict the oft-told tale upon my readers. There can be no doubt, however, that from beginning to end the diamond fields of South Africa have been the hot-beds of rowdism, and all that is

revolting in human nature may be found there. The libertines, forgers, bird-catchers, and outcasts of Europe have found an asylum there, as in Alsatia of old. The Houndsditch Jew and the London rough reign supreme. Is it true that few men can hope to succeed there unless they consent to become the allies and protégés of such men, because they hold the reins of everything and take the lead everywhere? It cannot be doubted that the man of gentlemanly feelings and instincts has a pretty warm time of it in the colony of Griqualand West. The bully is in the ascendant, he lords it over all. As to the moneyed men on the Fields, is it a libel to say that most of them owe their wealth either to illicit diamond buying or to taking advantage of the necessities or inexperience of unfortunate diggers? A gentleman is out of his element on the Fields. There are plenty of gentlemen as far as birth goes, but not too many as far as nature goes. Specimens of this last variety are conspicuously absent. A colonial friend of mine now in England, where he has been on a visit for some two years, had previously lived for ten years on the Fields. He was there from the very earliest days until quite recently. He happens to be a gentleman and a man of birth, belonging to one of the oldest and best county families of Kent. To his honour he has preserved the characteristics which ought to belong to such a caste, notwithstanding all the contaminations of that loathsome and degraded life. From him and from others I learn that the social life of Kimberley has become so utterly low and repugnant, that the decent man at length flies from it in disgust, as he would from the confines of a lazar-house. The vices of drinking, swearing, cursing, bullying, lying, cheating, and all kinds of utter abomination permeate society, I was going to say from top to bottom, but in such a community one can scarcely say which is the top and which is the bottom. To a man of fine feeling the sorrow of being compelled to live there, especially should he have a wife and daughters, must be very deep and real. Some of the most prominent men of the place were yesterday selling umbrellas in the streets of London, or catching birds on Hampstead Heath. And yet, although everybody knows all this, everybody winks at it. I suppose it would not do, for the pot to call the kettle

black. Everybody is cognisant, and none better than the journalists of the place, that the men they extol to the skies every day, are, many of them, out-and-out swindlers, illicit diamond buyers, and many things besides, and yet such men are loaded with honour, and raised to the heavens by such fine phrases as benefactors, large-hearted, public-spirited citizens, like the villainous Richard Crauford in Lord Lytton's 'Disowned'. O tempora! O mores! Many men in South Africa and elsewhere look askance at all men who have been on the fields, and refuse to trust them. Thus the few innocent have to suffer for the many guilty. A man who has been on the Fields, upon meeting an acquaintance in London, also from the Fields, must expect, in nine cases out of ten, to encounter remarks to the effect that it is presumed that the holiday-maker, has like himself—made a good thing up in a corner—*i.e.*, by illicit diamond buying. Each man looks askance at his neighbour, and takes it for granted that such is the case. A queer community, it will be said, and although I confess that I have written very plainly, the strange part about it is, that those on the Fields who read what I have said will probably honour it, at the most, with a smile, with a good-natured smile too. It will at least be admitted by a good many that this is the first piece of truth with which they have been refreshed for some time. Few will care to refute my statements, they are tacitly admitted by all, and men in South Africa think little or nothing about them. Most candid Africanders will confess in their hearts that I have not overstated the case.*

The diggers, with all their faults, have conferred an inestimable boon upon humanity. Their presence on the borders of the promised land has advanced civilisation towards the interior. Farms have sprung up all around the Fields, industries have been stimulated everywhere in their vicinity. Moreover, the diggers have gone to work in a truly Anglo-Saxon manner, to build towns and churches and public edifices, and in short, to plant and to

* It must not be supposed that I deny that there are many exceptions to the rule regarding the prevailing type of men on the Diamond Fields. It is my privilege to know, and to meet frequently, men who have been, and are still connected with the Fields, whose style and conduct leave nothing to be desired.

perpetuate English institutions, and if we regard the Fields as the embryotic germ of better things in store, and if we look upon the communities there in the charitable light of men beset by many temptations, and remember that they belong as a rule to a class who have never learnt, and could never understand the philosophy which Huxley teaches "that it is better for a man to starve than to steal"; we shall forgive much that we condemn. Tennyson's beautiful lines which express the hope and the belief that men may rise by stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, hold good, if we take a proper view of the future of the Fields. When the last "glittering gewgaw" has been unearthed, when the spade and the pickaxe are at rest, smiling farms and prosperous towns will remain as the legacy of more exciting days.

As to the digging itself, the time has long gone by, when Europeans condescended to take active part therein. The work now is superintended by white men, the actual digging is relegated to natives of various tribes who flock to the Fields in large numbers, for there they can command higher wages than in any other part of South Africa. The "boss" sits at a little table and receives and sorts over the baskets-full of earth as they are drawn up from the Kopje. Diamonds are not the only stones which the mines produce. Other gems are found, though not in abundance, and as they are seldom of a serviceable size they are generally thrown on one side. In the earlier days, large lumps of earth were taken out of the kopjes unbroken, and many a diamond is brought to light upon breaking open these neglected clods. It is no uncommon thing for a Kimberley man, to pick small stones out of the soles of his boots, and stones are also often found in the crops of fowls.

The Diamond Fields of South Africa afford the most curious study of human nature extant. I should be inclined to think that even California and Ballarat were, in comparison, out of the running in this matter. The present moment is one of depression at Kimberley, and as the mines have now passed almost entirely into the hands of large companies, the era of large fortunes made out of digging has gone by. Book-keepers, clerks, store-keepers, shopmen, all earn extraordinary wages on the Fields, and moderate ability, combined with the virtue rarely to be found there,—sobriety

—may be expected not only to yield a man a livelihood, but very often a competency.

It is not properly understood in this country that the mines of Kimberley, Dutoitspan, and Jagersfontein are turning out diamonds of the aggregate weight of 2000 grains daily. This means more in one day, than Brazil, and all the other diamond mines of the world, produce in three months. If this go on, and it is likely to go on, diamonds must become a drug on the market, and I may say that even now there are hundredweights of diamonds knocking about Europe, which cannot be offered for sale, not only because the market is already over glutted, and the effect of dispersing these secret hoards would, as the holders well know, tend to make the diamond almost worthless; but also because the world does not possess a tenth of the necessary diamond cutters, that would be needed to cut and polish these stones. It is quite true that a very large percentage of Cape diamonds are second and third-rate gems, but while making allowance for this fact, it is none the less true that the kopjes of Griqualand West produce annually far and away more stones of the first water than all the world beside.

The only way to keep up the value of the diamond, is to create a monopoly, by amalgamating the numerous companies into one huge concern. It would require a Rothschild to do this, but when done, the output could be regulated, as the output of coal is proposed to be regulated by the disaffected miners.

Silver, lead, and all the other metals are to be found in South Africa, and only await man's appropriating hand; as to coal, it is already procured from Newcastle in Natal and elsewhere, and doubtless, one day the coalfields will come well to the front and be a big industry. Coal has recently been discovered, in large quantities in the Cape Colony. The hopes to which these discoveries have given birth, in South Africa, cannot be more adequately expressed than in the words of the *Cape Argus*, which I quote at some length, as follows:—

“The proverbial good fortune of this country at its moments of deepest depression seems to be returning to it; and readers will find in our columns to-day ample proofs of the assertion. We

have placed the sources of our present hopes in the real order of their importance, although, at first sight, we might be tempted to place them the other way about. From all parts of the country we have reports that more ground has been placed under cultivation than in any previous year, and that much more ground has been broken up which will be available for cultivation next year. This shows that many of our farmers have divined the root of most of our troubles, and have taken the steps of all others, which will tend to bring settled prosperity to the country. The reports as to the genuineness and richness of the Transvaal Gold Fields are steadily maintained, and it will be seen that there is now a settled conviction in responsible quarters in London and Paris that it will pay to lay out vast amounts of capital upon their development. But the most immediately gratifying circumstance of all is the encouraging report on colonial coal published in to-day's issue. Professor Green's report on our colonial coal-fields furnishes the scientific view of the subject, while Mr. Thornton's report, which will be in the hands of the public in a few days, fully bears out all conclusions as to the value of colonial coal from a practical point of view. Most interesting of all, however, is the detailed report of Mr. David Jones, Manager of the Cyphergat Mine. There are, it appears, already 921 acres of coal-bearing area, and richer mines even than Cyphergat are known to exist in the Indwe. Mr. Jones shows that the cost of production has been reduced from 30s. to 10s. per ton, at which rate 100 tons per day can now be turned out, while the production of the mine can be indefinitely extended. Mr. Jones says he has seldom seen more favourable conditions for mining, so in this respect the mine differs from most South African enterprises, in which the difficulties are above the average. With every disposition 'not to holloa before we are out of the wood,' it would be simple blindness to the prospects of the country not to recognise in these things solid sources of wealth which must bring prosperity with them. Coal is, of all products, the source of national power and wealth, and for our own part we would rather hear of such a coal-field as that now brought to our notice than of the precious metal itself, as it

represents a more settled and wide-spread condition of colonial prosperity."

Still the most important mining operations at present carried on in South Africa, now that I have disposed of the gold and diamond mines, are those peculiar to Namaqualand, where copper is found in abundance. The copper mines of South Africa are without exception the richest in the world. They are situated near the Orange River. The cupriferous wealth of the district was well known to the Dutch two centuries ago, but they were too apathetic to make any serious attempt to develop its resources, although indeed there may be some injustice in this view of the matter, for it is very doubtful whether in those early days, efforts in this direction could have been rendered remunerative. Great disappointments and failure had to be encountered, as in the history of many other mining operations, before successful results followed upon the efforts of the first prospectors and miners; but now in the hands of the Cape Copper Mining Company, these mines have become one of the best paying concerns in South Africa, if it be not extending the area too far to say, in the whole world. The mines are usually reached by a steamer which runs to Port Nolloth the seaport of Ookiep, Concordia, and the various inland mining stations and towns. In earlier days the ore was shipped from Hondeklip Bay. A narrow gauge railway, running from Port Nolloth to Ookiep, has been constructed, and has vastly facilitated and developed mining operations.

Ookiep may also be reached by land, *via* Clanwilliam,—a wretched town enough—beyond which the roads are extremely bad, and King Sand reigns supreme. The rapid progress of these mines has led to the concurrent development of the whole of Namaqualand, erstwhile a wild and arid district, comparatively unknown and unvisited, except by the owners of a few Dutch farms scattered here and there. Now magistracies, villages, stores, mission-stations, and agricultural centres have sprung into existence. This fact, in conjunction with the undeviating rule in these matters, namely, that almost every kind of industry follows in the wake of the miner—induces me to place so much importance upon the enormous metallic resources of Africa. I was assured by a very

old and well-placed officer of the Cape Copper Mining Company, whose acquaintance I made in Table Bay, that life at Ookiep was not so bad as it is sometimes painted. Evidently his heart was in his work. He was possessed moreover of a disposition which all colonists would be happy in possessing, and which many happily possess, of being able to readily accommodate himself to any circumstances. From others I learnt a very different account of this town and of the scattered settlements surrounding it. They described the place as being utterly dreary and miserable. I expect the latter description comes nearer to the truth.

At Ceres, about 80 miles from Cape Town, the ex-premier of the Cape of Good Hope—the Honble. Sir John Charles Molteno—possesses manganese mines, which he has entrusted to the management of Mr. Wicks (commonly called Fibres, because he has written a good deal about the colony's treasures in the raw material of rope and twine). Here is an aerial tramway and various modern appliances. The colony possesses also marble and limestone quarries, and many mineral resources besides, including sandstone and granite. Let me say, in conclusion, that if that nation be happy which has no history, Africa is likely indeed to be an unhappy nation in the future, for in the mineral treasures which lie hidden in her bosom, she possesses that which will give her the power to have a leading hand in writing the coming history of the human race.

CHAPTER XX.

MARINE TREASURES.

“WHICH THEY WHO USE THEM NEED AND THEN DESPISE.”

“What hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glittering pearls and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which glean, unrecked of, and in vain.”

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

“Oh! well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play.
Oh! well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat in the bay.”

—*Tennyson.*

THE waters surrounding the South African Colonies abound in fish—in short, fishing is a most profitable pursuit, and its prosecution entails by no means half the hardships common to the industry in this country. As yet steam trawlers have not taken the place of the old fishing smacks. The fishermen of South Africa do not expose themselves to the perils which those who are cognisant of the ins and outs of our British fisheries, know full well are the common lot of our hardy and courageous fishing sailors, who taking their lives in their hands brave the angry elements, that they may procure for us relays of the most healthful and essential articles of diet. Many kinds of fish are caught in the bays and creeks which indent the coast of South Africa. In more densely populated countries these bays and creeks would, in all probability, have been converted into harbours, and thus the fish would have been driven away. But in Africa this has been scarcely possible, if it were otherwise desirable, as the bars of sand make the entrance of large craft impracticable. Whether it be that Englishmen despise the far easier conditions under which

fishing is carried on in the colonies than those to which they have been accustomed, or whether few of the fishing class have come to South Africa, I cannot pretend to say. Certain it is, however, that English fishermen refuse to have anything to do with fishing under the new order of things which they find in South Africa. This being so, the coloured races seem to have secured for themselves a practical monopoly of the industry their superiors despise. So it comes to pass that the Malays in Cape Town, and the Indians in Natal have the fishing entirely in their own hands.

In Natal, fish is rarely seen, but in the old colony, it is, whether in a fresh or a dry condition, a very important and freely used dietetic resource. The sale of fresh fish is confined to the towns upon the coast, and principally to Cape Town, but a very considerable internal and export trade is carried on in dried fish, especially in dried snook, which is dispersed all over South Africa, and sent in bales to Mauritius. An ardent lover of fish, I by no means tip-tilt my nose at that of South Africa, although candour compels me to admit that it will not stand comparison with the fish to which Englishmen are accustomed. Of the various kinds, snook is the best, but even snook, although the flavour is delicate and not too strong, is too much like mackerel to give entire satisfaction. Upon my return from South Africa I had lost the power of appreciating lobster. The krief, which resembles our cray fish, and which abounds in the waters of Table Bay, where it disports itself "like a spider on the white and sandy bottom," is in itself but a poor libel upon the lobster, which in outward form, and, in a less degree, in taste also, it somewhat resembles. Leaving its intrinsic demerits out of the question, there are sufficient reasons why one should conceive a prejudice against it. The Malays purvey the gnome-like crustaceans alive from door to door. The coloured servants buy them over night, and leave them in open baskets in the kitchen, with the following result to the early riser, who, should he happen to be making his matutinal peregrinations in hall, passage, or stoep, may be somewhat alarmed to find in secluded corners, and peeping from behind doors, demoniacal looking monsters, to wit, the escaped cray fish. A truce however, to frivolity.

Let me describe a journey to Kalk Bay, the centre of the fishing industry of the Cape colony, and as I accomplished the two journeys in one, I may as well unbosom myself upon Simon's Town, the naval station of South Africa at the same time. Engaging seats in a mule waggon, I left Wynburg with a friend early in the morning. A rickety old mule waggon indeed! I found myself in a position the reverse of comfortable, cooped up, and compressed against my fellow passengers; it became necessary to fraternise with several Dutch fraus, chattering old women with bony elbows. The waggon also carried a couple of seamen, who had under their charge three runaway sailors, deserters from one of Her Majesty's vessels in the bay, to which they were being reconveyed in triumph by their successful captors. In such company, and in a position so unenviable, I was not likely to over-estimate the beauty of the scene, through which we were passing. To say that it was beautiful would be poor praise indeed. A moiety of such beauty would serve to compensate one for the discomfort of the immediate situation. On the right, a mountainous chain, which is practically an extension of the Table mountain, under the brow of a lofty elevation, in which Constantia nestles. On the left, the sea with its beautiful white beach of glistening sand, and more mountains running out into the ocean. Such expanse, such breadth, all on so large a scale. It appealed to me forcibly, and even now I recall the beauty of that scene with feelings of tenderness. Jolt, jolt, jolt, we go, over the silver strand of sand, splashed by the spray of the deep red sea. I say red instead of blue, advisedly, for certain animalcula peculiar to those waters, render the ocean tint that colour. The landscape is full of a wild and primitive beauty. Peaks upon peaks of flat-topped mountains occasionally varied and broken in upon, by a cone-like eminence, rise up before us. The setting sun casts its roseate hue on the picture, bringing out the beauteous scene in neutral tints and glowing colours. I cannot express what I then felt and saw, better than in some words which are before me of the great master Ruskin, who in speaking of Turner's "Temeraire," says, "Through a thousand semitones and half-notes of grey and neutral tint we reach the sovereign colours that rule the picture".

And this indeed was a picture in which that greatest of landscapists would have revelled in an ecstasy of delight, while even those who are not worshippers at the shrine of nature, could not fail to have received from it, a momentary elevation, into those realms of inspiration in which artists and poets live and move and have their being. The oldest sight-seer, the most jaded searcher after novelty, who misses so much of the really beautiful, if indeed he be able to appreciate it, in his feverish desire to proclaim that he has exhausted the wonders of the world, could not fail to admit, upon his introduction to this, and other lovely spots in South Africa, that there yet remained for him, and such as him, places to talk about albeit out of the beaten tract of grand tours and of fashionable but stereotyped and orthodox resorts, concerning which columns of ready-made and admiring criticism are at hand, to teach men what they should admire and why they should admire it. Presently we pass the Deep river, and partake of refreshment at Farmer Peek's Hotel. The old sign-board which dangles from the post, informs us that mine host of the inn calls his unpretending hostelry by the sweet-sounding and suggestive title of "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain". Under this inscription I read some quaint old verses in English, Dutch, and Latin, to the effect, that here the traveller might rely upon, "good beds and no fleas, wholesome food and small fees".

The scene now changes and loses that grandeur which I have vainly attempted to describe. Here let me remark a few thoughts which were very often present with me in looking upon this grandeur in various parts of Southern Africa. I must freely admit that nature to me exacts its fullest meed of adoring homage, when closely associated with the past history of man. The ruined castle or church will without doubt add much to the beauty of any scene from an æsthetic point of view—but it is not so much this consideration, that hallows those ruins to me. They cast the halo of departed years, of a thousand associations of man's long buried hopes, fears, aspirations, joys, and sorrows, upon a landscape which may become endeared to me from these associations alone. Nothing can appeal so much to the sympathies and yearning imaginations of that strange being, man, as anything which

seems to bring him, as it were, into the very presence of, and to make him feel in a sentient and real manner that he understands something about, the buried entities of those who have played their parts in the great drama of human affairs, long years gone by. But while man makes, he mars. Poetry and religious inspiration are to be sipped from the very defacements by which man offers insult to nature's beauty. But it wants a very magnanimous and large-hearted philosophy in them who can see this poetry and inspiration underlying the crudities or absolute deformities which assail their sensitive susceptibilities. We can forgive even these barbarities far more readily, if they have not been perpetrated by men of our own era. Man is a fighting animal, and is ever on the look-out for something to attack. He pardons grave sins in his predecessors, while he visits with his righteous indignation the far less heinous offences of his contemporaries. With the latter he is directly brought into contact, and the laws of self-preservation, and of the survival of the fittest, are continually urging him to forget, that the greatest of all virtues is charity. So it is that the farther we get away from the present, the more indulgent we become to the exhibitions of bad taste, which the buildings and monuments of our ancestors unhappily too often remain.

In certain African scenes it cannot be denied that the Dutch houses with their ugly pillars and gaunt square walls, tend to mar the beauty of the surroundings. But we forgive these blots and almost love them, they tell of a past, and more than this, of an order of things which is dead and gone. Man cannot condone the presence of roaring furnaces, huge manufactories, hideous railway arches, and worst of all stucco terraces, in the midst of a bijou scene. And yet these defacements have their poetry, viewed in the light of the joy and sorrow of humanity of to-day, to which they administer each in their degree, and which are centred in them, and around them.

There is however, and who can deny it, a certain intense pleasure in feeling oneself in the midst of a wild and savage land, where man, except in his barbaric animalism, has never roamed, or at all events we can fitly entertain that idea. This pristine scene does not, and it never can, equal the ro-

mantic beauty of localities which bear upon them the impress of man's mind. But it is something to look around one, and feel that here at least the soil is maiden, the hills owe nothing to any agency but the great internal forces within the earth's centre, the brooks run their natural courses, neither dammed nor diverted by the hand of man, and in fact that to all intents and purposes, the characteristics and conformation of the country are just those which it possessed when it came fresh and smiling from nature's crucible.

To return to my narrative. Further on round False Bay, we came upon Kalk Bay. It is really wonderful why Cape holiday-makers should select this place as a sea-side resort. The whole atmosphere is tainted odoriferously. The smell of snook and sun fish, undergoing a salting process, in innumerable tubs, poisons the air. Here is the centre of the great fish trade of South Africa. The curse to the colony I was told. And wherefore? I asked. Because, it was explained to me, the Malays finding that they could live solely on the bountiful gifts of the briny deep, were not constrained to work in any of the more important industries of the colony. This piece of Africander rhodomantade I shall deal with further in due season. Leaving the happy hunting grounds of the Malays, our driver jars our nerves, (already fairly unstrung by being forced to listen to the constant gibberish of the old Dutch women), by making a sudden and abrupt descent from the road on to the sand again. He drove towards the sea in so impetuous a fashion, that really at one time I began to fear that he had become possessed of the evil spirit, which troubled the swine in the Scriptures. He seemed to be propelling our unhappy vehicle into the ocean, but he pulled up in time to avoid a catastrophe, and we drove along on the borders of the surf, the wheels on the near side being half under the water. As we proceeded along the sea marge, I became aware that in some places the water at high tide covers the sand; in those exposed spots rough causeways had been thrown up. Simon's Town reached, and my first foretaste of waggon travelling accomplished, we repaired to the British Hotel, where I had ample time to reflect upon all I had seen. I cannot say,

that upon due reflection, I was enamoured of the typical means of transit in Africa, namely, waggon travelling. At the *table d'hôte* at the hotel, we were amused by listening to a series of droll anecdotes, related by Matthews the conjuror. I subsequently met him at a clever entertainment, given by him at the house of the Dean, himself no mean proficient in the arts of legerdemain. The next morning we were delighted with a view of the bay with all its glories, in which the magnificent South African fleet was anchored. We took a long walk along the coast, and were greatly pleased with its spacious beauty, but as to Simon's Town itself, it is remarkable for nothing, unless it be for hotels, canteens, and winkles, all objects dear to the heart of the sailor. I might, however, in enumerating the leading features of the place, have mentioned the commodore's house and a very pretty cemetery.

Passing from the old colony to Natal I may remark that a little fishing is done in Durban, where the coolies have the industry such as it is, entirely in their hands, and prosecute it indolently from some scattered islands in the bay, on which a few Indian families are located. They are "fishy customers," these fishing coolies, and it is well for the Durbanites that they are thus isolated.

The salt works of Natal are interesting, but the *ménage* is supremely simple. On the flat districts near the Umgeni, brakish water makes its appearance periodically. By means of mounds which form an entrenched square, this water is retained, and prevented from running into the sea again. A trench running parallel with this enclosed square receives the briny fluid, when evaporation caused by solar rays has reduced it to a sedimentary condition. This thick liquid is collected and boiled, the salt being precipitated, has but to dry, and is then in a condition fit to bring to table. In conclusion, let me say how much I, in common with all Africa's well-wishers, regret that the Cape was not represented at the International Fisheries Exhibition. This was a piece of apathetic neglect to be ever deplored.

CHAPTER XXI.

COLONIAL WEALTH—PROFITABLE UNDERTAKINGS AND SPECULATIONS.

“PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE.”

“Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.
All things are sold, the very light of heaven
Is venal.

But hoary-headed Selfishness has felt
Its death-blow, and is tottering to the grave,
A brighter morn awaits the human day,
When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
Shall be a commerce of good words and works,
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
The fear of infamy, disease, and woe,
War, with its million horrors, and fierce hell,
Shall live but in the memory of Time,
Who, like a penitent libertine shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his younger years.”

—*P. Dysshe Shelley.*

In several of the foregoing chapters I have tried to deal with most of the leading industries of South Africa, and to throw some light upon the mysteries in which they are involved. I hope that my efforts have not been altogether without success. I wish now to say a few words on the neglected or partially neglected openings for profitable trade or successful enterprise in the African colonies. At present, as far as retail businesses are concerned, I think I may say that canteen and hotel keeping are, so much the worse for South Africa, the most profitable of all pursuits. Large profits are made, and a great many persons are engaged in dispensing spirituous and vinous fluids in the colonies.

Small capitalists will find that shops and stores offer very fair openings for intelligent industry. Many keepers of insignificant-looking general shops, in outlying villages, realise little fortunes in a comparatively short space of time. People flock in from far and near, and they do not mind paying excessive prices for luxuries which they can seldom obtain.

Mr. Glanville dealt very severely with Major Butler at the Society of Arts some time since. The former gentleman had said that the resources of the country were simply wool, ostrich feathers, diamonds, gold, wine, Cape carts, and waggons. Not such a bad category either. I hope to have already proved, notwithstanding, that Major Butler's contention does not hold good.

A truly remarkable state of things obtains in this country. Despite its countless dairy farms, it is as yet under the necessity of importing the greater portion of the milk in ordinary use from Norway and Switzerland, in the form of the familiar tins of condensed abomination. The colonists rely upon Europe in a large measure for their cheese supply also. This seemingly inexplicable anomaly, as likewise the fact that South Africans are unable to meet, at home, the demand for the merest necessities of life, is to be explained, when we remember that in this large and sparsely populated country, transport difficulties make it impossible to diffuse the products of the farming and agricultural districts, in a sufficiently advantageous or economical manner, to ensure remunerative results.

In a recent copy of the *Cape Argus* an article appeared upon the Paarl Agricultural Show. It called attention to the wealth which flows into France from little things, vegetables, fruit, and dairy produce, and remarked that the colonial farmers, like, alas, our English agriculturists, were too much inclined to despise these sources of prosperity. The following excerpt from this leader may not be out of place:—

“It is now incumbent upon Stellenbosch to show the colony, by the exhibits at the forthcoming Show, that the disease through which the Paarl is passing is a purely local affection, by no means significant of any general debility. We are told on all hands that what the colony requires, in order to give it a dead lift from the

depression under which it suffers, is an increase of agricultural production. If the Paarl Show is a genuine answer to that cry, we are in a very bad way indeed. As usual, there were some creditable imported articles, and there was machinery to gather the products of the earth, but very little of the products to be gathered. There were good cattle, but scarcely any butter, and no cheese. The show of vegetables was simply deplorable, potatoes being represented by one bag, and onions by two."

It occurs to me just now to mention that there is a wide difference between our retail shops in England and the stores of the colonies. Of course there are many small general shops, but on the whole large stores are more the order of the day. Nearly everything is imported into Africa, and some of the importers are at the same time merchants and salesmen, or storekeepers. In these cases, their stores as a rule are not unlike in their general scope our co-operative stores at home. But most of the storekeepers rely upon the merchants to import their goods, from whom they purchase, and in these instances, they commonly sell but one kind of goods; drapery, grocery, ironmongery, as the case may be. The former and larger storekeepers, who have no middle men in the shape of merchants to employ, accumulate large fortunes. It is said they often secure a profit equivalent to cent. per cent. upon everything they sell. The merchants achieve great success also, and would get a greater pull than the most favoured storekeeper, if it were not for the unhappy fact that financial crises and numerous bad debts, especially with small up-country clients, act as weights to pull them down from time to time. The storekeeper is by no means a counterpart of our English shopkeeper, at all events in his own estimation; but even in Africa nice and really arbitrary and somewhat ludicrous distinctions are drawn, between this storekeeper and that storekeeper. Still this particular prejudice against "shop," is by no means so dependent on considerations (such as wealth and place of residence) apart from the true worth, breed, and natural status of the man and of his family, as it is in this country. The storekeepers and merchants in the colonies are the men who make the largest fortunes.

As to professional men, pure and simple, it may be said that there is a fair scope for solicitors, barristers, architects, surveyors, and medical men in the colonies.

Professional men, no less than men engaged in mercantile pursuits, need not despair of amassing a fortune in the colonies. Indices are not wanting which denote that there is a certain amount of accumulated wealth in South Africa. Of these symptoms, I may mention the elastic revenue, healthy banks, numerous independent men, and so on. I intend even here to adhere to my resolution to leave statistics entirely outside the range of my chapters, so that I shall treat of this subject as heretofore in general terms, and talk of these matters as my own observations lead me to think, and draw conclusions, upon them.

It is a significant fact that Cape Town, with its population of 100,000 souls, possesses about 2000 independent men. I know, of course, that most of the retired merchants of every part of South Africa settle there, if they don't go to England, which is the proper explanation of this circumstance. There are also many minor capitalists; which fact Mr. Scanlen, the Colonial Prime Minister, has taken into consideration, in making the proposition that the new Cape loan shall be partly subscribed for in the Colonies. It is believed that there are many men possessing a balance of a few hundreds of pounds, which they are afraid to invest, who would hail with delight, the institution of the Cape 5 per cent. Consols. The number of private carriages and public cabs on the race course during the meeting of the Turf Club is a fair index to the prosperity of the Cape. Another symptom favourable to this conclusion is the preponderance of persons of Jewish extraction in all the large towns. They are too wide awake to affect places where money is not to be made, and they flock to those countries where gold is to be picked up.

Cabs are patronised to an unprecedented extent in Cape Town, and horses are used for vehicular and equestrian purposes everywhere to an extent which, at all events, proves that colonists as a rule are not pinched for ready money. The almost total absence of the copper coinage is a fact also which speaks for itself. Very few men in Cape Town care to be troubled with coppers,

they are in sympathy with Lord Dundreary in this one particular, although it would be hard to find another common point between them and the limp aristocrat. The barmaids at the hotels, &c., take advantage of this antipathy in the following manner :—

Most "short drinks" cost threepence: a glass of beer, of sherry, or of hock for instance. The barmaids, as a rule, give coppers in exchange for sixpence. They know they are no use to men, who generally buy matches or have another drink to avoid carrying them. Women use them a little in shopping, but men not at all. New-comers are sorely puzzled by this comparative absence of pence; it takes some time to make them realise that the lowest purchasing coin is a three-penny piece. In Natal, no difference is recognised between the three-penny piece and the "four-penny bit".

I mention these little facts about the copper currency, to give my English readers some idea of the position of the poorer classes in the colonies. Destitution and pauperism are not entirely absent from this southern land, but they exist in a far less degree, and where they do exist, they are attended by no means by so harrowing circumstances as they are at home. Climate and sparse population are both to be discounted in accounting for these facts. There is, of course, plenty of poverty and destitution, produced by drink, but if a man will work, he can generally find it in some part or other of South Africa. Somebody says of poverty, that it will too often "bend conscience into a compromise, and make proud men submissive". South Africa can unhappily bring many cases into court to prove this assertion. But the poverty is generally self-inflicted.

With such a climate and with such resources and rich endowments—it would be wonderful, despite all drawbacks, if there were not many wealthy colonial men, and yet according to Judge Fitzpatrick, there should be many more. "God and nature have done much for South Africa," he said, "Man has done nothing." God and nature, however, have left some extremely important defects, which man may well be pardoned for not having overcome. Of these defects I have already spoken somewhat, and of them I shall yet speak. Still there is certainly a substratum of

truth in the judge's assertion. Thus many capitalists have grumbled because they have had to learn the hard lesson that sowing is not reaping ; forgetting above all things, that they could not force labour, but must pay for it, and pay heavily also.

Possessing boundless stores of natural wealth, Africa is beyond doubt, a country full of the melancholy spectacle of lost opportunities. For example : I had occasion while at Durban to cross the flats which lie between that town and the Umgene. I don't know whether it was the phosphorescent lights of the fire-flies and glow worms, which illumined my dull brain and caused me to ponder, but I certainly did wonder again and again, why rice and dahl were not grown on these waste lands. I made enquiries, it was admitted that no substantial reason existed, and moreover, that such an undertaking would be certain of success, as the market for such grain was large and exacting, and its demands were on the increase. The impetuous Englishman desires to carry everything before him, and he goes about repining that nature's gifts are neglected, or at least, plucked with a niggard's hand. It is asserted that the guano deposits of the Cape are but very imperfectly developed. The Cape produces the aloe and other fibrous plants in rare profusion, from which if properly treated the raw material of numerous fortunes might be extracted. Olive farming would also be a magnificent and most remunerative speculation. Surely raisins might be profitably exported, or at all events, they might find a wider market in the colonies themselves. Herbs of the greatest value and importance to the medical world grow everywhere, but it is astonishing in this case, as in others, that while exotic industries are pursued with more or less vigour, the natural products of the country are neglected. Nobody seems to possess the necessary energy and pluck to turn them to proper account. There is the castor oil bush to be found growing wild in almost any part of Natal, which bears a berry quite equal to its Indian prototype. It is a derelict. The same may be said of the gall nut (appropriate name, for it is very galling) from which ink is made, and the indigo plant of which I have already spoken. The prickly pear, that thorny fruit of a plant of the cactus tribe, harbours the cochineal insect, and

there are many thousand subterranean and superterranean resources, all of which are neglected or despised. Then there are grasses—who has not heard of the sweet veldt and the sour veldt—which according to one authority (I believe Mr. Froude's) might be made to-morrow to support 50,000,000 persons. These grasses grow in luxuriance all over the country, but are by no means sustaining the population they should and could indirectly sustain. It has been suggested that in view of the annual falling off in the yield of elephants' ivory, that elephant-farming might be made profitable. One thought cast towards the heavy commissariat requirements of such an undertaking will, I think, be sufficient to damp the ardour of the most reckless speculator.

Let me take a widely different instance of the short-sightedness, or indifferent neglect or indolence, if you will, of Africanders in the way of money-making. Not one house was being built in Cape Town, during my stay there, although the demand for family residences was enormous. A small cottage on one floor, containing but five small rooms, and erected in the flimsiest manner, minus a garden withal, or rather without—let at the rate of £80 per annum. True, it was in a popular situation, but nevertheless, the fact is incontestible, that whenever a man wishes, from one cause or another, to move, or whenever a fresh candidate for house accommodation arrives, from England or elsewhere, he finds it more than difficult to suit himself with a house. If a building company should commence operations in South Africa, in which company the employers and employés should alike be part-partners, large fortunes might be made. Of this result I feel very confident, in the event of the condition with regard to capital and labour I have premised, being observed. On none other could success be attained. Hired labour in Africa is too erratic and fickle. Imported labour from Europe, takes to itself wings and flies to the Diamond Fields or wherever else it listeth, leaving the unfortunate man who has trusted therein, very much in the lurch.

Large hotels on modern principles would pay in Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, but not unless the proviso were rigorously observed, to taboo the English system of tipping. The waiter-

farming system if tried in new hotels in Cape Town, would most undoubtedly ruin their fair prospects, and in fact, utterly drive away colonists—young and old—who might be inclined to patronise more modern forms of hotel life and hotel procedure. There is now an hotel which in some measure assimilates to our modern taverns.

A fanciful enterprise presents itself to my mind, amongst other speculations, which would stand a fair chance of paying. I can speak glowingly of the grand possibilities for giant successes which would open up to anybody who should form and bring into existence "A Maidens' Hair Home and Export Company". I am not alluding to the beautiful capillary fern, plentiful enough in the Cape Colony, it is true. I mean a company whose operations would be confined to human hair. I would suggest that a number of young women should be imported from England and from Italy, whose hair should be allowed to grow until it had reached a certain length. The flowing locks should then be cropped, as the ostrich's feathers are plucked, and the valuable produce sent to the London coiffeurs. I select England and Italy, in order that the patronesses of golden tresses and raven curls may alike be accommodated. Hair grows apace in South Africa. The girls have lovely hair. This is one of their strong points. I used to notice with feelings of wonderment and admiration, an old man and his three daughters taking their walks abroad. These girls wore their hair in the primitive manner of our first mother. Lovely flaxen manes had these fillies, which all but swept the ground. Their father trotted his daughters out with manifest and pardonable pride, in fact he never allowed them from his sight. This was certainly somewhat rough on the beautiful damozels, who had thus to pay the penalty of their peculiar good fortune. I am tempted to make, what may appear to some, a frivolous and impracticable suggestion; because so many of the methods by which a livelihood is secured in Africa, are not only extremely novel in their character, but are fraught besides, with not a little adventure and danger. Here, however, is a safe and mild speculation, which surely has far more plausibility about it, than many of the money-making schemes with

which our stock exchange is flooded. Men in Africa, however, would vote my project effeminate and common-place. They like making a living by something which has in it a spice of daring. A friend of mine in Natal being hard pushed for cash, actually adopted the following extraordinary means, whereby he managed to earn a considerable sum of money. He begged, borrowed, or stole, a large lighter—a kind of barge. Then he entered into a contract with a number of Kaffirs to take them to Delagoa Bay. He knew little of navigation, and had no one to assist him. Little daunted, however, he set sail from Durban for Lorenzo Marques. He had not been gone more than thirty-six hours, when a fearful storm sprung up, and storms upon that coast are not small affairs. The Kaffirs became alarmed, and in the general disturbance and mêlée, they contrived among them, to upset the supply of fresh water with which the boat had been provided at embarkation. The third day passed, and the elements were still unpropitious. "What's to be done?" The Kaffirs became more and more unruly, and a couple of young Englishmen who had joined the "excursion" in a spirit of devilry, degenerated into out-and-out funks. The worst being over the temerous "capitane" succeeded in safely running the boat into shore. He took it in amid the breakers, at Oro Point in Zululand. Ultimately he succeeded in landing his crew safely at the Portuguese sea-port. Such is a specimen of the adventurous spirit of the Natalians in matters requiring pluck rather than discretion.

Much as the natives stand in the way of advance, if we regard the matter from several important standpoints; yet it is nevertheless true, that numbers of Colonists and Englishmen amass large fortunes as the results of the labour—poor as it may be individually considered—of thousands of miserable and despised blacks. That which individuals thus acquire, is worse than lost to the cause of civilisation. This, however, is inevitable. I mean that in most cases the presence of the blacks makes white labour out of the question.

The Cape Legislature has recently instituted a Select Committee on Colonial Industries. It is to be feared, that the colony

will drift further into the narrow channels of excessive Protection ; in which case, the labours of the Committee will have been fruitful in mischief and disaster, rather than in help to the people.

It has been pointed out, before now, that the study of dendrology, and of its most practicable outcome, tree planting and felling, demands more earnest attention on the part of the colonists, than it has already received. In the opinion of many well able to judge, there is a mine of wealth, open to the individual or company, which should take this matter in hand.

It is becoming the fashion in Cape Town to affect household furniture of colonial manufacture. It is stated, moreover, that railway carriages have been built in or near Cape Town, in the construction of which colonial materials were alone used ; whose workmanship and finish surpasses that of those imported from England : and what is even of greater moment, they can, it is asserted, be produced at a cheaper cost than their English rivals. And yet it is said, this splendid opening for colonial activity has been allowed to fall through.

In conclusion, let me say, that the colonies have a grand base of operations in the semi-savage and savage lands, which form their back country. I believe firmly, that there is wealth in the far interior of Africa, where explorers alone have penetrated, before which the diamond and gold of our colonies will pale their ineffectual splendour. The farther you go, the richer, better watered, the country becomes, and it is on these regions that Africa's future destiny rests. The news which comes to us day by day from Loango, and of Stanley's work there, goes far to substantiate this assumption. The Cape Colony and Natal as they are at present constituted, can never rival Australia or America, in wealth or in progress. But when the back country is developed, rivers are dammed and made navigable, canals and railways shall have been constructed, the existing colonies will still prosper as the seat of agencies, and as the base of operations for the great interior. When this shall come to pass, Africa will rival the whole world.

CHAPTER XXII.

CAPE PROVISIONS.

“THE RICH REPAST PREPARE.”

“Beef is the king of meat. Beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard.”—*Addison*.

I HAVE already had occasion to allude, more than once, to this subject. I may preface this chapter by the remark that the epicure has not a little to put up with in yonder land. This applies with especial force to the question of meat. Meat is cheap, even in these days, but in no part of South Africa can it compare in quality to that, which we, in this country, are wont to expect.

In Natal its demerits are more conspicuous than in the Cape Colony, but even in the latter place, it is generally tough and sodden. Judging between beef and mutton, as to their respective merits, I think I should give the palm to the latter. I understand that the Cape Colony within the last thirty or forty years, has seen somewhat of a revolution in the meat market.

A quarter of a century since, meat was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. Five years later, it rose to $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. Ten years ago it was 4d. per lb., and now mutton has reached the price of 7d., and beef that of 10d. Although this appears on the surface to be cheaper than English meat, I very much question whether this cheapness is not rather in appearance than in reality. So much of the “meat” is but skin and bone, instead of muscle.

Great difference of opinion is manifested, as to the quality of the living at the hotels. I must say I found it difficult to get a good meal at many of them, but surely an unbiased person must

admit, that England is by no means happy in this respect herself. However I cannot but grant that the French and German restaurants of London need not fear comparison with the dining-rooms of the colonies. Having said this, I have, I fear, in a left-handed manner, damned the dining accommodation of our cousins with faint praise. In private houses, however, very good dinners are served, and I have often been compelled to reflect inwardly, and conclude from my ruminations, that if the French cynic who said that "God made the food but the devil the cooks," should sit down to some meals in this distant part of the world, he would be compelled in justice to invert his brilliant *mot*.

Poultry is sold alive in Cape Town, and strange to say, a Dutch gentleman of birth, position, and wealth thinks nothing of sending a Kaffir to hawk his superfluous chickens, ducks, or geese, from door to door. He will also be delighted to supply you with six-pennyworth of apples, or a pennyworth of parsley from his garden. Custom is second nature, and this survival of the early days of Dutch colonisation sheds a flood of light upon the primitive and simple life of those old times, and supplies to the imaginative mind ample food for reflection and speculation. Poultry, in the colonies, is very good indeed. As a favourite adjunct to the breakfast table in Cape Town, I might mention penguin eggs, which are found on the small islands near Saldanha Bay. They are a very inexpensive luxury. The lover of game, unless he be a sportsman, has few chances of indulging his taste, for although nearly all kinds of English game are more or less common on the old Dutch farms, it rarely finds its way into the market; venison excepted, which is very plentiful. It is sent down from Beaufort West, an important town 150 miles inland, and, until recently, the terminus of the Cape Town main line of railway, which honour it shared with another, that of being represented by Sir John Molteno in parliament. Wine, fish, oranges, and various indigenous naturalised fruits are really the cheapest of all African provender.

To tell the honest truth, the colonists are fonder of drinking than of eating, but this is not to be attributed solely to a propensity for alcohol, rather to the fact that they are best pleased with all sustenance which comes to them in a liquid form. Hence their

passion for fruits. They have always bananas, oranges, and pine-apples on their breakfast-tables. Though not vegetarians on principle, they are practically all but disciples of this self-denying sect. As to English fruit, apples, pears, cherries, and gooseberries, are by no means successfully grown. There are certain indigenous fruits which sail under these appellations, but they are pseudonyms. They are poor things at the best, with the exception of the Cape gooseberry, a species of winter cherry. This fruit makes a very good tart. It is an erratic plant and grows everywhere, it does not require to be cultivated, and likes to take up its abode in the foundations of forsaken, or half-built houses, and to keep company with brambles and noxious weeds. The fruit of this straggling bush is found in large green pods. It is a little, round, orange-coloured berry, about the size of a Spanish nut. The paw-paw, an Indian fruit is held in high esteem by the Natalians, by whom it is eaten raw, as a fruit, or boiled as a vegetable. A wonderful example of economy for Natal certainly. In the same colony there is a class of berries, called milk berries, of which there are two varieties, the large and the small milk berry. The amatum-gula is an insignificant fruit, and scarcely worth the trouble of eating, but, I daresay, under cultivation it would be susceptible to great improvement. The shrubs which bear this fruit make a capital fence, and in this case, as in many another, the tree is worthier than its fruit. The Natal orange, so-called, is a libel on the name it bears. It resembles the goulagoula, a baboon fruit, which is even more unpalatable than the foregoing. The hard shell is like a box, in fact, it is one of the natural pods used by the Kafirs in making their snuff-boxes. The fruit is bitter. It is all kernel, the hard stone, which it constitutes, is covered, though very sparsely with a gelatinous substance. Let the baboons and elephants enjoy it unmolested, it is certainly not fit food for human beings.

A small berry resembling the elder-berry, called the bush tick, is eaten by Kafirs, but I failed to relish it. As to the remaining indigenous fruits of South Africa, it would be folly to enumerate them. They are all so poor and miserable, and are really unworthy of serious consideration when it is remembered

how well Indian and other tropical fruits thrive in their new home. Peaches grow in profusion—and are made into peach brandy. Oranges, at most seasons of the year, may be had for the asking, and the curator of the Botanic Gardens at Durban charges but 9d. a hundred for them. The green fig is also plentiful, so is the pine apple of which you may buy four for threepence. The pome-granate, nectarine, the Tangarine orange (called the naartje by the Dutch), the almond, the apricot, the mulberry, the banana, the plantain, gourds and melons of all sorts, the guava and mango, and all other Indian fruits, the loquat, and last but not least, the delicious fruit of the passion-flower (the granadilla), the seed pod of which hardens and becomes perfectly red. If you cut this shell in half with a knife your effort will be rewarded by discovering within a delicious ambrosia. This needs to be scooped out with a spoon. Every variety of the lemon tribe grows in this lovely colony of Natal,—the citron, lime, and shaddock. In that warm climate one can accomplish strange feats, and I have often disposed of a dozen small lemons at a sitting.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CURIOUS PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

“FAST ROOTED IN THE FRUITFUL SOIL.”

But above all other beauties which contribute to make this part of the journey attractive is the abundance of sub-tropical vegetation which thickly clothes the soil not under cultivation, prominent among which could be noted many different varieties of acacia, Indian fig, euphorbias, and parasitic plants, the last producing wonderfully attractive flora and fruit. But in the majority of instances these jewels of the vegetable world have to be avoided, for beneath their gorgeous colouring and fascinating shape lurks poison of the deadliest description.—*Parker Gilmore.*

By a process of natural transition I come to a subject about which it is only right I should say something, namely, the curious or notable plants and flowers which came under my notice in the Cape Colony and Natal. I shall not deal with these botanically.

The Sugar Tree and Silver Bush of the Cape Colony are justly esteemed for their beauty. Of the native woods of Natal I suppose the assegai wood is considered by the Kaffirs to be of the most paramount importance, for from it they make the handles of those deadly instruments which they know how to use so effectively. The Kaffir holds the weapon between his thumb and first two fingers, about six inches below the spear head, and with a comical twist of the arms, and a series of vocal exclamations—for he sings or intones on every possible occasion, working, playing, or dancing—propels the assegai with unerring aim at any object he may wish to assail. I once put some young Kaffirs to test in the art of assegai throwing. They made a boom tree their target, and their assegais stuck so fast into the heart of the tree that it had to be cut all round with a bush knife before they could be drawn out. This Kaffir boom tree is very common, it bears a beautiful red flower. Of the other prominent Natal trees, there is the red

mangrove used for fencing posts, etc. Stink wood, Yellow wood, and Iron wood, all hard woods, are much used in railway construction. The knob thorn is a peculiar tree, the bark of which is covered with large thorns resembling the horns of a rhinoceros, or more aptly, a number of limpets sticking to a rock.

The colonists cut this tree into lengths and subject it to a polishing process. Thus embellished, capital flower pots are the result. The hardest trees are selected, and knobby branches are cut from them which are converted into knob-kerreys. The *Syringa* tree is to be met with everywhere. These trees are planted in many delightful groves for lovers' made. The *Umcovote* is a very large tree, it bears small poisonous apples, like crab apples. Under it boks are wont to graze, for although the berries are hurtful to human beings, they are the natural food of antelopes, and sportsmen generally station themselves within range of a clump of *Umcovotes*. The Sneeze hout, the Milk tree, and the wild fig are as plentiful in Natal, as is Teak in the old colony. There is another conspicuous, though common tree, although I don't know what it is called. The Kaffirs split up its branches into little slips which they use in lieu of string or twine. They tie it round the bundles of wood which they convey into town for sale. These shreds of wood are of a sappy nature, and when dry they become perforated. The boys of Durban are never so happy as when they can find a piece to smoke. Nearly half of the colonial trees are thorny, and tear and lacerate the flesh terribly in making one's way through the bush. The Monkey cord hangs in profuse festoons from the branches of the trees, arches in the forest and obscures the sun's rays, making a canopy for the connecting link to disport in 'twixt earth and heaven. The Cape bulbs have a world-wide reputation. *Ixias*, *Gladioli*, *Orchids*, and *Oxalis* abound.

One of the most curious plants to be found in the Natal bush is the Elephant's Foot plant, a strange, spongy growth resembling a conglomerate mass of tortoises. It sends forth running and creeping shoots.

Euphorbias and *Cacti* in many varieties must not be omitted.

The worst part of native Natal and Cape flowers, is that they

have, as a rule, no smell. They are beautiful to look upon, like the birds, which are disappointing in that they cannot sing. As to the berries many are very poisonous. But all our favourite English plants are acclimated in Natal, and especially roses which grow, as I have said, in rich profusion and attain to great excellence of type.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LABOUR QUESTION.—CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

“MONEY IS THE SINEWS OF INDUSTRY AS OF WAR.”

“Let capital find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment.”
—*Lord Macaulay.*

THE labour question is so intimately connected with the problems with which the natives are mixed up, that I mistrust my ability to successfully treat the two subjects apart, but as I wish to reserve what I have to say about the native difficulties, and the policy and legislation affecting them, until I arrive at those chapters which will essay to deal with the many native races of South Africa, I shall ask my readers' kind indulgence which I hope will induce them to dovetail what I shall be compelled to say here upon the black races, into subsequent observations, bearing more directly upon the same subject.

The labour difficulty is the difficulty *par excellence* of the colonies, and it is well nigh an insurmountable barrier to progress. It stultifies, nay paralyses the colonies in every way and in every sense. Natal is perhaps the greatest sufferer. The Dutch republics are inhabited by strong firm men, not over inclined to indulge a sentimental view of matters which narrowly affect their immediate interests, and in consequence the natives are coerced in a real old-fashioned manner, and made to feel that the will and pleasure of their masters are law. In short, they have anything but a pleasant time of it. This is especially true of the Transvaal. The Cape colonists, since the introduction of responsible government, have had those natives who are within their gates, pretty well under

control, nor can the fact be gainsaid, that on the whole, they have treated them remarkably well, indeed, it is by no means open to doubt that they are far better off now, and infinitely better governed, than they were, when their destinies were confided to the tender mercies of a vacillating and fitful, and as far as the natives are concerned, a half-informed or even positively ignorant home government. There can be no question that the emancipation of the blacks reflected the very greatest credit upon the British nation generally, and upon Wilberforce and his coadjutors in particular. Looking at the matter, however, in another way, we are compelled to admit that the goodness of heart which it displayed went hand in hand with weakness of head, as has too often been the case in more recent days which have been prolific in the display of frenzied, though crass philanthropy and perfervid and Quixotic, but suicidal "disinterestedness". This sudden emancipation dealt an irreparable blow at the interests of the Dutch farmers. This is incontrovertible, and I shall not waste ink by writing any more upon the subject. Anyone in the least degree acquainted with Cape affairs will bear me out in this position.

I am not now directly concerned with the injustice that was then inflicted upon the Boers, nor with the fact that the recent troubles in the Transvaal, and, in brief, the history of all our transactions with the Dutch, from that day to this, is the history of the growth of dissensions and misunderstandings which one and all had their birth in this initial mistake. We gave the Boers just cause for complaint in the first instance, so much so, that we must absolve them from a good deal of the blame which would otherwise properly appertain to their attitude on more than one occasion since then. The colonists were trying to live down this feud, and might have succeeded, had it not been for certain unfortunate blunders, with which we are all pretty familiar. Things will not now adjust themselves for many generations. So I fear.

The black races of South Africa, lazy and indolent as they undoubtedly are, are willing enough to work for a period, if they are *properly* paid for their services, but this is just one of those hard facts which the colonists find it so difficult to accept. They

have still a lurking feeling, not expressed perhaps, and indeed they are but half conscious of possessing it themselves, that black labour should be theirs by right, that they have been unfairly deprived of that right, and in short, that the natives are guilty of unpardonable presumption in expecting to be paid at all, or rather in looking upon payment on the part of the whites as a duty. Some of the very men who entertain these feelings would be willing enough to give the natives largesse, unstintedly and generously. They would do this as a matter of good feeling and of patronage, but not because they considered that they were in duty bound to do so. This peculiar animus is of course an underlying one, it does not show itself obtrusively, but the results of it do, for the feeling is there deep and strong, and tinctures all that the colonists do or say. The fact of the matter is clear that this much vaunted act of emancipation was by no means the unalloyed act of justice which its authors fondly supposed. To the colonial farmers it meant the spoliation and robbery of their property. Nor was it by any means an unqualified boon to the blacks themselves. The measure was too drastic, too sweeping altogether, too much the outgrowth of sentiment and ill-digested theories. As to the blacks themselves they were inconsiderately treated, in being suddenly thrown on their own resources, used to, and bred in bondage and servitude as they were. What wonder that they could not readily adjust themselves to their new life? Their own and their ancestors' antecedents had totally deprived them of the quality of self-reliance, and in consequence they became the lazy, idle, dissolute hounds, a curse to God's creation, which they too often are. Judge Cloete, in his Lectures on the Immigration of Dutch Farmers, speaks with much emphasis, although his remarks are well balanced and temperate, on this emancipation question. After pointing out how, from a variety of causes, the emancipation money for each slave, which had been apportioned at £85 per head, was reduced to £33, and this further reduced by agents' charges to not much more than half that sum, he goes on to say: "No words can adequately convey the effect which that day (the day of emancipation) produced on the prospects of the whole of the agricultural

interests throughout the colony. . . . No pen can describe how, in the country districts, this migration was felt." It occurred in the middle of the wheat harvest, "and masters and mistresses, who had up to the evening before, 40, 50, or 80 persons engaged in keeping extensive farming establishments, saw in one moment the whole of their farming pursuits and plans destroyed, no bribe, no entreaty, I believe, did avail in one single instance to induce any one of those now free persons to stay over that day." He further goes on to show how hurtful this was in the end to the freed slaves themselves. This sudden and complete emancipation was a grave error, a system of forced apprenticeship ought to have taken the place of slavery for a time, until the blacks became a little more used to habits of thought for their own welfare, and a little better prepared to make efforts to secure it. I have already said that the mischief, as far as the Cape Colony is concerned, has in a measure cured itself, after much suffering, but I am Tory and retrogressionist enough to state emphatically that I believe, in Natal at least, such a system of forced apprenticeship should be allowed and generally practised. It cannot be too often repeated that the black inhabitants of Natal are not the original owners of the soil. I believe the Fingoes were the immediate predecessors of the Zulus, by whom they were driven out some seventy years since. The Zulus, however, although claiming a nominal sovereignty over the land which now goes by the name of Natal, did not actually occupy it, and it was ultimately taken possession of by the Dutch, in 1830, and afterwards by the English. The occupation by the English of Natal, and their presence there, has induced the Zulus to gradually sneak across the border to escape the thralldom of the military and social despotism over the Tugela. Thus they have succeeded in occupying much of the very best part of Natal. They have been further induced to do this, in that England enjoys the reputation of treating subject races with justice and humanity. Surely there is nothing out of the way in the suggestion—nor is it so extremely unfair and untenable, as is often contested—that if they thus seek our protection, they should be forced to reward that protection, by giving their labour, not without fair remuneration certainly, nor without a certain amount of

liberty, yet, nevertheless, they should be forced to work and to be kept under a restraint of a moderate, and not too exacting nature. Compulsory military service in Germany and elsewhere, and compulsory education in many countries of the civilised world are neither considered to be incompatible with freedom and liberty. In these days, certain *doctrinaires* and politicians are often heard to advocate a policy which would have for its object the removal of the cancer of pauperism from the bosom of our national life, by a system of enforced compulsory labour from all those who cannot satisfy the authorities that they are engaged in some legitimate pursuit with the view of gaining a livelihood thereby. Surely then, if there be any force in such contentions, there should be much more in the plea of the colonists to be allowed to treat the strangers within their gates in a like manner. The position of Natal with regard to the question of native labour is one which entitles her to our warmest sympathy. A population of some 30,000 whites with nearly 1,000,000 hardy able-bodied natives, seeking the protection which the presence of the whites, and the more powerful protection which England affords, and yet lolling idly in their kraals all day, absolutely refusing to work, except so far as it may suit them to do so. They can only be engaged for monthly terms and they will leave domestic or industrial service at a moment's notice and scamper back to their kraals again. This is really a very serious matter to the sugar planters and agriculturists. They are left in the lurch at the most critical moment. The Natalians have met the difficulty in a manner, which although it is open to objection, reflects great credit on them, for it shows them to be fruitful in expedients, and possessed of a plucky determination to break the neck of their difficulties. They have imported fresh black labour from India, as we have already seen. With such an enormous black population to control, the seriousness of increasing that element in the community is far from a light matter. More, it is worthy of the most serious consideration. It is true that the coolies could always be counted upon to help us against the so-called aborigines, should an occasion for their so doing arise, for a cordial hatred exists between the two races. But the coolies are birds of

passage, and although their help is by no means to be despised, and might, in fact, prove to be a clear gain to the community, yet, I confess I would far rather see an introduction of white immigrants, and I believe it would be far more politic on the part of the Natal Government to entice Englishmen (especially agricultural labourers from the provinces), and Scotchmen, Germans, and Norwegians to their shores. These men would help to consolidate and strengthen the State, and to build up a healthy nationality.

The cheapest labour is far from the most economical in the long run, as the late Mr. Brassey knew full well, and substantially proved. I am aware that the above system is fraught with many obstacles, difficulties, and objections, nor shall I shirk the task of dealing with them in due season.

But to return to the old colony. I wish to represent the views of a by no means inconsiderable section of colonial society, on the subject of the black races with especial reference to the questions of labour and of emancipation. I am aware that I am about to tell anew an oft-told tale, but there are not wanting many men—Dutch and English—of the ancient schools of thought, who endorse the following opinions at the present moment. I have compiled the statement to follow, from what I have heard from several fathers of the nation, and I shall give it in the colloquial form :—

“A brass farthing for your idiotic arguments about humanity. No more disastrous blow ever fell upon this country, than that which your lover of our fellow creature, the black, inflicted.” . . . “Yes, he is a splendid creature, indeed, an inestimable boon to humanity. What would be more ruinous to the Mother Country, than to suddenly transplant the miners of Staffordshire into the Halls of Ingestre, Chatsworth, or Eaton, and make them lords and masters thereof?” . . . “This is an extreme case, you say, and not to the point. May be. But stop; these miners are immeasurably more capable of being advanced than are our miserable blacks.” . . . “How so, you ask? Well, in the first place, men cannot live in a highly civilised country like England without catching some of the crumbs that fall from the rich

and cultured intellects of England's great men, which drop downwards, penetrating and percolating through stratum upon stratum of society until they reach the lowest and most illiterate residuum, where the soil, if poor, is not altogether sterile." . . . "Such crumbs, you urge, may come to the savages also. True enough, and make them more independent, more dangerous than ever, and are you so sure this is not sometimes the case in the Mother Country?" . . . "It may be so, and probably is so, you admit, but this is just the distinction with the difference. Any Briton, however low, not absolutely reprobate or idiotic, may, under favourable circumstances, become a respectable citizen and useful member of society, and through successive generations, the improvement will be sustained and augmented. With the nigger it is different. He copies his superiors, it is true, with a blind parrot-like fidelity. This is all his lower order of intellect will allow him to do. Generations of emancipation prove that he can make no advance." . . . "You object, but this is an accepted and patent fact, and you cannot blind yourself to it, if you would. In the old days, the blacks could be made to work and to be of some use. Now they are free, they make arrant fools of themselves, don black coats, black hats, and white pocket-handkerchiefs. You have made them like a spoiled lap dog, snappish, ungovernable, assertive, and impudent. We old Dutch, whom you say slept all day and thought about anything we intended to do, years before we commenced to take action, managed to build Cape Town anyhow, but you English with all your boasted go-a-head qualities have scarcely added a house to it. If you had had slaves from the commencement of the century to the present day, there would have been a marked difference in the appearance of the town. The Dutch houses would be but the centre of a far larger town with English characteristics. With your superior energy, you would have at least accomplished this. Do you think we could have made half the progress we did make, without slaves? We should have been nowhere. Considering the increased ratio of advance in these modern days, and the progress you have made in other parts of the world, your success here has been nothing. Why is this? Simply because instead of utilising

the natives, whom God provided for you, and making them your instruments to carry out your ends, and serve your interests, schemes, and help your plans forward, you have, on the contrary, tied them as a mill stone around your necks to hamper your every movement."

Such is the deliberately expressed opinion which I have given in substance if not in the actual words of the old and more Conservative Africander. Much of it is true enough. Notably that portion which refers to the increase of Cape Town. As I have already shown, rents are at a fever figure, and few new houses are being built, excepting towards Wynburg. The actual cause of this is, of course, the demands upon the labour market which the diamond fields, gold fields, and railway making of the colonies, conspire to create. The old Dutchmen's contentions cannot be controverted on the grounds of the exactness of their deductions from these premises, which premises, however, cannot be accepted, for there are deeper issues underlying the broad generalities by which they are stamped, than it is possible to make these old men comprehend. Young Africa takes a far more liberal view of this matter. It is willing enough to admit that the natives have made some advancement, that they have, in many instances, acquired property which they have administered with judgment and success, and that they have exercised their right to the franchise with discretion. Moreover, that the reproach of laziness and insubordination brought against them is too sweeping. That they are beginning to become good citizens, and that they are helping the Europeans in their efforts to build up a healthful state. Young Africanders point to the diamond fields to afford proof that even raw Kaffirs will work, if they be paid sufficiently well to induce them to do so. Many Zulus tramp all the way from Zululand through the Orange Free State, and arrive at the fields in a state of exhaustion from hard walking and scanty food. Many die on the road from sheer starvation, the unsympathetic Boers of the Free State refusing to give them food. Their desire to work, in these cases, must be real and sincere.

This brings me a little nearer the real root of a good deal of the labour difficulty. I have said that the intermeddling of the

home authorities, the imposition of theoretical views regarding the proper treatment of the black races, by certain misguided bodies, the inherent laziness of the natives themselves have very much and often unfairly hampered the colonist. But he is hampered in the labour market in another way and even more seriously, by the insufficiency of the floating capital of the colonies to stimulate and sustain the industrial instincts of the community. This is the more regrettable when we consider that there is enough moneylying idle in Great Britain to give a fair start to this and every other British colony. The successful merchants and moneyed men of London and elsewhere in the United Kingdom are asking eagerly, "Where shall we invest our superfluous capital?" Capital must be brought into Africa somehow or other. Capitalists should be enticed from England to settle in Africa, and others who remain at home should be persuaded to lend their money to respectable companies and firms here. How is this somewhat herculean task to be managed? The knowing Chinaman who was "wanted" for issuing counterfeit coin at Cradock, had a plan, but it wouldn't do. He was evidently of the opinion, says the *Cape Argus*, that "we have too few industries in South Africa, and further, that we are short of cash, in both of which views he is right". But to be serious. In the first place, let all the States of South Africa coalesce. Having done this, the far more respectable position which a United Dominion of South Africa would bestow upon the colonies and states in the eyes of Europe, would tend to give English investors greater inducements to put their money into the undertakings of the colonies. England at the present time is rich, in South Africa money is needful beyond everything, for there are very few capitalists if we except that small percentage, of whom I have written and whose capital is as a rule already invested in colonial industries. If the moneyed classes at home could feel assured that the colonies would remain contented and united under the British Flag, then our plutocracy would pour their money into South Africa, hastening tenfold its prosperity and progress. But until South Africa be united, under one strong and firm government, the feeling of security at home regarding South African investments will be at a discount, and the recent

retrocession from the Transvaal has increased this feeling to an extent of which one almost weeps to think. The colonies have indirectly suffered from the blood-sucking process which England has undergone at the hands of certain European and American states, and from the chicanery of private companies, and of two or three leading financiers, whose swindling operations have been on a scale of colossal magnitude. It is well that by this potent argument to the man, the pocket, the truth of the indissoluble bond between her interests and ours should be brought home to the colonial mind. These foreign and native collapses, however, have tended to turn men's eyes towards our colonies as fields for investment, so that when attenuated money bags again become inflated, our colonies may expect to prove the resting ground of those coins which ooze forth and roll around. South Africa may yet hope that there is a good time coming for her. There is a keen desire for some safe outlet for money in England. The rotten schemes with which the stock exchange is flooded, and of which the printed particulars fill our waste paper baskets to congestion, could not even show their faces to the public, were this not so. Still men are getting sick of lending to a parcel of good-for-nothing, defaulting, repudiating, and impetuous foreign states, and to the fantastic companies which one would have thought would scarcely have had the hardihood to brazen their rottenness abroad, even in the days of the great South Sea bubble. If such men could be assured of the stability and unity of South Africa as a country, and that independence would not be sought by colonists, meaning as it would, that the unaided state would fall an easy prey to the first greedy continental aggrandiser who chose to attack it, then any amount of public and private loans would find eager subscribers at home.

South Africa wants small capitalists, she wants big capitalists, but capital she must have. This subject is, of course, scarcely to be disassociated from that of immigration. Immigration unless it be backed up by capital, must fail miserably. Capital would lose half its power to bless, unless fresh blood flowed in with it. If South Africa only knew how to go to work to prepare the way for them, she has vast fields lying uncared for, undeveloped, in which

the starving agricultural labourers of the midland counties of England might be located. There are plenty of places where the experiment of Port Elizabeth might be retried, and where, led by a few intelligent men, the corner stones of communities which might form the nucleus around which a mighty empire should grow, could be successfully laid. The introduction of labour and of capital, in other words a comprehensive scheme of immigration is what the colonies really require. At present immigration is too much left to hap-hazard movements, fitful freaks and so on. In Natal this is especially the case. There I have seen a cargo of immigrants arrive, skilled artisans some of them, who upon arriving found absolutely no work to do. They were recklessly induced by representations deviating from exactitude, and they were gratuitously insulted upon their arrival. No wonder hot words were heard on both sides. The self-satisfied, self-made colonist, had an opportunity of parading at a public meeting the tale of his early sufferings and ultimate triumphs, *cui bono?* Men who have been entrapped from comfortable homes, should not be insulted because they have yielded to the weakness of believing representations of far and away too glowing a character, for which the immigration agent was responsible. This leads me to my next subject, the class of immigration, brown or white, which South Africa wants.

CHAPTER XXV.

IMMIGRATION—GENERALLY.

“CONVEYS A DISTANT COUNTRY INTO MINE.”

“Look up! a loftier destiny behold,
For to the coast the fair-haired Saxon steers,
Rich with the spoils of time, the lore of bards and seers,
Behold a sail! another and another!
Live living things on the broad river's breast
What were thy secret thoughts, oh, red-browed brother,
As toward the shore these white-winged wanderers prest?”
—*L. H. Sigourney.*

“That the splendid empires which England has founded in every quarter of the globe, have had their origin largely in football contests, at Eton, the boat races on the Thames, and the cricket matches on her downs and heather who can doubt. The race so widely dominant, is dominant because its institutions cultivate self-reliance, and its breeding develops endurance, courage, and pluck.”—*Dr. Wm. Matthews of Chicago.*

AFRICA resounds with the cry, “Men with capital fail for the want of experience, and men of experience cannot get on for the want of capital”. It is a pity a compromise cannot be effected somehow, but I am afraid the difficulty so far as it is adjusted at all, adjusts itself on the time-honoured principle, which in the form of a quotation from one of Miss Braddon's novels, was found at Wagga-Wagga, with somewhat compromising results, inscribed on a page of a derelict pocket-book, which had once been the property of the notorious “Claimant”.

However this may be, I feel that I am now rushing, rashly may be, into a controversy, which is perhaps fraught with more important issues than any of the questions, to the solution of which I have already addressed myself. Anyone attempting to write or to

speaking upon this subject incurs a great responsibility. What I have already said, will, I think, go far to prove that I am deeply sensible of the serious gravity of the matter. It is all very well for men to vapour upon English platforms, about the grand capabilities of South Africa, the enormous resources of the country, and the home which it would and could provide for the superfluous population of these islands. One grand requirement of South Africa is undoubtedly small farmers. Agricultural labourers would also under other conditions be the making of the colonies. But what is the use of attracting the first class of persons, if upon their arrival, they are unable to purchase moderate farms, upon reasonable conditions, and wherein lies the sense of alluring the latter class, if it be a foregone conclusion, that they will be driven out of the market by native labour. Enterprise and zeal in a cause, however good in itself, become absolutely harmful, if the modest virtue discretion is divorced from the efforts such qualities should inspire. If an hotel keeper expect to receive patronage, he must hold out certain inducements to the public to become his guests, of which none can be so important as the guarantee of a comfortable resting place. It is rather ruffling to one's equanimity to reflect upon the probable fate of the immigrants, should the tide of emigration suddenly turn and an exodus from Europe overflow South Africa. True enough, there is not sufficient vital power, nor numerical strength in the present communities, to make much headway, unaided against the dead weight of an inert mass of natives, and other natural obstacles to progress. Thus any amount of energy and work from within will be of little use, unless it take the form of an endeavour to draw assistance from without. Immigration agents and authorities must continue to use their suasive powers to entrap flies, *i.e.*, immigrants into their colonial nets. The mischief lies in their being no settled grooves in which to locate the imported labour. Before attracting settlers, pray do something to prepare the way for them, or the effect will only be to tie a mill stone around the colonial neck, by creating a very dangerous element, namely an element composed of malcontented, dissatisfied, indolent men. Many circumstances favourable to the success of giant and ambitious

schemes of colonisation exist. Land there is, if not in abundance, and while estimating at their full value, the drawbacks under which those who occupy it labour, it can be successfully maintained, that the lands in themselves might be made suitable enough. True, lack of water and the consequent necessary fall back upon artificial irrigation, with all its difficulties, have to be reckoned with. But this is not so important a factor in the case, as is the fact that these lands, where they are available for settlement, are too far away from the centres of life and of the markets of consumption, to be suitable. There are plenty of such farms, but they are in the hands of prosperous farmers, who are by no means anxious to sell them to anybody. The government of either colony, Natal or Cape Colony, has little land at its disposal, and it will therefore be seen that there is a grave danger of incurring serious consequences, should immigration be conducted carelessly or recklessly. False statements have too often been the stock in trade of immigration agents. Railway contractors, the commissioners of public works, no less than immigration amateurs of all kinds, have been guilty of these fallacious misrepresentations, and a very bad feeling has been produced in the breast of new settlers thereby. There has often been a difficulty in finding room for ever so small a consignment of men, a cataclysm of new comers might starve to death.

The prospects held out to Englishmen to become settlers are not so much false in themselves, as they are over-coloured and magnified. They are generally true enough in theory, but in practice there are too many "ifs and buts" to be surmounted, which "ifs and buts" have been unfairly suppressed by those interested in procuring settlers. In the words of the *Cape Argus*, "A new immigrant has very much to put up with. The new condition of affairs puzzles and often disappoints him," and if he be made of ordinary clay he is prone to take to drink as a palliative for his mental suffering and chagrin. However, there can be no doubt that artisans in constant work are able to earn far higher wages than such men can command at home. This increased remuneration for their services is a clear gain, even when we have made due allowance for the rebatement caused by the higher price of various

provisions, of house rent, and of some other items in the general cost of living; but I must not omit to mention the more important consideration, that thrifty, industrious men have a good chance of becoming their own masters.

Unhappily the strong tendency to intemperance, which a certain home sickness seems to foster, does much to mitigate these blessings. Very many of the artisan class in South Africa are natives of London, and this leads me, in this connection, to remark a very curious idiosyncrasy which has escaped my memory till now. I refer to the wonderful feeling of nationality, if I may so call it, which the Londoner abroad always develops. Void of any strong feeling of citizenship or local pride at home, he becomes possessed of these attributes to an abnormal extent, as soon as he finds thousands of miles of sea intervening between him and his ancient home. This peculiarity induces the most respectable man to hob-nob with the most utter outcast, to whom in London he would no more think of speaking, than of attempting to fly. He can talk to him of old scenes, old haunts, and reminiscences, and the delighted cockney forgets all else in the joy he experiences in recounting his old battles and his old pleasures—

“Though lost to sight, to memory dear”—

This weakness is a fruitful source of mischief, and often leads to the respectable mechanic's downfall, in short, to his being depraved to the level of his adopted companion.

From what has already fallen from me, it may be gathered that I consider that the class of men most wanted in South Africa are men of the rough and ready type. The class least wanted are gentleman immigrants of which class the colonies get supplies *ad nauseam*. In saying this I do not allude, in particular, to the fictitious gentleman, the swaggering cad, whom I have before now described, nor have I in mind those men of birth, but lost position, whose antecedents will not bear the light of day. I should be making the safest of statements were I to content myself with the assertion, that every steamer which arrives in Table Bay, brings at least one sample of both the foregoing types. I allude, however, just now, to men belonging to either the upper

middle class of society, or the upper class itself, who come to South Africa in search of such work as the laws of social tyranny will alone allow a gentleman to perform. There is a large class in England willing enough to work, as long as that work shall not jeopardise the idol to which they cling, social prestige. Their education, family antecedents, and general *entourage*, make them suppose that manual work must of a necessity be derogatory. Leaving this consideration outside of the question for a moment, it should not be forgotten that such men are often unfitted physically, and nearly always, moreover, from the lack of the qualifying knowledge, to engage in any pursuit which would require them to use their hands. Such men crowd into all our colonies, and especially into those which form the subject-matter of this book. Upon their arrival they appear to entertain the steadfast opinion that all native born Africanders should willingly give way in order to make room for them. The Africanders very properly object, at which the intruders hold up their hands in amazed horror and disgust. If men of education and of blood came to the colonies, determined to accommodate themselves to circumstances, to voluntarily divest themselves of the insignia of their birth and training, and to turn their hands literally, as well as metaphorically, to anything which might present itself, their presence would be an incalculable benefit to their adopted country. In the first place, the refinement of feeling, and of bearing, inherent in such men would tend to rub down the angularities and somewhat coarse characteristics inseparable from the rough lives and rougher natures of the mass of the people. Moreover, although they could never compete in the labour market with the British workman on his own ground, yet, taking into consideration the extreme dislike, not to say incompetency, of the average member of that class to undertake any work which may happen to lie somewhat outside the beaten boundary or ken of the routine of his actual trade, we arrive at the conclusion that the superior education and intelligence of the *gentleman* would give him a great advantage in a country where skilled labour is by no means in so great request, as is intelligent labour of an elastic though nondescript and indefinite character. The grand mischief, however, lies in the

fact that the gentleman immigrant, as a rule, does nothing of the kind foreshadowed. On the contrary, he contents himself in the utterance of loud complaints at the hardness of his fate, and in consequence he is kicked about from pillar to post, the martyr to his own indeterminate action and his own pride, until ultimately he too comes under the spell of home sickness, and with no means remaining to return to that "English earth which gave him birth," he falls an easy prey to the good-for-nothing black-legs and adventurers with which South Africa abounds, and for whom, in the main, she has also to thank England. Such men may be merely upstarts, or they may be shipwrecked mariners on the storm-tossed sea of life, like unto the very persons I have just now had under review. Anyhow they know how to talk to the decayed or home-sick "gentleman colonist" of scenes which are brightest in the recollection of his past history, and they prey upon their unfortunate victim, until the last remittance from England is spent, and the final sum has been raised and consecrated to Bacchus, from the sale of personal effects. By this time, such slaves of their own weaknesses, prejudices, and pride, and let me add, of their own bad luck, are ripe and ready to join the army of loafing detractors, and impecunious bullies, who are never far to seek in the vicinity of the hotels and canteens, eking out their precarious existence goodness knows how, and waiting with an impatient patience for some one to turn up from England whom they may either know, or may contrive to palm themselves upon. With inward glee they proceed to use their old arts to compass this man's ruin, so that they may fleece him during his downward course, and obtain fuel whereby they may keep the fire of their own vices burning. Their unhappy victims "commence dupes and finish knaves". I have seen very much of this kind of thing, and I have been a sufferer myself from the machinations of these reprobates. I therefore speak with some feeling upon the point. Truly, a man cannot fall without dragging down many others with him, and this is the saddest reflection of all those sad thoughts which the penning of the foregoing lines have brought uppermost in my mind.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GENTLEMAN IMMIGRANT.

“TO BURST ALL LINKS OF HABIT—THERE TO WANDER FAR AWAY.”

“A wise man should be quite sure that he does not go there from ill-temper— or to be pitted, or to be regretted, or from ignorance of what is to happen to him— or because he is a poet—but because he has not enough to eat here and is sure of abundance where he is going.”—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

THUS it comes that the successful European colonist—the man who has acquired wealth and independence—is not infrequently to be sought from among the hard-working German colonists, as well as from the no less pushing and accommodating immigrant from the north of the Tweed, or from the northern counties of England. The men who have succeeded in lifting themselves into the first rank of colonial society, are certainly not, as a general rule, men of good English family, nor are they often members of the artisan class. They belong rather to the more lowly round of the ladder of the middle classes of England, such as small tenant farmers, petty shopkeepers, bailiffs, and stewards, and butlers, retired army or constabulary sergeants. The reason for this is very plain. The rich capitalist comes, he sees, but through a glass darkly, and he *does not* conquer, but is conquered. A sort of ring is immediately formed around him, not by a settled plan of course, but intuitively. He is lawful prey or treasure trove, everybody's Tom Tiddler's ground. He has to pay for his experience. He may rise again, Phœnix-like, from the smouldering ashes of his departed fortunes, a wiser, if not a better man, certainly with a strong disposition to read the answer to the question in the catechism, as to one's duty to one's neighbour, in the same manner as the Board scholar, who considered that it rested in “keeping your eye upon him”. The poor man of pretensions,

unless he be willing, as he seldom is, to lay them aside, goes to the wall in the manner I have described. The labourer, pure and simple, has to compete with all kinds of native labour, and especially with the vegetarian Kaffir, who has no wardrobe to pother his life, nor "establishment" of any kind, worthy the name, to keep up. The British artisan, and really skilled mechanic is not in very great request, but if he possess the accommodating qualities I have fully mentioned, he is not likely to go very far wrong, should he choose a time of prosperity for his advent. The hard-trained, hard-headed, stick-at-nothing, rough and toughened men, untroubled with ideas, and unhampered by fancies, of which we have a never failing supply in our poorer tradesmen, are the men South Africa requires, and these are the men who come to the front there. Such fellows as these make headway, they open up colonial resources and industries, and possess themselves of the wealth of South Africa. They bring common sense to bear upon the problem of life, and they believe in the practical solution of all difficulties, the simple plan of "going at them". These men possess themselves of the capital of those unfortunate theorists who come to grief, and they avail themselves of the labour of Englishmen and natives as it may suit their purpose. Thus they bend all things to their will, and make them assist their onward progress. Men of this description hold the destinies of South Africa in their hands. They have risen deservedly by their own abilities, ordinary as they are, and to anyone gifted with strong, sound common sense, with some capital and technical knowledge, South Africa affords a grand field, and one which I can strongly recommend. Men who call a spade, a spade, and may-be don't scruple to call a pitchfork one also, if necessary; who are untroubled as to any idea of their position, or the necessity of maintaining it, in a manner which shall not give offence to their friends or to their family. These are the men Africa wants. To sum up this question of class immigration, let me say, that men with capital stand a good chance of losing it, should they invest in local concerns. The greatest care may not save them. A *gentleman* without capital, unless he have some special knowledge, or a

special aptitude to obtain useful colonial knowledge, is the last man in the world to come to Africa. In short the best connected immigrants are the least successful colonists. The fairly well educated man who desires a clerkship, will find the market nearly as glutted as it is at home, and when vacancies occur, or places are created, colonial born men get the preference. I don't say that such a man has no chances, but they are not brilliant, saving perhaps in the case of the Diamond Fields. But let no man who has served his apprenticeship in any large centre of commerce in England, and has in consequence become more or less blighted by the "nipping" system of the present day, go to Kimberley. Unless he have an exceptional constitution, or unless he become a disciple of the temperance party, the grave will assuredly open for him in a few years. The truth of the matter is, as affecting clerks, that their market all over the world is overstocked, and be our commercial prosperity what it may, it is likely to be overstocked for some time to come. We must cure this ill-balanced condition of affairs, or rather it will work its own cure. Technical education is beginning to occupy its proper place in the estimation of the public. This must inevitably be followed by the removal of the stigma from manual labour, and the sources from which clerks are drawn, will in time to come, change their nature, and supply the world with men of sterner mould. But at present this superplusage of clerks, is no less a serious problem abroad, than it is nearer home. Some time must elapse before we shall return to the old Roman custom. Parents will need to learn a great many hard lessons in addition to those which have already been forced upon them, before they will consent to allow their boys to learn a trade; St. Paul a patrician of patricians, was a maker of tents, let it be remembered. The day will come when the cultured, intelligent artificer will hold a higher social position than the mere automatic black-coated quill driver and desk duster. A good carpenter or a skilled engineer, can always get a living, but a clerk, be he ever so competent, must often starve. To such unhappy men, I would say, gloomy advice as it may seem to be, you had better starve in England than in the colonies, for at home, starving may

be made a comparatively comfortable process yonder, you will inevitably have a rough time of it in your downward descent, and you will probably call the bottle to your aid to assist you to "shuffle off this mortal coil," when you see your Nemesis close behind you, the veiled figure, that "holds the keys of all the creeds". *Ennui* and disgust, neglect and short rations, generally receive a fillip to spur them on to accomplish their fell work, from their natural ally and bed-fellow King Alcohol.

I have in mind, however, cases of men of the very highest birth, who have heroically set to and turned to honest menial labour, at the very outset. These men have nearly always come to the front in the long run. Such cases are few and far between, so much the pity. Men, who by some disastrous stroke of fortune, have been deprived of their substance, and are anxious to begin life on their own account at the very bottom, and work their way up again, will do well to seek a sphere for such a life in these colonies. In the first place, the come down from being waited upon, to having to do themselves the rough work required by the community, is not so wounding to their feelings as the same thing would be at home, and their chances of succeeding in their plucky resolution are far brighter. Unfortunately, the majority who consent so to descend, only do so when all other methods of gaining a livelihood whatsoever have failed, and with them this descent, instead of meaning the birth of a high and noble self-respect, signifies the last flicker, nay, the death, of whatever lamp of self-respect may have hitherto burnt within. The fate of these poor wretches is pitiable to behold.

Mechanics and artisans upon landing in South Africa are guilty of the faults I have described in their superiors. They imagine that they are going to jump immediately into positions superior to those which they occupied at home, and this long before they have given any earnest of what they can do. They imagine the moment that they arrive, they are to blossom into the full bloom—employers of labour, masters in fact. This remark holds good even in the case of farm labourers. The *Colesberg Advertiser* says:—

“General outside servants, or in other words, farm labourers,

who have been imported, have not, we understand, hitherto answered the expectations of their employers, but are rather a nuisance than otherwise, seeing that they demand to be treated in a manner to which their station in life certainly does not entitle them, nor can they have been accustomed to anything like the amount of attention which they demand. And this does not apply to outside servants only. This proves, not that assisted immigrants of the class last mentioned are, naturally, unsuitable for these parts, but simply that the right stamp of man has not been selected by the agents in England. We fear that it is too often the case that men who, owing to their own peculiarities, do not get on there, are selected for the colony. If so, it is not to be wondered at if employers find their servants a hindrance instead of a help, and that the money they have expended in getting them out is simply thrown away."

That all cannot be masters—Jack Cade, notwithstanding—is abundantly clear. That the skilled artisan is required in a certain measure in all the South African colonies is a fact which it would want a bold man to dispute. Railways and docks are in progress everywhere in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, which is also erecting a grand building for the accommodation of the Members of the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly, the parliamentary debates having hitherto been carried on in a poor and inconvenient structure. There are not wanting many who maintain that it is not honest to recommend men belonging to this class to leave their homes and seek to better themselves in the colonies. The pay which they receive is certainly in excess of that which they can command in England, but English workmen soon cry out that they cannot work with so much ease as they could at home, while they complain of the heavy charges to which they have to submit, in the purchase of not a few of the necessities of life. I think I may safely say that in Port Elizabeth, and perhaps in the Eastern Province generally, the skilled artisan is more likely to get on than in the Western Province. Some discontented artisans say that a man who has a perfect knowledge of his trade had better stop in England unless he have some capital, then he may become an employer of labour,

but many artisans have become employers of labour although they have by no means always been those who possessed capital at the start. More often they have had their own economy and native wit to thank for their advance. These two qualities have given them the power of putting by a certain amount of money, so that when the favourable tide came in their affairs, they were enabled to take it at the flood, and let it bear them on its bosom upwards. And here is one of the key notes to the whole question of success or non-success. Fortunes are surely and even rapidly made by clever artisans of average ability and sobriety, who, being ambitious, possess the rare power of being able to save something from that which they earn.

That there is a cry for labour in all the colonies despite the large black population, cannot be controverted. It comes from the agricultural districts, and from the towns. Farms, public works, private buildings are at a standstill for the want of hands to work, or rather for the want of hands that *will work* and can work efficiently. This fact is perhaps not so much owing to the absence of the needful kind of labour in the colonies, as to the unsettled and roving tendencies which artisans appear to develop in South Africa. Even when workmen have good pay, good and indulgent masters, easy hours, and every other advantage to make them contented, they yet are apt to throw up work when everything seems best with them. They are drawn to the Fields or to pastures new elsewhere. While this is true, the labour difficulty presses heavily upon the colonies. The worst feature of the case is this, that the colonists are content to oscillate from an attitude of almost utter indifference as to the manner of getting out of this difficulty, or else they go in for immigration in a foolish and ill-digested manner. The old colony can point to many instances of the latter folly, and as to Natal, I happened to be present in that colony when 100 immigrants landed in Durban—skilled artisans—who, upon their arrival found absolutely nothing to do. The manner of their treatment I shall reserve for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RECKLESS IMMIGRATION.

“THE BREAKING OF THE LADDER STILL CASTETH A MAN BACK.”

“Life is a pool prone to stagnation, if it be not ever refreshed by flowing streams of vital water.”—*Anon.*

A PUBLIC meeting was called to lecture the disappointed immigrants into a proper feeling and appreciation of their own demerits and insignificance, and although they were all supposed to be *picked men*, they were gravely informed that they were *to be made men of*, but that at present, a Natalian equalled twelve home-bred Englishmen. Moreover, that they must be contented at first, to receive a quarter of the pay which they could get in England. In time, if they were good boys, their good qualities should receive due recognition, and their incomes should be increased considerably. The empty feast was concluded by plentiful dishes of egotism and self-laudation. They seemed to forget, these inflated Natalians, that they owed much of their success to the original grants of land made to them, and to the fact that the Kaffirs were under their control in the early days of colonisation, and more could be made out of them; whereas the new-comers had to compete with coolies and Kaffirs in the labour market—labour comparatively cheap, though extremely disagreeable.

It is true that Mr. Greenacre and other worthy citizens rendered these poor deluded immigrants some little aid, and supplied them with food to keep the wolf from the door. But what a state of affairs was here. Men sent out for a specific purpose, to find instant and willing employers, at a high rate of wages, and to supply a want—found themselves reduced to destitution, instead of being on the highroad to earn a competency as they were told

that they would be. They were not informed, so they all asserted, that they would have to rough it, or that they were coming to help to make a colony; they were given to understand rather, that they were certain to find instant employment at an increased rate of remuneration. After being huddled together in the coolie barracks, and supplied with food for a week, they were sent on the wide world to seek a home, in a town where the house rent is preposterously high, and most of the houses are dilapidated and ill-built. How were they to earn their daily bread, when nobody required their services? How to buy food when prices were in so many respects higher than at home? Was this fair or just? One man, named Goldsmith, a glazier by trade, took Mr. Hartley's bombastic egotism to task, for it was Mr. Hartley who was the most insulting of the speakers, in his strictures upon the unfortunate dupes. This Goldsmith came from Petticoat Lane, and he had broken up a house, and sold all that he possessed for two hundred pounds, in order to reach the colony. He appeared to be one of those anomalous hybrid animals, half-foreman, half-master, and not above acting in his original capacity as a journeyman, when occasion presented itself. A man of evident pluck and intelligence. This fellow had been told that he could get machine work for his daughters, who by this means had earned £3 per week in London. He told the promoters of the meeting all this and much more, and then went out and put himself in competition with a model Natalian glazier. He did the same amount of work as this man had taken three days to perform, in one day, and was paid £1 for his trouble, while his rival had received £5 for no more work. But he could get no consecutive employment, in a place where at that time ten men would flood the labour market. He decided to go to Ovompo to trade with the natives, and possessing some capital and plenty of brains, I believe he did well; whereas many of the less fortunate immigrants, had to work out their deliverance as best they might. The happy-go-lucky policy which leads to this sort of thing, is extremely ill-advised, and does much harm to the colony. The reports which such immigrants send home are naturally prejudicial to the interests of the colonies, and prevent men from

coming out at more favourable times, when they are really required.

Small farmers would be the making of Natal, were there any chance of introducing them on advantageous terms, but you must grant them land, and put them *en route* of roads and near to towns.

The questions of the kind of immigrants required and the proper time to introduce them are so serious, that it seems almost insane to attempt to deal with them.

It is true that the working man makes a good living in the colonies, but then it is no good introducing specific labour, until industries are in full operation, and industries cannot be started successfully unless you have men of enterprise and capital on the spot, either as principals or backers. Those who have money are compelled to pay pretty heavily for the services of men who have not money, but although this fact conduces to high wages, and causes wealth to be diffused and divided, and is so far healthful, still where the capital of the community is inadequate, this division is after all only a partial blessing, as there is precious little money to split up. South Africa will weather all these difficulties when her capabilities come to be properly understood, and men of capital and brains, of light and leading, combine to make a vigorous onslaught upon the tremendous difficulties which beset the colonies.

Handicapped by native difficulties and many natural disadvantages, the Cape has never offered the same inducements to Emigration as have some other colonies. I have heard men exclaim, who have become intimately acquainted with all our colonies: "With all the Empire before him, a man is a fool or an idiot to choose South Africa". This is all very well, but it is quite unfair. It is true that these colonies are at present under a cloud, but when that cloud has been lifted, the glorious possibilities for this land which Lady Florence Dixie not inaptly describes as "the land of misfortunes," will be clear to everyone, and will put many places which are now lording it over the Cape of Good Hope, quite into the background.

It is perfectly clear, however, that South Africa will never make

much headway unless it be helped from without. It must have extraneous aid, it is quite powerless to work out a great future alone. There is not enough stuff in the place, nor will that stuff be born or evolved out of the materials in men and capital it at present possesses.

The first great necessity is a much larger European population ; of this the colonists are conscious. Hence the fitful and feverish attention they pay to this question, but a system of immigration and settlement is wanted. The absence of this is the reason of the failure. The country requires to bring to her aid, the mature counsels of those who can model and plan, and have experience. She possesses grand endowments lying *perdu* but she has not learnt the magic word, the "open sesame," which will put her on the road to make them her own. South Africa must rest for a while, build her railways, docks, and bridges, clear and open up her waste lands, and then perhaps, and not till then, will she have room for skilled labour of the more advanced type.

In South Africa, "rough and ready" principles are in the ascendant. Nothing is brought to perfection there, as I have already remarked. Everything is sent home in the rudest pristinity to be made up on the European continent or in England. Thus the "unfinished hand," and the indifferent workman may stand a fair chance of bettering himself by making the colonies his home. In short, the Jack-of-all-trades is the man most wanted in a place where, for instance, the building and engineering professions are amalgamated into one. So that the terms, mason and bricklayer, are synonymous. The itinerant bricklayer, thatcher, and tiler is an institution no less than the resident tinker, a man of many qualifications, for he can undertake anything from repairing a smoking tube, or watch, and so on by easy transitions to putting the gloss upon a stove pipe hat.

It is the same in all new settlements. The man wanted and the man to get on, is not the thorough man in one particular trade, but the man of nerve, aptness, elasticity, and adaptability, who can conform to the rough and unformed industries of the place, doing a little of this and a little of that, turning his superficial knowledge to more account than he can at home, where all industries are

settled in hard and fast grooves, and thoroughness in one particular thing, and in that alone, is required.

Agricultural labourers and tillers of the soil must everywhere precede skilled mechanics, for the bare necessities of life must be guaranteed before its luxuries can be thought of. Country immigrants will be more satisfied with the colonies than the inhabitants of the towns. The man who starts from his home carrying his destiny in the palm of his hand, knowing that he is doing so, and who is determined to get on, come what may, but has found himself too much hemmed in at home to make that end attainable there, may well hope and look with a calm faith for reward in South Africa. Such men as these are the German immigrants. Not only those who belonged to the German legion, and were granted tracts of land at the end of the Crimean War, but many others of the same nationality. They work steadily towards the goal of their own independence. Mr. Merriman said of them that they were not troubled with too much ambition, and in consequence of this, Afrianders of position consider them to be safe and useful citizens. They pursue the even tenour of their way, neither diverging to the right nor to the left, but simply working for their present living, and to make provision for rainy days, and for old age. It is strange how soon these Germans forget their beloved *Vaterland*. A German who may have been resident in the colonies some ten years, comes to you one morning, and tells you that he thinks he has earned a holiday, and purposes making a run over to Europe. You ask him if he is going home. He answers, "Yes," and in your innocence you ask him to which of the German States he belongs. He will answer, laughingly: "Oh, I am going to your home, to England". This shows that the imperial idea has made some headway. These Germans are evidently believers in that which Dr. Johnson said was the Scotchman's creed—that the finest road he ever saw was the highroad which led him to England. The German makes the colonies that high-road.

I have more than once insisted that the labour question weighs very heavily upon the future of the colonies, and of this, immigration is only a part. Moreover, the area of British influence in

South Africa is at present too much proscribed. This really, more than any other cause, stunts her development. Africa's future will never be fought out in our present colonies; her future lies far away beyond the Transvaal, in the rich uplands of the Zambesi, and still higher up.

To sum up this question of immigration, let me say that the men who will succeed in Africa are either large capitalists who can bring experience of their own, or are allied to men of experience whom they can trust; or small capitalists with a knowledge of agriculture or with an aptitude for bargaining and bartering, or with a special technical knowledge combined with an adaptable temperament.

Shopkeepers' assistants will also I fancy do well. Clerks who do not mind turning their hands to manual labour and to assist in this manner in stores or shops receive salaries ranging from £10 to £20 a month. But what ought to be avoided for the sake of South Africa's fair fame is the system of persuading skilled mechanics to spend their little all to be assisted to the colonies of Natal at times when Natal cannot employ them. Men who might be fairly comfortable at home, or in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, or the States, naturally resent this conduct. In the Cape Colony immigrants are not allowed to come under the £7 fee, unless consigned to some particular employer of labour in the colony. This tends to mitigate the mischief of indiscriminate and ill-advised immigration, and keeps the evil within bounds, while it absolves the colonial authorities from all blame should disappointments and misunderstandings occur.

In conclusion, I feel called upon to say, how deeply I regret that the Home Government should allow its nervous dread of increasing its responsibilities, or of being accused of earth hunger, or "imperialism"—that much maligned and ill-treated word, seeing that an imperialistic policy should be the first duty of the government of an Empire—to betray it into a most unfair, short-sighted, and callous, nay criminal indifference, in this matter of emigration. The colonies themselves, are also miserably supine in their attitude towards this important subject. They have a grand inheritance, in the reserve force of brain and muscle, stored up in the lumber rooms of this little isle; and we have an equally

glorious portion in the fields for the further expansion and development of our race with which our colonies have endowed us. Let us be up and doing. Let every ratepayer, every honest citizen, every subscriber to charity organisations, every guardian of the poor, or justice of the peace, every minister of religion, or disciple of socialism, in brief every true patriot or lover of his fellow-men—bring his full weight to bear upon our government to compel it to introduce as much order and method into all the emigration that proceeds from these shores, as at present obtains in the Post Office, Horse Guards, and Admiralty. We want a new grand imperial department—a National Emigration Office.

And moreover, let all classes of artisans and labourers, instead of emasculating their energies in miserable strikes, *i.e.*, in an everlasting effort to destroy capital and so drive all trade and prosperity from the country; no less than in vapid vapourings against land owners, and against the constitution of society; which if it is to be changed at all, can only be changed by revolution and communism, or in other words, general national collapse and annihilation; or else by a slow and healthful process of natural transition: bring all that waste force to bear upon the government to constrain it, not only to retain and annex all the circum-adjacent lands in the vicinity of our colonies, in order that they may be meted out in a common sense and systematic manner to British subjects: but also to treat with the colonies and dependencies of the Crown, so that openings may be created for our surplus citizens, where they would be capable of doing magnificent service to the general interests of the grandest empire the world has ever seen, and to the human family at large.

Thus I have endeavoured to deal with this all-important subject of immigration in as broad and liberal, and at the same time as exhaustive and comprehensive a manner, as I could command, and I hope that my honest endeavour to throw a little light upon a vexed question has resulted in doing justice to the subject itself and to South Africa and its citizens in particular. The land question is intimately connected with the foregoing topic, and although I have already alluded to it from time to time, I think it is of sufficient importance and interest to deserve a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAND AND ITS MASTERS.

“THE EARTH!—WHERE IS MY EARTH?”

“I do not admit that the government has any right to interfere with those who hold land here, no matter how large the monopoly may be; and I do not think it just to place any special tax on absentee proprietor's land or any body else's. The same tax should be on everybody's land, and every man's right to what he honestly holds should be respected without distinction, even if he hold half the country. It is nobody's business but his own what he does with his land as long as he does not break any of the country's laws. If the government has been foolish enough to allow large tracks of land to slip through its fingers, it has done a wrong, and it should suffer the consequences, not make the present owner of the land feel the weight of its shortcomings. If it wish to open up any of the land so held, it should make overtures in an honourable way for its purchase, and if the owner would rather have it locked up, let him alone fill up all the land about him, until he is smothered to death in his own exclusiveness, by the potent march of civilization. Because certain individuals choose to govern their own business as it suits them, it is no reason that the government should shut itself up in a like hard steel of fossil non-progressiveness.”—*Address by Mr. J. E. Fernside at the Council Chamber, Durban.*

“Mr. Fernside had said, we must break no laws to counteract detrimental legislation on the land question. But by means of taxation, or by some other proceedings, we must regain possession of alienated lands. Until the government had land to give, and had adopted some comprehensive scheme for the permanent location of small farmers and agricultural labourers upon it, he could see no hope for the advancement of Natal.”—*Excerpt from Speech by J. S. L. on foregoing Address.*

“This is a danger inherent in the constitution of imperfect human nature—that rights based on custom should insensibly lead to the assertion of exclusive rights. As population crowds closer against the boundaries of the aced magnate, so will his lot appear more enviable to the thickening mass; so will the value of his possessorship become more actual and more visible to himself, and so will he claim for himself a closer-bound network of legal protection. No forms and no amount of legislation can prevent this tendency, and its development must be awaited with patient apprehension. But in the ordinary course of events, in a popularly governed country, the evil will not be an all-absorbing one until a matured and prosperous commonalty has advanced far on the stage of progress, and has arrived at a height of political intelligence, based on the lessons of experience, which may enable it skilfully to unloose, instead of violently to dis sever, the environing cords of an oppressive land system.”—*C. J. Rowe in “Bonds of Disunion, or, English Misrule in the Colonies”.*

OBSERVING my previous rule, I do not intend to enter into a disquisition upon the land laws or other distinctions and characteristics of a legislative or political character which affect land in South Africa. Eschewing statistics, I shall only endeavour to give a general idea of the difficulties connected with the land, in so far as they affect the introduction of immigrants, and the development of the country. It is purely fallacious to suppose, as is very generally supposed in this country, that the immigrant upon arriving in South Africa, immediately comes into possession of an allotment of land. He does nothing of the kind. Neither in Natal nor in the Cape Colony is this the case, nor has it been the case for a long time past. In both colonies there are certain crown lands, in the possession of their respective governments, but in the former they have been practically made over to the railway contractors and others, while in the latter they are being sold from time to time to the farmers in the vicinity of those plots which may be put up for auction. Farmers require more land as their farms expand, and this is very commonly their method of obtaining it. As to the grants of land in Natal, I met many original grantees there, who had never even seen the fifty-acre allotments which they received on settlement. This will be thought strange, but we must not forget that these plots are in many cases miles away from a town or village, situate in the middle of dense bush, unapproachable by road, or even by foot-path. Remembering these conditions we can readily understand that such lands can be of no possible use to any man.

All these difficulties, of course, might be successfully surmounted by united action. If the colonists could agree to proceed personally to their allotments in large gangs or parties, each member of these gangs, taking his share in making roads, bridges, and all the necessary preparatory work of a new settlement; and moreover, in clearing away the bush, the case would be different. Englishmen however, are not good at organisations of this kind. When London was burnt down in 1666, Sir Christopher Wren saw a splendid chance of building a magnificent city, with parallel and broad streets, uniform houses and so on. The individuality and independence of our race made even a very partial realisation of

his wishes quite impossible. Were such a disaster to again befall London we can scarcely doubt a similar dogged obstinacy and determined isolation would be evinced. The Emperor Napoleon and Baron Hausmann had different men to deal with in Paris, hence their efforts were successful, and they made the French capital one of the finest cities in the world. This idiosyncrasy on the part of Britishers, although it possesses its undoubted advantages, and in fact, it is perhaps to this very *curse*—as the Americans say—in our natures, that we owe the establishment of our colonial empire, has its distinct drawbacks none the less. Want of organisation and preparation have shattered the best chances of many of our brightest colonies. This is most emphatically true of Natal, as it is of many parts of South Africa which, unlike Australia and Canada, are so peculiarly situated, from the lack of natural and physical advantages, they should not have been left to themselves and their own devices, to the extent which they have been. If Natal had been settled by men suited for the work, and an arbitrary condition had been enforced in taking them out, that they should consent to bind themselves to occupy and live upon the lands granted to them, how far more advanced and happy the colony would be now.

The land in Natal is alienated in useless grants, either too minute to be of any value, or in enormous districts which are in the hands of absentee proprietors, who retain their hold upon them, because they feel, that when the colony wakes up and begins to make strides, they can command their own prices for their land which is of little value at present. Thus the old colonists and the Natal Colonisation Company have a firm hold on expansive tracts of land which, being untaxed, they can readily retain. New comers complain that they cannot obtain land which shall be of value to them, unless they pay very heavily for it. In the Cape also, vast tracts of land were ruthlessly granted many generations since. Much of that which remains is totally useless, for the present at any rate. It is either sandy desert, or waterless waste. This absence, or at all events dearth of water, is a matter which I propose to deal with in a separate chapter, but it is nevertheless responsible among other causes for the slow progress the colonies have made. South Africa is in every respect a difficult country

to govern and to administrate, and this land question helps to complicate matters not a little. It is too often forgotten, or estimated at too light a value, that to say nothing of the immense hordes of natives living within the boundaries of the colonies who must be provided for somehow, the more progressive section of the population have to contend with the inert mass of Dutch conservatism and exclusiveness. The Dutch in many cases have a firm hold upon the land. The English Canadians have something of the same kind to put up with in North America from the opposition of their French co-colonists.

Natal is, however, as we have already seen, in the worst possible position regarding her land question. Sir Henry Bulwer has tried hard to grapple with the difficulty, but were I to enter into a detailed account of these efforts I should weary my readers. Suffice it to say that like all the Australian Colonies, Natal is beginning bitterly to regret her thoughtless folly in disposing of her land, or rather the folly of those who were responsible for the mistake. The time has gone by when any very extensive policy of land granting and settlement can be attempted in Natal, and in fact I may say truly that the future development of South Africa proper must now rest more immediately and directly upon the opening up of her mineral resources, and only indirectly upon the occupation of her land. This initial mistake of alienating the land cannot be got over now, except by confiscation or some measures of excessive taxation which would amount to the same thing. One would have thought that England herself had supplied sufficient examples of the mischief of too much land being in the possession of one man, to have acted as a warning to our young colonies. But their very youth has been their pitfall. Many a vigorous young man with boundless and inexhaustible stores of health, plays ducks and drakes with that health until the day of reckoning reminds him that he was not impervious. The owner of the finest estate and the most ample rent-roll discovers at last that there is a point beyond which extravagance and reckless expenditure cannot go, but as a rule he does not chose to think of this until it is too late, until his "bills are past renewing with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego".

The Indian Government adopts a wise system of land management. It is called the perpetual settlement grant. A tract of land is conceded, on the sole condition, that it shall remain forever the property of the government—the actual possession of which it is free to resume, at any moment—that is to say, when state requirements may necessitate such resumption. Still, as long as the rent, or rather tax, be paid, no other person can outbid the occupier. Should the government elect at any time to assert their right of restitution, it binds itself to pay, in accordance with a fair and equitable valuation for all improvements, buildings, or other effects upon the compound, and to allow in addition for its increased market value. The only drawback to the system is, that the allottees are too often powerful rajahs, and in this way they become possessed of immense tracts of country. Such possessions, unfortunately, tend to increase their political importance. Moreover, the value of some of this land, in the possession of native princes, has increased tenfold under English protection and auspices, whereas, its rateable value, from which the government draws its revenue has remained stationary. At the time of the Mutiny, no advantage was taken to re-adjust the imposts, or to re-grant the land to Europeans; consequently, while all kinds of fresh taxes have been devised to meet increased expenditure, these Indians themselves have remained unaffected, and continue, moreover, to be very powerful factors in the State. I am aware that arguments are not wanting which would tend to justify this policy. It gives, it is said, influential natives an incentive to, and an interest and motive in, being loyal to the English Government. Whether this be so or not, I cannot but think that Natalians should seize the first opportunity, which the chapter of accidents may supply, to regain possession of the enormous tracts of land which they have wantonly given over to strangers and aliens. Major Butler, some years ago, drew attention in forcible language to the evils of the Kaffir squatting system; to the existence of plots of unused land in the middle of industrial centres; and to the loud and just cry for the construction of roads, in order to make the waste lands available for useful purposes. The remedies he proposed were more or less

confiscatory in character, but if viewed in a broad light, they can scarcely be said to have been so; for while compelling landowners to lease a part of their land, a *sine quâ non*, moreover, which many hold, was tacitly understood, or at least expected, if not openly expressed, when the land concessions were granted; advantages were offered in exchange for this temporary resignation of the rights of proprietorship. These were that at the expiration of a quarter of a century, the lands should be purchasable at an upset price; whereas, in the meantime, the settler's rent should be appraised at 1s. per acre. However favourably this solution may have been received, and it certainly essayed to deal in a more drastic and complete manner with the difficult problem of alienation than any other scheme, and offered the most effective remedy on this score; the legislature naturally shrank from the adoption of a principle so revolutionary in its character. It certainly went to the very root of the time-honoured axiom—that individuals and companies have the right to manage and dispose of their own property in any way they may think proper. In these latter days we have seen, nearer home, this principle and precept of political economy defied and trampled upon in the most open manner.

It has been suggested also that absentee land proprietors should be heavily taxed, in that, during their absence, their property requires the protection of the state to a far greater extent, than it would, were they themselves present to protect it. In Natal some eight million acres of land have been alienated,—lands which if used at all, are given up to pastoral pursuits. In the reign of Henry VIII. all arable lands in England were used as pasturage fields, which led to Sir Thomas More's declaration, "that the sheep had become so ravenous that they threatened to devour all England". It cannot be said that the future of Natal is so much in jeopardy from these harmless animals as it is from those objectionable refugees—human animals—who have earned the appellation of black sheep; but that the waste lands and the Kaffir allotments are eating out the very vitals of Natal can be confidently asserted and maintained. Sir Henry Bulwer remarks that, "it is desirable that more effective means should

be adopted with the view of securing a suitable occupation of the vast tracts of waste and unoccupied lands which throughout the length and breadth of the country form its pervading and most striking feature, while new regulations should be made, for the future disposal of the lands, which still remain in the possession of the Crown". This land difficulty is mainly responsible for the disheartening fact that while the natives have increased four-fold since the English occupation, the white population does not even now exceed the insignificant total of 28,000 souls. This continual infiltration of Kaffirs from beyond our boundaries, although it speaks volumes for the fairness and indulgence of our attitude towards the natives, and in short we could scarcely wish for a more convincing proof of the beneficence of British rule; is still, a most serious trouble for the Natalians. Those who sympathise with strict utilitarian views consider that in time this congestion of natives, and their usurpation of the land will yield to natural causes. As fire-water has destroyed the Red Indian, so rum will obliterate the native difficulty. This end will be all the sooner brought about by the introduction of Englishmen to set the example, or as the French would say *pour encourager les autres*. It is a somewhat dreadful alternative and should not be entertained for a moment. The natives must have a fair chance of asserting themselves however inconvenient their presence may be. In other British colonies the increase of the white and decrease of the black elements in the community have gone on contemporaneously. Not so here. The natives increase and multiply and replenish the earth, and their presence, lazy and indolent as they are, prevents the government from introducing the "classes of settlers of which the colony stands most in need, that is to say small farmers, agricultural labourers, and country settlers generally".

The labour market of the two permanent townships of Natal is more or less adequately supplied, but to use a Jeromesque expression, "Natal languishes" for the want of a rural population. Surely Natal and England might come to some understanding whereby many of the half-starved labourers of our midland counties might be transplanted to the rich waste lands of Natal; albeit

as I have already abundantly proved, the difficulty is that land cannot be obtained with the same facility as it can be acquired in other colonies.

Many plans for accomplishing this result have been ventilated from time to time. Sir Henry Bulwer proposed a scheme of special settlements. Under the provision of this scheme groups of settlers were to be located in various places, in blocks of 2,000 to 10,000 acres, well divided out. Take for example a block of 5,000 acres, and break it up into allotments of from 20 to 50 acres each for the location of one family; communage and public purposes' land being reserved. These plots would be leased for 21 years, free of rental for the first seven or ten years, and assessed at a low rate of rental for the next eleven or fourteen years, with the right of pre-emption at certain rates at the expiration of the lease; the condition being *bonâ fide* occupation and improvement of the land. These little colonies would become the centres of powerful communities as have under somewhat similar circumstances, Queenstown, King William's Town, and Beaufort in the old colony. Three ways were suggested by which this purpose might be attained: (1) By the selection of suitable sites out of the remaining crown lands; (2) by the resumption of unoccupied township lands; (3) by private treaty for land with private individuals. A board of land and immigration has been established for these objects.

All this would cost money, however, and I fear could not be done without England's help, but whenever the colony sees a chance of doing anything in this direction, it certainly behoves her to pursue such a policy with all the energy and means at her disposal, not despising helpers from every country. If agriculturists from England will not respond to the invitation, import them from Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. Such sensible action as this would at all events mitigate existing evils, growing out of unoccupied lands, and an indolent and do-nothing agrestic population. It is little use to cry over spilt milk, and as Sir Henry Bulwer has said, it is entirely opposed to all sense of justice and right to seize private property, although by every fair and legal means, such portions of the alienated lands, as are

really a clog on the colonies should be recovered upon every fitting opportunity. The scheme of settling what lands remain with white immigrants might be expected to result in the ultimate utilisation of much land now tied up, while the existence of a considerable white population of industrious farm labourers, would doubtless have a wholesome influence on the lolling blacks, and teach them that they must either work or be elbowed out of the way by more energetic rivals.

Natal ought to set herself resolutely to the task of bringing out a number of industrious families from the rural counties, and also small farmers with some capital, who might be granted plots of land of considerable size. But it is no good to do this unless a certain system be preserved, and the whole scheme be well planned and worked out. It is one thing to bring families here, and quite another to put them in the way of getting a fair start in life. The class of persons to be brought over would necessarily be without means. From whence are they to get tools wherewith to build their houses, implements whereby to till the soil, or provender, to supply their creature wants withal. To provide them with these necessaries for a period, either in kind, or by a money grant, in either case, of course, to be repaid in course of time, would be a necessity. I am personally acquainted with the health and prosperity of the superior peasantry or small farmers of some parts of France and Northern Italy, and many a time I have been entertained in courtly, if in humble style, by a polished agricultural farmer, who ploughed his own little estate himself, and spoke a *patois* dialect, and who probably would be puzzled to know how to sign his own name. If our colonies could secure settlers with half the careful frugality of these honest fellows; who put by annually four-fifths of their income in the *Rentes*, in order to be able to give their daughters decent dowries, and to start their sons in respectable trades; and who at the same time, manage to find the means to carry out some cherished improvement, upon their little estates: the results of even a reckless introduction of some of the surplus rural peasantry of England might be anticipated with complaisance.

But Englishmen, and Colonial Englishmen especially, are not

so content, and it would be folly to expect any such providence as this on their part. My own humble opinion is that it would be better to colonise on a centralised scale. I think it would be well to introduce gentlemen farmers, or large tenant farmers, under certain conditions; such, for instance, as their ability to guarantee the possession of the requisite capital to start and continue the scheme. Let such men have farms on nominal and easy terms. They must be bound down by an agreement to keep so many European or English labourers constantly in their service, under a sub-agreement with them, that after some years, say ten, of faithful service, they should be entitled to certain small portions of the farm, say 30 acres, at a low rental and on equitable terms. By this means that important class of yeomanry, and the vertebrate peasantry of which Goldsmith sang, would be secured to the colony.

The 1857-60 grants of from 3000 to 6000 acres were made, in a free and easy "here you are, my boy" kind of manner, and the results were nugatory if not vicious. Had the allottees been under any obligations of a sensible and well thought out nature, they would have been more successful. It is said that in all these suggested arrangements for the benefit of new colonists, the rights of the old Fathers of the nation are set on one side, and those men who have borne the burthen and heat of the day, are allowed to "shift for themselves," while new comers are petted and given every advantage. But the original settlers got many "pickings;" this cannot be denied, and moreover in the preceding scheme I would as far as practicable, make the colonists themselves stand in the place of the *gentleman farmers* I have put at the head of the project. It would be better upon all counts that these fiefes in chief—for in the beginning of this innovation a kind of modified feudal system would be revived—should be old settlers. Let good, trustworthy colonists, of experience and with small capital, be entrusted with the moulding of these young societies. I think England might with great advantage to herself assist in this work and in fact in any and every good scheme which has for its object the development and utilisation of the waste lands of her colonies. Natal being a

crown colony, and moreover one which has suffered the most disastrous blows from the mistakes of Downing Street, is especially entitled to such help. The extended commercial relations which must inevitably accrue from the expansion of any of the dominions under the British flag must benefit the father quite as much as the son, and it is to England's interest to free herself of over population, which allowed to exist, leads and has led to the very costly luxury of pauperism and crime. In concluding this chapter it may be well to say to all those who may be interested in land in Natal, that any measures approximating to the foregoing, must inevitably increase the value of their vested interests.

St. Benedict says that "idleness is the enemy of the soul". The native squatting system, and the disregard of waste lands are idle, narrow, and mischievous systems; are moreover eminently unfair to the white immigrants, for they tend to rob them of the land.

We have gone too far along a bad road in Natal to retrace our steps and begin anew: we can only mitigate existing troubles, not cure them. Sir Henry Bulwer has always looked at this matter in the calm and unimpassioned manner peculiar to him. He has endeavoured more than once to point the finger of prudence and circumspection to a way out of these difficulties. He knows full well that sweeping measures of reform are painful to all concerned. They are dangerous, and are almost sure to be failures. Reformation and reconstruction must be gradual to be operative.

Regarding the unfairness of allowing absentee proprietors to retain possession of the land, much nonsense is talked. How much money has been taken out of England and spent, never to return, in Turkish harems, or in quelling Spanish or Peruvian revolts; out of Ireland and spent in England, out of England and dissipated in Natal? The rights of property are inviolable. Natalians, however, are not envious of becoming French Communists or Spanish Internationalists. It is true that I entertain the firm conviction that had Natal since our first occupation managed her land with a little regard for the future, she would now not only have a quadruple white population; but quadrupled resources.

Natal, however, has no need to fear for the future. She may

court a fair competition with the Kaffirs. As land increases in value, as increase it must, the blacks must pay a heavier hut tax; and this they will be unable to do unless they work. If they cannot and will not work, the sooner they clear out the better for the Natalians, who may fitly take their locations and respectfully dedicate their services to some warlike potentate in Central Africa. In all future settlements in Africa, the land should be dispensed, with great circumspection and care, and this thought leads me to say something on the Anglicisation of Africa generally.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COLONISATION OF AFRICA.

“AMBITION SHOULD BE MADE OF STERNER STUFF.”

“Statesmen that are wise
Shape a necessity as sculptor's clay
To their own model.”

WE are as yet only on the borders of a promised land. Our Colonies in South Africa, rich as they are in good expectations, are indeed poor in comparison with the countries which lie beyond. I do not intend to give my long-suffering readers a few pages of Stanley and water, or of Livingstone with the chill off; but I think it behoves me to say, how strongly I feel, that our destiny lies centrewards. Whether we allow the Boers in the Transvaal, the Zulus over the Tugela, the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay and along the coast, the freebooting marauders who have got up the republics of Stelleland and Gosehen in the Bechuana country, or M. de Brazza on the Congo; to ban and bar our progress to the rich uplands of Central Africa, for a long time or for a short time, we must go there ultimately by an immutable law of expansion, which we shall find we are far less powerless to control, than we are likely in the future to be able to control, the winds, and the waves, and the rains. Why should we fear this destiny, and be perpetually endeavouring to erect barriers against it? Why don't our legislators instead of quarrelling over clôture and countless utterly useless measures, address themselves to projects of imperial import? to the solution of the problems of over-population, to the removal of the cancer, of the dangerous classes

from our midst, and to the creation of fresh fields for English enterprise and commerce, for our teeming, and cooped-up millions? It is the fashion to laugh at such ideas, and to pooh-pooh them as wild and visionary. They are nothing of the kind, they are sensible and commonplace suggestions enough. The expense is trotted out against such a policy. This is the first phantom to be knocked over. I believe the colonisation, on a gigantic scale, of Central Africa would prove to be a splendid speculation. For generations, at least thousands of necessaries and luxuries would be sent from home, and we should receive raw productions in return. Our ancestors did not fear involving the nation in an enormous National Debt, in order to prosecute the Seven Years' War, to humble Louis XIV. and the "Corsican Ogre," but we fear a little expense, when the question of redeeming thousands to-day, and millions unborn to-morrow, from a life of misery and degradation—a polluted existence, which endangers the physical and moral health of the community—because it would necessitate a little present outlay.

The Anglicisation, utilisation and civilisation of Africa, is a theme second to none in interest not only to Colonists and to Englishmen but in a far wider sense—to humanity at large. The benefits to be derived from its realisation are so numerous, and so magnificent, that they must materially affect the future of the world. Let me first view the subject from a Natalian outlook. The limited area of Natal—true, it is as large as Scotland, but then the disparity between the activity of its productive power and the appropriation of its natural resources makes the comparison pointless, as, in fact, all comparisons of mere territorial extent between an old country and a young colony must ever be—is now beginning to tell upon Natalians. The major part of their land is alienated, and, having no more fifty-acre grants to make in the neighbourhood of the towns, Natalians are, until railways open up the country, placed at a disadvantage as regards adequate inducements to intending immigrants, except those of larger means, to settle in the colony. On the South, Natal is shut in by Kaffraria, (which is now an integral part of the Cape Colony), and by intervening territories. On the west and north, it is surrounded by the Free

State and the Transvaal ; and, in order to get to the country in the rear of these states, Natal will have to make a circuit, possibly annexing Zululand *en passant*. We will not rob the Dutch of the undoubted right they possess to consider themselves as the pioneers of civilisation in South Africa. All praise is due to them for the work they have achieved in this direction, and we cannot but admire the pluck, which they have displayed in the past, in trekking into unknown lands, as also now, when it is recorded that many families leave from time to time for Tembuland and the Zambesi, or beyond. But after all, comparatively speaking, the Dutch Boers are but a small community of isolated farmers, and, for many reasons, I am convinced that there is neither hope nor remote possibility, of their being able to do much, towards developing the hidden treasures of the further interior. In the first place, they are so exclusive, and conservative, that they not only resent, by all possible means, English influence in their dominions, but they also treat with the utmost indifference—nay, even jealousy—fresh arrivals from Holland. It is not to be supposed that we are to wait until these Dutch microcosms shall have increased and multiplied sufficiently to admit of their pushing on in large numbers into the interior. We must take into consideration also, the antipathy expressed towards the English by these Republicans, and it must not be forgotten that Englishmen are retarded from making one of those Republics their home on account of the present insecurity of life and property owing to native difficulties, engendered by the unstable and weak Government, inevitable in the very conformation of such States. I am convinced that, unless the British flag is soon to be seen flying again between the Limpopo and the Vaal, we shall be compelled to work independently of the Transvaal.

The opening up of centres of important trades must benefit the commercial life of Natal immensely, and would bring to its aid that which it so much requires—new life and fresh blood, capital, labour, and enterprise ; and, at the same time, her sons would find those fields for their energies which their athletic and hardy training has prepared them to occupy in the most satisfactory manner. Durban, and other seaports which could be more or

less easily acquired, would be the route by which to convey inland products to England.

Having shown the particular and individual benefits Natalians might expect to derive from the "spec," as our American cousins would say, let me now look at the question in a more general manner, and let me try to demonstrate how humanity, collectively, would be affected by it, and Imperial Britain in particular. Now, in the first place, what do we know of the great "unknown Continent"? What have travellers taught us about it? First as to the resources of the native territories in the immediate vicinity of the colonies. The travels of Chapman and Baldwin, Leslie, Mauch and Mohr, as well as the sketches of Thomas Baines, have familiarised us with the details of *la vie intime et la vie hors de chez soi* of the natives, as well as the capabilities of the country. We know all about the Zulus, the Bechuanas, the Matebele, and the Damaras. Speke, Livingstone, and Moffat have penetrated to Lake Tanganyika, and we have graphic descriptions regarding their experiences. Burton and Speke, striking in from Zanzibar, reached about 2° of southern latitude and 30° of east longitude. The chief characteristic of the natives in this part of the world appears to be sneaking cunning in gratifying an inordinate desire for other people's goods. So we cannot be accused by old women and toadies, of any very superlative degree of wickedness in intruding upon their lands. This obsolete argument cannot be used against us, for they would rob us of all we possess, could they do so with impunity. Again starting from the north, from Khartoom in Egyptian Nubia, we have reached Gondokoro. Richardson, Overweg and Barth, setting out from the north-west coast, explored as far as Wara, to the East, and Adamawa to the South. Denham and Toole, at Mandara, Clapperton in the Soudain, and Mungo Park and James Bruce have all done good service in their day. To this long list, which might be indefinitely extended, I appeal. Let it speak for itself. Are those courageous and self-denying men to have worked for naught? Are their labours, and is their life's blood, to have been expended in vain? Mr. Young and the Livingstonia party are settled on Lake Nyassa, and will form, according

to Sir Bartle Frere, a promising Scotch colony there. Mr. Stanley, having explored 3,000 miles of unknown country, is now permanently settled on the Congo, making roads, and preparing the way for settlers. Lieut. Cameron has struck across the continent from east to west, and accomplished his self-imposed task manfully. He has proved that a canal twenty miles long would, in certain places, suffice to conjoin the Zambesi and Congo. Now, to briefly condense the statements of these travellers, I may say, in general terms, that they attest the existence of limitless grass fields, inland lakes, navigable rivers; gold, silver, brass, iron, coal; umbrageous forests and luxuriant plains. True, some of the rivers are unnavigable. But the railway is succeeding water transit all over the world. There are places where perpetual fever reigns. But sanitary science will suggest proper precautions, and natural antidotes and palliatives. With such resources Africa ought to become a second America. And surely England is the proper country to take the work in hand. She could bring forces to bear upon Africa externally and internally. An English protectorate reigns in Cairo, and might be made to be a great relief to the Pasha-oppressed inhabitants of Khartoum and Darfoor. We spent nine millions sterling upon the Abyssinian expedition, and at any moment we could renew our possession of that country, where a wholesome dread of our name would disarm resistance. The Seyyid of Zanzibar is virtually an English feudatory, and our hold on him could be very easily tightened. Natal and the Cape Colony in the south, the Portuguese settlements on the east, and Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast on the west could push civilisation from without until it came in contact with the traders and missionaries within. Stanley remarked, when the craft, bearing the English flag, in which Livingstone was being conveyed across an inland lake, distanced his boat: "I do not envy you, Doctor. America has enough to do at home, and England has always led the way in Africa. England's flag ought to distance all others in proud and powerful sway over its destiny."

I believe, ere long, England will take this work in hand, and then will be the opportunity of initiating a model system of colonisation. And pray let us have a system in future, and not allow a

hap-hazard exodus to flow from the mother country, in the manner that has proved so disastrous to the budding life of many a young settlement. It is not that I wish to check the independence of action and freedom of conduct of the British subject or colonist. These traits of character are our glory and our strength. But I protest against the careless and ill-planned colonisation of a new land. The way ought to be prepared and smoothed for the everyday immigrant, and something should be done to prevent the location of a square man in a round hole; and also to check a blind and wholesale rush into a land of which the capabilities are unknown, and which ought to be settled by a few pioneers first, to make it practicable for others to follow. In 1820, the Home Government voted £50,000 to pay for bringing 5,000 immigrants to Algoa Bay. Despite hardships of the worst kind, such as Kaffir wars and cattle disease, Port Elizabeth, where our pioneers first landed, is now the rival of Capetown. Although only 5,000 persons actually came out, 100,000 names were received. There is a keen competition for appointments in England—as many as 5,000 applications being sent in repeatedly by educated and competent men to obtain an appointment worth the paltry pittance of from £200 to £300 per annum; moreover, the sketch, which appeared some time since, in the pages of a certain comic journal, was unhappily too near the mark. It depicted the rush of a gross of youths to the office of a merchant, who had inserted the following notice in the *Daily Telegraph*: “A clerk wanted, who speaks five languages, etc., etc. Hours from 6 A.M. until 9 P.M. No salary to commence with; a premium required.” The sequence of the dismissal of the unhappy British slave, after ten years’ service, during which time he has received no remuneration for his services, is a sad reality.

At a time when continental and female clerks are glutting the commercial assistants’ market, and when much misery is being caused thereby at home, I feel sure that the removal of a number of the superfluous inhabitants of Great Britain would be a source of strength to the united empire. The South African colonies, however, and especially Natal, afford too many instances of the disastrous results of hastily seizing upon a new country. Enter-

prises are entered into freely; but how often has it happened that the *entrepreneurs* know nothing of the ins and outs of their adopted professions, and less regarding the suitability of the country to successfully support such enterprises? In how many cases too are the natural resources of a country neglected, although they are lying lavishly near at hand. Foreign industries and foreign products are introduced: how pitiable is that ignorance which causes those indigenous to the soil to be disregarded. Natalians know something of the cruel extravagance and ruin arising from such folly. In our future settlements in Central Africa we might easily avoid these errors. A complete survey by competent government officers, geological, mineralogical, botanical, zoological, hydrographical, and meteorological, and last, but not least, ethnological, should be made of the particular portion of the continent intended to be colonised. Scientific investigators, assisted by a small body of armed men, would readily accomplish this task. Regarding the settlers, a man should be sent out who could show certain qualifications by passing a technical examination, it being provided that he could secure the services of one or two coadjutors who could show their suitability to act as overseers, by passing minor examinations, and, in addition, he would require a number of labourers bound to him by bond for a stated period. The expense of transit should be partly paid by Government and partly by the individual. On arriving at his new home, he should be allotted certain concessions in a sheep and cattle farming, agricultural, or mining district, as the case might be, or for which his knowledge might adapt him. The advisability of granting a small bonus to the immigrant to keep the wolf from the door, previously to his having had time to develop the resources of his selection, is a controversial question. At all events, he should be required to possess some adequate sum to guard against such failure of the project in its first stages. No less number than a batch of a thousand proprietors, with their employés, should be sent together, accompanied by several transport riders, who would engage to bring all products down to a shipping port. An armed force, either military or recruited from the immigrants themselves,

should be attached to each out-going band. Each man should possess a gun. In return for these advantages, the settlers should be required to enter into an agreement to work their lands for ten years, to ship annually so much freight to Government as would pay interest on the money advanced ; and at the expiration of the ten years to pay back the sum invested, plus a certain percentage. Such a loan would be a profitable and popular one, for, independently of the interest on money received, the impetus it would give to commerce would enrich thousands at home. By way of making a commencement, let us suppose a thousand proprietors, with fifteen dependents each, to be settled on the Nyanza, with a governor, magistrates, soldiers, and police force. Some of the settlers, no doubt, would outlaw themselves—that is, break their bond by running away ; but as in this scheme the greatest care would be taken to ensure that the proprietors should be educated men, and, moreover, gentlemen, I apprehend that they would be on the side of order, while the law they would establish would protect their relations with their servants. The runaways would, of course, be a source of loss at first : but, doubtless, they would found fresh settlements, and thus really, but indirectly, aid the general scheme.

It would be folly to attempt to combat the numerous objections, which might be fairly urged against this enterprise. Suffice it to say, however crude, it seems to me to be feasible and practicable, and is not the mere dream of an enthusiast. It would prevent the anomaly of a town-bred immigrant wasting his time and energy in farming pursuits, and *vite versa*. Immigrants would be no longer disappointed by coming to totally unsuitable places. True it would somewhat destroy, for the time, automatic freedom, but it would result in the far more enviable independence of a competency ; and the temporary sacrifice would be worth the making. Indeed, there are far too many men in old England who would gladly make it. The native population contains the germs of useful apprentices, and native guilds would readily be established. Mr. Glanville and Lieutenant Cameron have spoken of this. The latter asserts that the Zambesi natives are splendid workers in iron. The only way, he says, to abolish slavery, and

to civilise the aborigines of the interior, is to teach them some useful trade. Mr. Hutchinson's views are precisely similar. Cameron advocates the establishment of an African Company, the prototype to be the East India Company. He tells us he travelled through a country of untold richness, where the means to its being utilised lay ready at hand, and the products to be derived therefrom were "beyond the imagination of any man living". I do not advocate the wholesale displacement of the native races. I believe that were we to adopt firm, yet just, principles towards them, and be less indulgent, they would make good servants. The English settlers would be an aristocracy amongst them.

At the end of this chapter I add a few words on what many deem one of the chimerical projects lately evolved from African topics. The flooding of the Sahara and Libyan deserts I believe to be a practicable and laudable object. These deserts are below the level of the sea, and the inundation might easily be managed through the Elf gulf. Soudain and Timbuctoo would be opened to commerce, and the mirage of the burning desert would no longer deceive its victims to a certain grave.

Does all this savour of Jules Verne, Baron Munchausen, or Dean Swift? I think not. The mighty continent is gradually creating a lively interest in England. Sir Henry Rawlinson has said that the keen eye and brain of commerce had at last pounced upon Africa. We have stayed long enough on the outskirts of the promised land. It is time we pushed on. What has America done. What is Australia doing? Is she not carrying telegraphic lines all over the continent? And, lastly, let us remember to our shame the work Russia has undertaken. She is civilising vast tracts of arid deserts, such as Khokand, Bokhara, Khiva, and Samarcand. Yearly she pushes her forts farther and farther inland, and her only present reward is bare military glory, with the chance that in ages to come the unproductive deserts may repay the money now being sunk upon them. We have a prolific region upon which to work, and, to echo Lovell Cameron's words—I hope the time will soon come when the British flag shall fly from Blanco to Agulhas, from Cape Verde to Guardafui.

CHAPTER VII.

COLOMBIA AND VENEZUELA.

"THE GOLDEN AGE."

"Like a hawk with its prey," said the old man.

"Yes," said the young man, "but the hawk is a creature that kills, and the eagle is a creature that lives. So many people are like the hawk."

The situation of Cape Town is so favourable to the traveller, so fortunate from a point of view which is not generally considered, that he arrives at the docks, not only in the morning, but in the afternoon. The grey giant of the Cape, the mountain which is the symbol of the means pleasing to the eye, and the only one which is not a little alarming, it seems to be a natural barrier, and a natural solid, one can't help feeling that the sea is a natural barrier to the harbour and crash, even if the sea is a natural barrier to the land. Again it gives the majestic mountain a natural barrier to the sea, the traveller looks upon it with a feeling of awe, and a feeling of respect, whether the majestic mountain is a natural barrier to the sea, or a natural barrier beyond it. In short, the magnificent mountain is a natural barrier to the earth. These first impressions are of a nature which is not to be compared with, upon a nearer acquaintance with the natural beauty of its immediate *entourage*. The cab which takes you from the docks into the town introduces you, in the manner of a panorama, to the natural beauty of the mountain and the city. The scene, which is gradually unfolded to your admiring eyes, is one of rare and peculiar loveliness. Cape Town nestles at the base of a range

of hills, terminating in the Devil's Peak, and in Table Mountain. It is encircled by the bluest of bays, and arched in by the bluest of skies. Although straight lines and right angles, squares and parallelograms, which are the distinctive features, both of the streets, and of the buildings, somewhat detract from the picturesque aspect of the place, this uniformity is redeemed not a little, by the presence of large open squares, and by the quaint appearance, and the many coloured tints of the houses themselves. The mountainous chains which surround the city, afford plenty of points of vantage, from which excellent bird's eye views of the town can be obtained. Many of the uphill walks around the Kloofs are rendered the more exacting on account of the hard and stony nature of the roads. The Cape girls are capital climbers, and, as a rule, are strong and hardy damsels. It will be seen, therefore, that one never need go on these journeys alone; but you must, for you are good-naturedly chaffed out of your indolence and want of energy. One does not like to be put into the shade completely by members of the fair sex. Merry, laughing, spirited *damoiselles* are these ladies, who, if you are a good boy, will always consent to be your guardian angels. In the exuberance of their kind-heartedness, and in the natural pride which they experience, in being able to show you the beauties of their beloved country; and in listening to the fresh, crisp expressions of admiration, which, if you have a soul, you will be forced to utter; they doubtless find their recompense. From the Signal Hill, or the Lion's Hill, so called from its resemblance in shape to a lion, a very excellent view of the fashionable suburbs of Green Point and Sea Point is obtained. Above this is the Round House, now a hotel, but in the good old days, when Prince George was Regent, this mansion formed one of the numerous town houses possessed by Lord Charles Somerset—twice Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. George IV. evidently learnt little from the pig-headed obstinacy of his father, which obstinacy cost us America. His chum, Lord Charles, came to grief soon after his return from the Cape. When George heard this he is reported to have said: "I suppose we must send poor Charlie out again, to fleece the Hottentots". This Governor, at all events, had no reason to

complain of the inadequacy of his pay, a complaint which, in my opinion, modern South African governors can justly make. His income is said to have reached £50,000 per annum, and to this must be added the emoluments arising from various perquisites and monopolies. From this Round House, a miserable inn enough, one looks upon the Dutch Reformed, the Lutheran, and the Episcopal burying-grounds; and upon the Hospital, a by no means unpretentious looking building, but so short-sightedly constructed, as far as its internal arrangements are concerned, that, among other sins of omission, provision for a hot water supply was neglected by the architect. Beyond the Hospital are the docks, and excellent docks they were when I knew them, but now they are able to claim rank with the first docks of the world, and are capable of harbouring the largest vessels and fleets. Not far off is the Castle, an ugly old Dutch building, in which the "unfortunate Cetewayo languished" for a time. The barracks are near at hand, and they possess superlative features of hideousness, which only go to redeem the unattractive exterior of the Castle, in that they carry off the palm of ugliness. The Town-House is somewhat more pleasing in appearance. It is the meeting-place of the Duke of Edinburgh's volunteers, and of the volunteer fire-brigade. Apropos of the volunteers, this town is the head-quarters of about four corps. The Standard Bank of South Africa has new premises in Cape Town and very worthy of the bank they are. The churches are now the only remaining conspicuous buildings in the city. St. George's Cathedral is an unpretending structure at the top of St. George Street—the Fleet Street of the city—where the *Standard and Mail*, *Cape Argus*, *The Mercantile Gazette*, *Cape Times*, and *Daily News*, were published. The *Daily News* and *Standard and Mail* are defunct. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is not far distant, it is at the corner of Hope Street, a long straggling thoroughfare, leading to THE GARDENS. There is a fine Dutch cathedral, a Lutheran church, several Episcopal churches, a Malay mosque, and places of worship for all other denominations. These objects were pointed out to me from the top of a hill, soon after my arrival. Before we descend we cast a lingering look at the Hottentot-Holland range of moun-

tains, which lie on the other side of the town, and which display beautiful and varied tints of colouring as the sun-rays throw an iridescent mantle over their wood-crowned heights. The Hottentots were driven into these mountains by the Dutch, as the Gaels were driven into the Highlands of Scotland by the Saxon Lowlanders. The Dutch did not let the Hottentots remain unmolested in their new homes. They soon followed them, and established farms in the mountains. A race of hybrid breed in course of time appeared. They were called Hottentot-Hollanders, and they ultimately gave their name to the mountain range where they were born. While we are contemplating the zig-zag path by which we must regain the valley, we are apprised of the ever-fleeting hour by the flash of the one o'clock gun in the *Market-square*. This gun is fired by electricity from the observatory. Simultaneously a man who is watching through a telescope pulls a trigger, and a ball at the top of a pole, on the summit of the hill, runs down in imitation of a similar contrivance on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh. This serves to remind the good people of Cape Town that the hour of tiffin has arrived, one o'clock being their usual luncheon hour. Coming down the hill, my companions call my attention to the old block-houses, square Martello towers, situated on slight eminences. These were used for military purposes, in the days of the *ancien régime*, but they are now of far less use than the derelict Dutch cannon, which are to be found at the corners of the streets of Cape Town, discharging the useful purpose of guarding the pavement, albeit it is a lowly office in comparison with that for which they were originally intended. Through THE GARDENS we pass into the town, the streets of which are famous for a red and sticky dust, terrible dust it is, or sand, which shall I call it? If I cast a sheep's glance at the hotels, I daresay I deserve forgiveness, for that horrible dust is too terribly choking and nasty. It fills the throat and nostrils almost to suffocation. Apropos of hotels, there is the St. George's, a quiet house, affected by staid ladies, although I noticed that the actors made it their rendezvous. The Masonic, a tumble down old crib, opposite to the Market-square; some persons call it the best hotel in the place—the Commercial, a cheerful place enough, and clean and convenient, and the Royal,

a more modern house than the foregoing. The *table d'hôte* at all these hotels is fairly good, and the charges are moderate, and there is an air of old-fashioned comfort about them all. But such comfort is of the old-fashioned type, to a degree. There is nothing modern about any of them. Whether really good English hotels, with all the recent innovations, conducted on continental principles, would pay in South Africa, I am unable to say. At all events, as I have before remarked, Afrianders would be unable to get over their utter abhorrence to the tipping system, and this abhorrence is by no means born of mean or cheeseparing instincts, but of independence, and a detestation of imposition. We shall see how the new International hotel and the Gaiety restaurant fare. Of the theatres, public gardens, and the public library, I have already spoken elsewhere. I will finish this brief sketch of a very remarkable place,—which, by the way, I heard only a few days since stigmatised by two or three friends, who have just returned therefrom, as “a dusty musty hole”; with which animadversion it is needless to say I distinctly disagree,—by an allusion to its most prominent feature, that is to say, Table Mountain. When this gaunt sentinel puts on its night-cap and begins to smoke, that is to say, when its summit is encircled with a dense mist, a south-easterly wind may be expected, a most unkindly disagreeable blast, at which indeed should you hurl a few expletives, you may be more than pardoned. Snow is occasionally, but very occasionally, seen on Table Mountain in the winter.

Cape Town is, in my opinion, by no means a bad city to live in, despite all its faults, and, for my part, I can freely say I have spent there many a happy day, aye, and night too.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PORT ELIZABETH.

“DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.”

“To them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and now are past.”
—*Milton.*

THE first indication that one is nearing Port Elizabeth is the appearance of Mount Coxcomb in the Winterhoek range of mountains.

Just seven miles on this side of Algoa Bay is the island of Sainte Croix. This is the one romantic feature about the immediate locality. Here in 1486, just four centuries ago, Bartholomew Diaz erected a stone cross to commemorate his discovery. The Americans are sufficiently advanced to value such a relic were it theirs, but the Bayonians have not yet passed through those stages of prosaic indifference to archæological and antiquarian subjects, which is peculiar to the early life of all young communities. I frankly confess I longed to visit the island with a number of “boys” well armed with pickaxes and spades, so that I might endeavour to discover some remnant of the cross. We next espy the lighthouse with its scattered timber around, telling its own tale not only of wrecked shipping, but of the wrecked hopes of a harbour. It was commenced here some time since, and a little progress had been made, and considerable expense incurred, in prosecuting the work, but just as the Bayonians thought their glory was aripening, there came a heavy storm and nipped their fair promise. After passing the light-

house, a few minutes suffice to bring us in full view of the town, of which my first impressions were by no means pleasing. No trees—no bush even, and everywhere, and parched grass. It resembles Cape Town, in so far, that it has a square and rectangular appearance, but it is much more grim and more uniform than the metropolis, and one cannot help being reminded, upon looking at it, of those towns one used to delight in building in one's childhood, with the wooden squares and bricks, which form so attractive an adjunct to the nursery. Port Elizabeth is built upon an inclined plane, inclined of course towards the sea. Its rapid development from small beginnings, would be marvellous in any colony, and in such a colony as South Africa it is practically phenomenal. It cannot well be disputed that it owes this advance, in a very large measure indeed, not only to the superlative energy and "go" of the early English settlers, but perhaps, even still more to the absence of the Dutch-Afri-cander element which has prevented Cape Town from making commensurate strides. The horse by which the colonists have crossed the river, has been W. O. L. About this it may be well to note that this great sheep-farming industry was developed almost entirely by men little accustomed to such pursuits.

I do not fear, or rather, I do not consider, that Port Elizabeth will ever oust Cape Town from its pre-eminence in ardent Easterns notwithstanding. A much healthier tone seems to be growing up between the two provinces. It is hoped that the recent troubles between the Dutch and English will not arrest the growth of this *rapprochement*. An era of rapid progress is, I believe, at hand for both towns, in which case the citizens of the one place, no less than the other, will be too much occupied with their schemes of mutual advancement, to think of old recriminations and jealousies. At present there is an immense amount of heart-burning and angry smouldering animosity. But as to Port Elizabeth, to say the truth, a combination of adverse circumstances have somewhat shelved this promising seaport, and retarded its more recent progress. Still when we consider that but sixty years have elapsed since a little band of immigrants 5,000 strong landed on the barren shores of Algoa Bay, we are ready at once to for-

give a little vain-gloriousness on the part of the Easterns, for truly they have done wonders. The account of the sufferings and hardships of these early pioneers supplies one of the most stirring pages in colonial history. It is true that they set out from England under circumstances far more encouraging and advantageous than as a rule are vouchsafed to colonists. The year 1820 was one of great commercial depression and consequent distress in England, and it occurred to Parliament to relieve this suffering in a really sensible manner. The sum of £50,000 was voted from imperial resources to cover the expense of transporting certain families from England to Africa. Each family received a freehold grant of land of 100 acres, and the descendants of these families have made the Eastern Province what it is. Three times since its seminal settlement the colonists have undergone the dangers and miseries of Kaffir invasions, invasions too of no little importance, demanding enormous sacrifices to repel them. The rapid recovery of the province after each of these disasters is in itself a substantial proof of the indomitable pluck and irrepressibility of the Anglo-Saxon race in general, and of these determined men in particular. With astonishing energy the Bayonians have managed to establish a large town of well-paved and well-lighted streets. There are enormous stone-built stores assimilating in their main feature to those of Queen Victoria and Southwark Streets; public buildings, numberless churches, a College, and a Council Chamber, which puts to shame our Mansion House, an easy victory indeed, it will be said, and that I cannot gainsay. The inhabitants of Port Elizabeth number about 20,000 souls. A railway is in progress *via* Graff Reynet and Uitenhage to Richmond. Uitenhage is situated about 20 miles from the Bay. It is a very pretty and popular little town, and, as it enjoys the advantage of possessing plenty of water, the industry of wool-washing has become an important one there.

Wool, as everybody knows, has been the making of Port Elizabeth, and the townfolk are jubilant or down-hearted in accordance with the quotations of the woollen market at home. The success of Port Elizabeth has been so great that, for my part, I consider it to be the duty and true policy of the government to

relieve much misery at home, and build up healthy limbs of the Empire abroad, by establishing similar settlements on a larger scale and on more scientific principles, in other parts of the African Continent.

Mossel Bay, or rather the town of Aliwal South, is the very personification of a dead and alive place. The harbour there is considered to hold the fourth rank among colonial havens. There is also a jetty. The townsfolk, moreover, are not wanting in ambition. I learn, from the *Mossel Bay Advertiser*, that great things are projected, and among others an ornamental park. I hope that a decent hotel will be included in these improvements; for I remember having to act as my own barman and waiter, at the only tavern, with any pretention to respectability, the place, at that time, possessed. The bar at Port Alfred (the Cowie) has sadly retarded the commercial and social progress of that town. The same may be said of East London, which is, nevertheless, a rising place. It is a bald and uninteresting looking seaport; although these unattractive characteristics, it must be allowed, are relieved in no small degree, by the precipitous and umbrageous shores of the Buffalo River, on which it is situated.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DURBAN.

“SANITAS SANITATIS, OMNIA SANITAS.”

“Ye children of the sea-kings, who are building up this town,
’Tis yours to mar your handiwork, or stamp it with renown.”

Carnegie—Local poet, on Durban.

Natal Mercury, 3rd February, 1883.

THESE first words might be fitly emblazoned upon the banner of the seaport of Natal, if figures are to be trusted. Figures certainly seem to substantiate its claim to be considered the healthiest seaport in the world. The death rate averages under 14 per 1000. When we take into consideration the composite character of the population, this healthfulness appears all the more remarkable. Grovelling and dirty coolies, St. Helena women of dubious repute, Chinese, and Mauritians, Kaffirs and Tongas, in addition to the English population, which latter element has more than doubled itself since 1858. But nevertheless there is no poverty as yet; that is to say, no cases of urgent want, and this fact combined with a very healthful situation is sufficient to account for much.

Disappointingly slow as the progress of Durban appears to per-
fervid Natalians, and to impatient well-wishers of the town, it has nevertheless, been remarkable. There are, of course, few towns in South Africa which have made such mushroom strides as have the cities of Australia and America, but this fact is traceable to purely natural causes, of which I have made bold already to remind my readers. Still, it is surely something to be proud of,

that since 1850 when there were but a score or so mud and wattle huts to betoken the town of Durban, and new arrivals were wont to ask, when standing in the very centre of these miserable shanties, "where Durban was?" the town has asserted itself so successfully. English pluck has done something for the place at all events; for to-day, Durban can boast of many fine public buildings, and, to say the least of it, comfortable private residences. The Market House and block of public buildings, surrounded by gardens, and by a promenade dear to nurserymaids, form an attractive set off to West Street at the top of which thoroughfare they are situated: This street is now macadamised and hardened. Parallel therewith, run two additional streets which are crossed at right angles by others. In most of these streets the sway of King Sand is practically undisputed.

The Bay is indeed beautiful, and the channel, in which are the islands where the coolies catch fish, form no unimportant feature of this beauty, which is worthy of the highest praise. Unfortunately, there is another side to the picture. One is forcibly reminded of grievous disappointments and shattered hopes by the melancholy spectacle of is dated piles and such-like tackle, with which the bay and its vicinity are bestrewn: the ruins of two unsuccessful attempts to construct a harbour, on the part of Captain Veitch and Mr. Milne respectively. Thousands of pounds, literally as well as metaphorically, thrown into the sea. Sir John Coode in his report upon the harbours of South Africa, and the means of making them available, did not consider the case of Durban hopeless, and when Natal shall make a fresh effort to provide herself with a harbour (which by the way she is doing in a certain degree at the present moment), let us hope no more disappointments are in store for her. Sir Benjamin Pine tried hard to induce the citizens to make the harbour inside the bay, that the ships and their merchandise might the more readily part company, and that the latter might reach the town a little earlier. This would have been a clear gain, and a great economy. But men of influence, it is said, who had property at the Point, succeeded in shelving his Excellency's excellent scheme. Private interest, especially territorial interest, has done its best to ruin Durban.

It has not succeeded, nor would it wish to, for its own selfish sake, in accomplishing the aforesaid disastrous end. Nevertheless it has retarded the progress of the town to an incalculable extent, and has moreover, in various ways, caused much annoyance and inconvenience to the public generally. Thus all the local and municipal buildings are situated at great distances from any centre, which is, of course, a fruitful source of trouble, to say nothing of loss of time. The Post Office is far away from business quarters, that is to say, from West Street, and as letters are not delivered, this is a very substantial vexation indeed. Cabs have not yet made their appearance in Durban, but as everybody rides, and there are plenty of Kaffirs to carry parcels this does not matter very much. Colonists of South Africa, and especially those of Natal, are nearly as averse to carrying the smallest parcel as are Anglo-Indians. The climate and the presence of large masses of natives are, I suppose, responsible for this extremely precise attitude on the part of Natalians.

The roads of Durban are trying enough for vehicular traffic. Some few have been hardened at great expense. The hardening of a few miles of the Musgrave Road, the high road to Maritzburg, was effected by the Town Council at an expense of £40,000.

As to the hotels of Durban, they are comfortable enough. I call to mind the Royal, the Belgrave, and the Belle Vue, and I think on the whole they are better than the inns of Cape Town. It must be allowed, that the hills which surround Durban, which go by the name of the Berea, are its chief charm. On this elevation indeed the situation is lovely, a serene calm and beauty, well nigh unapproachable, reign around. Sitting on a verandah or stoep here, in early morning, or at sundown, is the favourite occupation of the Natalian, before he sets out for, or when he has returned from, his day's toil. As he sits, smoking his pipe, and reading, may-be, he is in the midst of a scene of holy and supreme peace, which is interrupted only by the occasional chatter of monkeys, as they leap from tree to tree in little armies, enjoying their matutinal or nocturnal gambols, as the case may be.

There can be no doubt that if you wish to view Durban aright, the Berea is the proper place to which to resort. And if you desire

to know the full extent of the pleasure-giving attributes of a residence in Durban you must reside on the Berea. Here in the winter season the weather is truly lovely. In the rainy season, from October to March, the atmosphere is, of course, oppressive, but the sea breeze blows on the Berea and cools the air. The temperature is never excessively hot, but cases of sunstroke are sometimes reported. On the whole, Durban is not so very bad a place to live in, but for my part, I much prefer Cape Town.

Since I left Durban, the new Town Hall has been commenced, which, to judge by the drawings and plans which I have seen, will indeed present, when finished, all the appearance of a first-rate structure. To this building the Post Office will be transferred, and Durban will enjoy the convenience of being able to transact her postal arrangements in the centre of the town. All the Natal papers were jubilant when the foundation stone of this new structure was laid, and the *Natal Mercantile Advertiser* made it the occasion to draw a comparison between Durban of to-day and Durban of thirty years since, and had some very curious facts to tell of the past history of the town. It would appear that, in earlier days, sand and beasts, birds and reptiles had it pretty much their own way in Durban. Moreover, even in the main thoroughfares waggons were out-spanned, cattle kraaled, and pigs and poultry fed in them as playgrounds. Swamps abounded, which were "the baths and hunting grounds of ducks and geese, and were frequented by sportsmen for the sake of the snipe and wild duck they afforded". Drainage of course, there was none, of foul smells there were plenty. The inhabitants soon found—for reasons which are obvious—the water from the wells undrinkable, and "they adopt the plan of stowing water in casks, ship's barrels, and zinc and iron tanks". English goods were very expensive: but the exports of yellow wood planks, hides, maize wool, arrowroot, and ivory, of which latter product hunters brought down tons from Zululand, went far to counterbalance the expense of imported commodities.

"Horses were kept, but there were no traps, and merchants like their ancestors, went to the City with saddle-bags and samples, and brought back gold fastened round their waists in leather belts,

the journey each way usually occupying two days, entertainment for man and beast being found on the road at several inns and canteens."

"It is difficult to believe," says the same writer in continuing, "that all this primitive and undeveloped life, these evidences of roughing it in its truest and most unkind sense, could in a concrete form have constituted Durban 29 years ago. When we call to mind the grandly lengthened Smith Street and West Street, and the flourishing Pine Terrace and Commercial Road, with the numerous cross streets and roads, many of which are properly hardened, and in which paving is proceeding briskly, and the Public Gardens in place of the sandy Market square, and the fully planned public parks; when we think of the continuous rows of extensive warehouses, of stores, and of houses which line these streets, of the fact that the population of Durban of all sorts is now nearly 15,000; of the seven churches and twelve chapels within the borough, of the splendid Theatre Royal, of the railway facilities, of the harbour works and improvements, and that the number of ships visiting this port during the past year was as nearly as possible 400, the value of the imports in the same period being £2,213,538, while the exports were worth £731,809; when we recollect—not an unimportant factor when considering the prosperity of the borough—that the average receipts on Saturdays alone of the collective canteens and hotels in the town are £250. that the valuation of freehold property in the borough is £1,883,822, or close upon £2,000,000, and that the receipts of the Corporation during the last municipal year were £53,697, we shall probably form a tolerably correct conception of the increased and increasing importance of Durban, and of the work to be performed by, and the responsibility resting upon the shoulders of the members of the Corporation, which has its Town Clerk, Assistant Town Clerk, and three juniors, its Borough Engineer and Staff, its Superintendent of Police and 94 constables, its Sanitary Inspector and numerous assistants, and now finds itself in a position that, with the consent of the burgesses, it sets about the erection of a noble Town Hall with a satisfied and easy conscience."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DURBAN TO MARITZBURG.

“JOLTING, BUMPING, BANGING, JANGLING—ONWARD!”

“Crack—crack, crack—crack, crack. I wish the whip . . . But 'tis the spirit of thy nature, so crack on.”—*Rev. Laurence Sterne, M.A. (“Tristram Shandy”)*.

“There's nothing like the malaria of the grave to breed a tedious moralist.”—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE most adventurous method of reaching Maritzburg is undoubtedly by means of the post-cart. I considered this to be too dangerous and unpleasant a mode of travelling, and not being ambitious of breaking my neck, and as there was a more comfortable and reasonable means of travelling available, I chose it. The post-cart's career along the by no means most perfect of roads, is in a manner calculated to try the strongest nerves. The colonial Jehus urge forward their fiery steeds with an impetuosity and recklessness which augurs a far greater regard for the rapid transit of the mails, than it does for the safety of the passengers. Accidents are of frequent occurrence. I rejected the accommodation of the post-cart, being inclined like Falstaff rather to discretion than to valour, and put up with the safer, if less exciting means of transit afforded by the passengers' omnibus, in which I booked a seat. On the morning I had chosen for the journey I was up betimes, and at about seven o'clock a shrill whistle in the distance, warned me that the 'bus was ascending the Berea. Shortly afterwards the vehicle itself arrived. I took a seat inside, but not before I had soundly rated an impudent half-caste who

presumed to take exception to the number and bulk of my packages. The half-caste is a far more irritating and objectionable person, than is the unadulterated ebony. The important post of conductor was held by an elf-like Kaffir boy, whose evolutions and gyrations afforded us much amusement. He climbed about the vehicle, as it rapidly flew over uneven, and what in England would be considered disgraceful, roads, in a very clever manner. The villas and more pretentious residences which we passed, *en route* to Pinetown, had a really pleasing and comfortable appearance, and the country is bright and smiling, undulating and covered with bush. In many places the road calls to mind a Kentish byeway. It is tortuous, and full of surprises. As we turned successive angles, charming bits of landscape opened up before us. Such verdure and warmth withal as to recall old England. A few miles on our road brought us to the quarries, in passing which we are greeted, or rather assailed, with shouts, by a gang of shrieking Kaffirs—unkempt and idle wretches, they were only too glad of any excuse to snatch a short span of idleness, were it ever so transient. I have no doubt it was prolonged until the last echo of the wheels of our cart had died away. Such and similar opportunities for cessation from work are seized with avidity the moment they present themselves. A little further on our road I noticed a farmer following the Kaffirs at a plough. Somebody coming from the farmhouse to speak to him, withdrew him for a minute from his occupation. The instant the ploughmen perceived that their master was engrossed in conversation, they sat down, and left the fields to plough themselves. They take absolutely no interest in their work, and they shirk everything so abominably, that the farmers and their sons often prefer “to plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the ground” unaided. Were it not for the knowledge of this, among so many other special troubles, which conspire to render the Natalian farmer’s life by no means a bed of roses, I should have been inclined to envy the, to all outward appearance, happy owners of the pretty homesteads we passed on our way. We breakfasted at Pinetown, and exchanged our lively young conductor for a miserable cross-grained fellow. I learnt that he was a native of Central Africa, who had

been taken by the insolent foe and sold to slavery. His redemption thence was the work of the Sultan of Zanzibar, from whose dominions he had been brought to Natal by one of the coasting steamers. He had hideous features, and a nose unduly flattened even for a negro. I can't say that I felt very amiably disposed towards him. He was too distinctly ugly. A weak and impotent if not altogether wicked, reason for entertaining an antipathy to the poor man. However, I cry *jeuilli*. Proceeding on our way through a tract of country which now becomes flat and uninteresting, we suddenly tumble across a sandy and very precipitous decline. We are requested to get down and walk in the broiling sun. Our drooping spirits are revived at a wayside inn, yecept Padley's Hotel. Thus fortified, we continue our stampede until we are again crossing over hill and dale: traversing rivers -- with or without, generally without, the assistance of bridges. As we splash through one of these diffused and shallow streams an old lady calls to the driver to stop. "I want to give my little grandchild a dipping." Want has to be her master, for there is a general concurrence of opinion that the journey is quite long and tedious enough, without having recourse to unnecessary stoppages. From this point the bush disappears, and, in place thereof, blithe-some fields cover with a vernal beauty the undulating country. In the hollows at the base of countless knolls Kafir huts constantly make their appearance, and little black, or rather chocolate, wretches run about in wild luxuriance, *in puris naturalibus*. One cannot but sigh when one contrasts their happy state with the miserable existence of our street arabs. Civilisation has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. It exacts a life-long death from that residuum, which it has pushed aside and rejected on its onward march.

Arriving at the Half-way House, we sat down to a meal of well-cooked provisions, which, after our journey, we were disposed to criticise very favourably. At the Inchanga Hotel we change horses once more. Dismal accounts are brought us here, of the destructive violence of the late thunderstorms. Even in Durban the lightning certainly seemed to be playing about, under our very feet. Men and cattle were struck down indiscriminately, and a

few miles from the Inchanga range of hills we subsequently saw the flayed bodies of the victimised cattle to bear witness to the truth of all we had heard. The proprietor of the Inchanga Hotel has a mind to protect himself against the adventurers and thieves which abound in South Africa. At all events he gives them a hint and proclaims "no credit" in the following doggerel verses, which are daubed over the bar :—

"Since man to man is so unjust,
I do not know what man to trust ;
I've trusted many to my sorrow,
So pay to-day, and trust to-morrow.

"There's a motto now in all hotels,
No credit given here,
Which many men don't care about
When hard-up for their beer."

Breaking ourselves away from this poetic spell, we once more take our seats, and proceed on our journey. The road is now skirted by huge overhanging stones, resembling those curious so-called Druidical remains. These stones appear to be hanging up by their eyebrows, ready to totter over at any moment, to crush, pulverise, and destroy us in their fall. However, we are spared. These precipitous heights and protrusions passed, we are in the midst of other indications of the geological character of the country. Here are long sweeping hills profusely bestrewn with high boulders. These stones are by no means dissimilar to the Toad rock at Tunbridge Wells, dear and familiar sight to every cockney. The sinuous courts and ridges seem to indicate the course taken by some mighty current of water, during the era of subsidence which succeeded some great natural convulsion. Are these the monuments of the irresistible force of these waters, testifying to the power which they exercised of washing away the outer coating of the earth's surface, thus leaving the immediate substratum and basis bare? I shall not attempt to dogmatise in this connection. I have simply transmitted the crude imaginations which occurred to me at the time: and, science or nescience, I fly from all further elaboration of these passing thoughts, as I have no desire to drift into a geological disquisition. A little further on, and we

descend again. "Always refreshing," it will be said. This time we enter an inn more like a pig-sty than a human habitation. Rude mud and wattle out-houses and cattle pens surround this shed-like shanty. But this damaging indictment has a redeeming clause. Dear to the heart of the Britisher—in his years of juvenility and senility—is a pretty barmaid, and here we find one. Gentle reader, cover your face with the book to hide your indignation at what is about to follow. She is impudent, but not bold. We make fierce love, at least I do, but alas! the pleasures of this life are but fleeting, and this tender passion has no sooner possessed me, than it is destined to be nipped in the bud. The music of the horn is again heard, and we hurriedly emerge from the hotel, the impudent half-caste remarking, at my expense, "that gentleman is always behind-hand". What followed, history has failed to relate. A member of the legislative council remarked to me that it would never pay to touch a gentleman whom Exeter Hall would especially protect. This sally put him on a good footing with all the passengers, especially with the ladies, one of whom had overheard and duly repeated to us all a remark of this impudent scoundrel's, covertly made to a "scum Britisher," who sat on the box beside him. "We have some greenhorns inside, and I have given them a rare doing. I have driven over all the big stones to show them what our roads are like." Whether the fellow spoke the truth or not, when I arrived at Maritzburg I had a headache of a very alarming description. My bones groaned, and my whole body was in a fever, from the jolting and ballooning in mid-air to which I had been subjected. It was quite a respite to our sufferings when our road lay over a grass field, for in many places the highway was indistinguishable from the adjoining meadows. When such was the case our tormentor was forced to capitulate, and to sign the charter of our liberty; for to us every such oasis in the desert was a veritable Runnymede. Alas! like unto the king whose name is associated with that historical sward, no sooner had he regained the high road, than he commenced anew to pursue his iniquitous course.

I only trust that the roads and the driver have by this time

found the oblivion their demerits so richly deserve. The railway has probably driven them out of the field. As to this driver his bumptious insolence can be readily explained. Lady Barker unconsciously spoiled the man. In letters to an English periodical she gave a description of the various peculiarities and witticisms in which he indulged. He calls his horses "Wolseley," "Langa-libalele," and so on. These articles being brought to his notice made him fancy himself a hero. Vanity is a predominant Kaffir characteristic.

The miseries which we have to undergo in the way I have already described are by no means mitigated by the discomfort arising from causes which I shall now mention. Confined in overcoats, surrounded by rugs and umbrellas, we are entirely robbed of the free use of our limbs. For once I envied the Dutch dolls, familiar infantile reminiscences, and the timber-toed sailors and soldiers who demand our charity in the London thoroughfares. Their promenading appendages can be removed at pleasure, but we perforce must suffer in mute agony. The roads up country towards Newcastle, Harrismith, Potchefstrom, Bloemfontein and Pretoria, are infinitely worse than anything I have as yet described, a fault which all invalids who desire to seek the health-giving uplands of the Free State or neighbouring territories should take into their calculations. "With the kindest motives in the world I offer for the consideration of consumptive patients" as Mark Twain would say, the ugly facts connected with the double-distilled miseries of transport. To the healthy in mind and body, they are trying enough, but to the consumptive, semi-paralytic, or rheumatic patient, they mean death, simply that, nothing more nor less. The inimitable American humourist's advice with reference to another cure for consumption is "let them try it, if it don't cure it can't more than kill them". Maybe a coarse; and rough quotation to make in speaking of so serious a subject, and I freely admit that such it is. But its very coarseness may be of use, if it should serve to bring home to the poor invalid, the danger of a horrible lonely death away from friends, and from those loving hands and loving hearts which should be near to smooth his troubled spirit's flight to another world. These

remarks of course are only applicable to hopeless or nearly hopeless cases. When there is a reserve stock of vitality remaining, the change, with all its risks, is one I would most heartily recommend.

As we approach Maritzburg, the country again puts on an attractive appearance. Sand gives place to grass. It is remarkable in this district, to witness the different effects which the rays of the sun have upon the various descriptions of the herbs of the field. Some grass would appear to be impervious to the most scorching sun, another kind is literally turned into hay while still growing. This causes a very peculiar contrast. Two kinds of grass will be growing side by side in a pasture, the one will be an emerald green, the other as distinct a brown, a clear and sharp line of demarcation showing itself between the two.

We partook of a cup of tea at an inn, some little distance from Maritzburg. I soon discovered upon approaching the capital, symptoms of the difference between it and the sea-port. A pretty wooden bridge takes us over a river, skirted with trees, upon which we meet pedestrians in Bond Street attire, well-mounted equestrians far more fashionably dressed than one finds in Durban, and equipages well-appointed in every respect. The residents of the city, choose this road whereon to take their constitutional exercise before dinner; and here they were, taking such exercise in its various forms. Although more essentially a Dutch town than Durban, Maritzburg is English in so far as the residents are less colonial in their habits than the Durbanites.

The capital has many a tale of gay and reckless adventure to tell. It is a rendezvous of broken-down spendthrifts, and of damaged reputations generally. Copious materials for three-volume novels might be gleaned there. People are pointed out to you on all hands with sad, sad histories. The finger of scorn has hunted them down, and they have come here to hide their frailties from a world they can no longer look in the face. To the man who tempers justice with mercy, who judges not that he be not judged, who bewails the fatal weaknesses of human nature; the aching regrets, and the hot tears of remorse shed in plenty in Maritzburg; will excite at least his pity. Others with minds better balanced perhaps, will see in all this suffering the retri-

butive hand of Providence, and they will in no wise allow it to mitigate the feelings of contempt and loathing with which they regard the sinners and their sins. The world only hears the public half of the tales of these poor mortals, who have sinned against God and man. I was very soon initiated into the details of one of these unfortunate romances. Upon the bridge before mentioned stood a gallant. Leaning affectionately upon his arm was a lady, whose face had but to be seen once, to be remembered ever. They were resting against the buttresses, looking into the stream below, and as the setting sun threw its sheen upon them, I thought I had rarely seen a more happy, lovely, or appropriate couple. A fellow-passenger who knew, or kindly professed to know the whole of the history of the couple, whispered half a dozen sentences into my ear which at once dispelled my illusion. The canker was in those roses—and had eaten deep down. Turning from the marred picture with reflections more or less appropriate to the occasion, I became aware that we were passing what at first I took to be a mellow churchyard, but no, it was a modern cemetery.

I don't know why it should have been so, but all my recollections of Maritzburg are tinged with the revulsion of feeling, which I suppose would only be possible in a very young and unsophisticated man, which the sight of that cemetery just then inspired. Here at least is our mutual goal. We must eat the dead-sea fruit at last whether we eat it in our life time or not. There distinctions are levelled, pride is vanquished, hopes are extinguished; and love and hate are buried together. Here we are pleased by, or repelled by, vain gew-gaws, we oscillate between hope and despair, joy and sorrow, and beyond is the mystery and uncertainty of oblivion. This last consideration with which Hamlet wrestled in his agony, must, I have often thought in passing that cemetery, rob the unhappy, luckless, broken-down, and broken-hearted refugees, who make this out-of-the-way corner their home, of the luxury of feeling that some day they may court further effacement there. My day-dreams are dispelled by finding myself put down at the Plough Hotel; but as I intended to stop at the Royal, I retraced my steps and entered the portals of that sizable and well-known hostelry.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARITZBURG.

“THE SOUL FORGETS HER SCHEMES OF HOPE AND PRIDE.”

“With aching heart, and discontented looks,
Returns at noon to billiards or to books,
But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounced employ.”

—*Crozier.*

I ARRIVED at the Royal “covered with dust, and with confusion of ideas”; the results of twelve hours’ jolting over bad roads and steep hills. In describing Maritzburg let me say a word or two in favour of one of its prominent institutions—the Royal Hotel. As far as my knowledge of South African hotels goes, I should say this is one of the very best in the colonies. It had a capital *salle à manger*, a *salon de lecture*, fair cooking and good viands; and wines that were drinkable. I am speaking of the old days when it belonged to poor old Clough, with whom I was little concerned, although I did not escape the spell of his charming daughter. What Maritzburg man has not been, at one time or another, in love with the delightful Lottie? There were a great many young men in the hotel, and we were all head-over-ears in love with her.

There are plenty of fine looking girls in the colony. The free and unrestrained method of their bringing up, always out in the open, and accustomed to the saddle from infancy, has certainly produced a race of women, which reflects great credit upon the stock from which it has sprung. Let me speak of a certain Natalian young lady, and most men who have lived

in Maritzburg will guess whom I mean. Without being an Amazon—she was a fine, tall girl, as straight as a line, with an irreproachable figure, and a face and head fit for a *Venus de Milo*. All the young fellows in the town fell in love with her, officers, civil servants, and smaller fry; to say nothing of the Natalians themselves. It may seem a strange thing to dwell so much upon one young lady, and my readers will begin to imagine that I was hard hit in that direction, and so in truth I was, but what matter; so were we all. An accomplished girl and possessed of a rare good sense, or so much general admiration would have turned her head. She was just as much an institution in Natal, as Mrs. Langtry is, or rather was, with us, and I am therefore entitled to mention her; for I consider the case phenomenal.—

“Her eyebrows’ shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting at times to a transparent glow.”

I don't know whether she has chosen a husband yet, but she deserves a rattling good one, as any man coming from Maritzburg will admit. “How can they,” it will be asked, “you have not mentioned her name?” I have not done that because I had no right to do so, but all who know Maritzburg will pretty well understand whom I mean. The characteristics which I have ascribed to this lady may be taken as appertaining to Natalian girls generally; although, of course, she was an especially good specimen. This fact must plead an additional excuse for my digression, for which I make apology. I was describing the Royal Hotel, I believe. The *table d'hôte* was the grand institution at the Royal. A new comer, if unknown, has to run the gauntlet of the most searching scrutiny—his appearance and everything about him undergoes minute criticism. I found myself, on the first night, in the midst of a motley assembly. Up country sheep farmers, sportsmen, Englishmen *en route* to the hunting fields of the Transvaal, Zululand, and Zambesi, merchants, an officer or so, the august personages who represent Natal in the legislative chambers, and *je ne sais quoi* young men, and old. There are no well defined political parties in Natal. As to the various measures brought

before parliament, one can form a rough guess, as a rule, as to who will support, and who will oppose them. But as yet politics are not sufficiently ripe to have brought into existence a permanent division of parties, or to have drawn, as Mr. St. Leger would say, "a scientific line of cleavage": and consequently there is nothing to prevent the Royal Hotel, from being in many senses, a rendezvous or club, for members of parliament, during the session.

After dinner I repaired to the House of Assembly to listen to a debate on various subjects of local importance. I witnessed the distribution of the *Natal Mercury* among the members, and its perusal by them, with curious feelings. The Assembly contained then, and I have no doubt it still contains, some excellent men and some able speakers, but I shall not attempt an enumeration; but will content myself by observing that Robinson of the *Natal Mercury*, and Akerman of Maritzburg, are among its members, and are perhaps the most prominent men in Natal. The House is subject to the direct or indirect judgment of two or three members, but there are many first-class men nevertheless.

As to this house of meeting it is a fine building, and would put to shame, as far as internal arrangements are concerned, our palace at Westminster. On a subsequent occasion, I discovered that the Legislative Chambers, Post Office, and other public buildings, were all under the same roof, to wit, that of the building in which I was then standing. It is really a handsome structure though desecrated by the bill posters which I had thought were peculiar to English hoardings, although advertisements familiar to London eyes are seen, it is true, in Cape Town, displayed on a more or less extensive scale. As to the style of architecture of this building, the less said about it the better; still the interior arrangements are thoughtfully and commodiously dispensed, and the furniture throughout is very good. The Parliament House in Cape Town is execrably mean, both inside and out, but a contract has been signed for the erection of a fine building by Messrs. Bull of Southampton, the unfortunate edificers of the new Palace of Justice in the Strand. In the courtyard in front of the public buildings at Maritzburg, there is an obelisk.

This is a memorial to the poor fellows who fell in the Langalibalele affair. As to the other public buildings of the city, I recall the Cathedral where Dr. Colenso preached—about this worthy Bishop there is much divergence of opinion, but he was by no means generally popular in Natal. There is a Scotch church, and a Congregational church, and there is a church built in barbarous red brick—in pseudo-Romano-Ionic style, which is really a painful sight to behold. To make amends for this enormity there is a church near the Royal Hotel as attractive to the eye, as a church could well be. The principal street is called Church Street, and in this highway, the shops have generally overhanging verandahs, which produce a very pleasing effect. The Club House as a building, possesses some claim to mention. Government House is a very unassuming edifice, resembling a suburban villa of a by no means pretentious nature. In Sir Henry Bulwer I found a most affable and agreeable gentleman, evidently weighted by an appreciation of the responsibilities and difficulties of his position. The streets of Maritzburg are generally laid out in right angles and parallel lines, and the town gives one the impression of being a larger place than Durban, though I believe in reality it is about the same size. When I was at Maritzburg, deep and tolerably wide sluices intervened between the pathways, and the fences enclosing the gardens of the houses. These have now been covered in; but in those days one had to walk over coupled-together planks, which passed muster for bridges, before one could open the garden gates and so make for the houses themselves. These ditches were supposed to keep the streets healthful, and the town pure and free from scavenge and debris, and in this way they were doubtless useful.

It was no uncommon thing for unlucky individuals who chanced to be coming home somewhat fresh, to fall into these unkind trenches, and, if report lie not, the wearers of Her Majesty's uniform were very often found in what the vulgar call this "awkward predicament". A drunken man, however, deserves a ducking as much as a scolding wife; and without entering into a comparative analysis of the two cases, I may roughly assert a good deal more. The inhabitants of Maritzburg are a kindly hospitable race, and

they spare no pains to find amusement for a visitor. To-day they will drive you out to the Umgeni Falls or the Table Mountain, to-morrow they will be your *cicerone* to the volunteer shooting butts. They will organise private theatricals, balls, tennis matches; in fact, if you behave yourself, they will do anything for you. For my own part, I spent a happy time in the city. The inference is obvious. In addition to those young and old men of misfortune, whom I have mentioned, there are a great many men of good fortune—there is also a clique of Britishers—well-born and well-bred—who, having sowed their wild oats too freely in England, are sent here to settle down and reform. A very questionable policy, I take it. I remember a warm discussion upon this very question of sowing one's wild oats, after a little dinner at the Royal one evening.

Time, 2 A.M.

Dramatis personæ. Three or four English refugees, a Captain and Lieutenant of a Regiment quartered at Pieter-Maritzburg, and myself.

Captain A——. “Time cures everything. A man can better eschew evil from a personal knowledge of its dangers and exactions. A mere greenhorn who knows nothing about sin and its punishment will be far more likely to fall into some abominable vice or mistake, for they are about the same thing in the long run, which will probably chaw him up altogether. A well-seasoned though confirmed rake will be less likely to come to ultimate shipwreck.”

W. B. “Do you belong to the fallen-angel though redeemed class, Captain?”

B. C. “Perhaps he's never been tempted, and in consequence has never fallen.”

Lieut. Blank. “The fact of the matter is, he can't have been tempted of the devil—for he's the devil himself, I really believe, as any of you fellows would find out if you had had as much of his company as I have.”

From this edifying conversation we drifted into politics and ultimately arrived at the threshold of religion. I have noticed elsewhere than in the colonies, that whenever men begin to feel

elevated by liquor, they try to express themselves upon religious topics.

The Turnery works at Maritzburg are interesting enough. Great wooden lumps like butcher's logs are quickly transformed into the legs of tables and chairs, while massive pieces of wood resembling large Gruyere cheeses are as rapidly metamorphosed into cart and barrow wheels. The paving stones of the streets are simply death to pedestrians. Pyramidical pinnacles, which oblige one to turn involuntary circles with every step.

Maritzburg would appear to be bestirring itself just now. I hear that Mr. Hulet, of Kearnsey, has recently landed machinery, to be used in the manufacture of tea. Moreover, it would appear that the cultivation of cotton is again receiving attention in the vicinity of the capital. It is satisfactory to learn that the example set in this matter, by the farmers of Albany, in the old colony, with the Honourable S. Cawood at their head, is being followed in Natal.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LIFE IN THE COLONIES AND ENGLAND COMPARED.

"A CERTAIN COMENSURATION OF GOOD AND EVIL."

"I have been told that the climate of
India is a paradise,
I have been told that the climate of
Africa is a paradise."

"I have been told that the climate of
Australia is a paradise,
I have been told that the climate of
Dulak is a paradise, and I have
been told that the climate of
England is a paradise."

—*M. de S. S. S.*

"I have been told that the climate of
India is a paradise,
I have been told that the climate of
Africa is a paradise, and I have
been told that the climate of
Australia is a paradise."

—*W. de S. S.*

"I have been told that the climate of
Africa is a paradise, and I have
been told that the climate of
Australia is a paradise."

—*M. de S. S.*

"C'est lors que nous sommes en France, le pays qui nous sentons l'instinct
qui nous y attache." — *Chateaubriand.*

THE question has often been asked me: "Is there any charm in colonial life which could compensate a man for voluntarily exiling himself from England in favour of a permanent residence in the colonies?" This question can only be answered relatively. It is almost entirely dependent upon the individual temperament of the man concerned in the inquiry. If you be a great sportsman, South Africa will be an Elysium to you. If leaden skies and constant wind and rain, have wearied you of this

dull land of ours, and "every living man that dwells therein," then again, Africa will suit you. If you hate turmoil and love quiet and solitude, I would still say, come to South Africa, but keep clear of the natives. But these are all extreme and isolated cases. If we are dealing with generalities I should answer the question in the negative, a most decided negative too. South Africa has a beauty of its own, a rare beauty no doubt; but it has few inspirations for me. I missed "sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," the dear old baronial halls with "donjon towers and castle keeps," ivy-green coats and vests, moats, portcullis gates, and thick massive walls, to which must be added their countless traditions and lore, so hallowed, so sacred to the true patriot. In these hoary ruins of the past we see the promising germs of modern comfort, the hopes and aspirations of our noblest men, the very mantle and canopy which has half covered, half foreshadowed, our present wide-spread civilisation. For mental and æsthetic pleasure I should prefer my old haunts to wild primitive Africa.

One learns much, however, from a visit to these far-off shores, new forms and new phases of life are found everywhere, added to which is the insight one must receive into the habits and ideas of the native tribes. Still I yearned for old London, its acute pleasures, its genial warmth, proceeding as it does from the circulation of the purple fluid of rarefied life through the countless veins and arteries of its ramified structure. Dear London, the centre, the very centre, of the world. And as to African beauty, is there anything to equal the romantic scenes of the Trossachs, of which Scott sang so heroically, investing every hill and dale, loch and streamlet, with a double life, a double interest. As to the mountainous districts of South Africa, they are not unlike those of Scotland in many ways, but they have no associations which another Scott could weave into a delightful web of poesy. The African mountains are minus the hallowing touch of history, beautiful as they are in themselves. Where again are our fine old country seats and manors, and churches of every age? Where is the quiet beauty of Richmond or Twickenham, of Westerham or Knockholt, the golden and

replete beauty, the voluptuous charms, of Yorkshire, "the glorious sun of York," the delightful nooks and corners near at hand all over these islands, and on the continent, and a thousand other old familiar joys? There is verdure enough yonder, undulating country too, covered with bush, or with the vine, with sugar and coffee plantations: and many indications of man's handiwork and industry. There are hillocks which may remind the archaeologist of the cairns which contain the relics of his ancestors. But when these are levelled no bones are found with chains of mouldering iron, telling of Saxon or Danish tyranny. Such beautifully perfect teeth, so white, so shining, so regular, had these, our progenitors. "Stop!" says the Africander. "Not all your own way. Those beautiful white teeth are now no longer your property, nor the property of our race. The natives of Africa still possess them. If you are to maintain your insular claim to pre-eminent advantages, surely you will grant us fair play and allow that we possess a few strong points. Do not our ethnological riches entitle us to some consideration. The much vaunted civilisation of which you speak in such glowing terms, and which you have had all the war and turmoil of evolving on your native soil, has brought you many bitters with its sweets. We have the advantage of beginning where you are leaving off. It will never fall to our lot to wage wars to secure our liberties, and to free ourselves from tyranny and oppression, the recollection of which, to my mind, is the chief lesson to be learnt from the relics of mediæval and feudal days in which you seem to revel."

As to civilisation, it has rendered teeth blackened, eye-sight shortened, but it has quickened the brain, so what matter. The brain can invent means to repair all these defects, and prevent their recurrence. The body is but the outward covering of its inner prototype, the soul or the life. The more powerful inner man can patch its reflex, the body, for although the body and the soul may be synonymous terms, the more potent spiritual and mental attributes are the masters of their servants, the mere faculties of the body.

"But," replies the Africander, "the case is in a nutshell. We mean to make a fresh start on virgin soil. A hopeful future

surely has more life, more poetry, in it, than a dead or moribund past." Some articles in the *Natal Mercury*, bearing upon this subject, written by a lady who had not long been resident in the colony, gave much offence. She signed herself "Every-day Thoughts," and from pointing out the apathy of the colonists in allowing the Roman Catholics to establish the best school in Durban, she went on to complain generally of the defective educational arrangements of the colony. The sting of her indictment was in its tail, for she wound up in words somewhat similar to the following: "Women of Durban, why allow your children to be brought up by Kaffir nurses? At the best, a successful colonist—morally, intellectually, or financially successful—of the future can but substitute for that beautiful recognition of the well-spring of his success, 'I had a good mother,' the miserable commonplace, 'I had a good Kaffir or coolie nurse'." Accusations are always most heinous when true, and this and other assertions on the part of this lady were only too true. The wrath of the Durban mothers was excited accordingly. When the matrons had expended their ire in big and little epistolary shot; a Natalian girl gave the world the benefit of her "Morning Fancies," and with all solemnity, she threw down the gauntlet to the author of "Every-day Thoughts". A warm controversy upon the respective merits of England and Africa followed, argued chiefly from the sentimental point of view. "Morning Fancies" said: "Is there no inspiration in our skies, no poetry in the balmy breath of our pure atmosphere, in the clinging tendrils of our creepers that wreath the wild bush with their garlands, in the blue waters of our bay, and its soothing gurgle all along the strand, in the rough breakers' ceaseless eddy on that terrible bar, which bids fair to bar our progress in the unknown future?"

Poetry is popularly supposed to be drawn from natural objects around us, the three elements, their wonders and beauties. So it is, but they must be associated with *man* and his works, or the poetry is lost, useless and pointless. You can no more make a poem, than you can a picture, solely out of earth and sky and sea. In the poem, as in the picture, the actual presence of man

may be absent ; but he must be behind them both, his mind and soul must be stamped upon them, or you have in the one case so much word painting, and that alone, and in the other a mere mechanical production, interesting from a botanical, meteorological, or geological point of view, but devoid of the vital spark which should inspire it, and with which it should be instinct. It is the pathos and ecstasy of mankind, which are born from his environment, the great world of nature, which make the poet or the artist—although in very truth the poet and the artist are more than foster brothers, they are identical—who delineates these emotions, something more than a mere worker, he becomes a prophet, a seer, a priest, all in one, and his labours add to the religious life of man. From the pain and sorrow, gladness and rejoicing in nature within and without us, our religious beliefs have sprung, and from these breasts they have sucked their nourishment. Herein lies their inspiration.

“The strange creeds priests hold so dear,
Because they bring them land and gold,”

may wear themselves out and die a natural death, religion never can. While true poetry lives, unprostituted music, and art, three bright celestial sparks, the lamp on the altar of religion will ever be kept burning. Auguste Comte says in his *Politique Positive*, “that the governing law of man’s belief is the construction of the best hypothesis of which the phenomena before him admit. This rule applies to the simple perception of an external object, to the highest conception of religious faith.” The grand distinction then is this. That in England the beauty of the landscapes, and of everything in life, is enhanced tenfold by the silent history of our race and its doings which surrounds us everywhere. Our enthusiasm is kindled, and our poetic and metaphysical attributes are appealed to at every turn. Colonists have but bald nature, bushmen’s rough paintings on stones, and in caves ; Kaffir cosmogony, kindred superstitions appertaining to other races, to poetise upon, and to con over. There is a fatal sameness about Kaffir races, their institutions, and their creeds, moreover, they have left the face of nature practically unaltered. Leaving out-

side of the question the interest attaching to ethnological and philological studies, which are dead letters to all but the select few, nothing remains in the past history of these native tribes which differs materially from their history of to-day.

Whether the Queen of Sheba brought gold from the Zambesi districts; and whether ruined cities of vast and imposing proportions, betokening a high state of civilisation, exist somewhere north of Zululand are considerations scarcely to the point. I can only say, concerning them, in the words of Kirke White, "They are blotted out, half-razed from memory, and their very name and being in dispute". At all events for all purposes bearing upon my arguments South Africa might almost as well be uninhabited. There is much to inspire the poetic imagination in Africa it is true, but in all that makes a country hallowed and holy to its children, Africa is of course, from the very nature of things, behind other and older countries. The work she has done and the work she is doing, is weaving a mantle of sweetness and light around her and above her. At present she lacks a past history worth calling a history. It is a case of *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. This absence of a past has its effect upon the Africander character, as it had upon the American. It renders colonists very matter of fact, and breeds the frame of mind, that would rather see "a good wholesome corpse than a mummy of one of the Pharaohs". It has often been said, that the age we live in is decidedly against the production of a Shakespeare. I don't believe it. Has not the present century given us a Shelley and a Tennyson. Twin deities. Nevertheless, the environment of South Africa is decidedly against the production of poetic enthusiasm. It will not be thought that I have wandered far a-field and become a little vague and nebulous. My readers are, I know, blessed or may-be cursed with souls, and I therefore imagine that they will consider my treatment of this question as being very much to the point.

For the rest, we know perfectly well that in every material comfort, every requirement great or small, real or imaginary, necessary or merely luxurious, which appertaineth to man, he is better able to be satisfied in England than in Africa. From this assertion I can alone except the African climate, and African

sport, to which I alluded in the first lines of this chapter. The question naturally resolves itself then, having disposed of material considerations, or assuming them for the moment for the sake of this argument to be equal—into a comparison of the more subtle and inner wants, aspirations and longings of the soul. Do these receive more stimulus in Africa or in England? In answering this question I can but say that I think England carries off the palm by a whole universe. This cultured Africanders are ready enough to admit; as in a similar connection, such men among Americans, as Washington Irving and Russell Lowell have been the first to concede.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NATURAL FEATURES OF SOUTH AFRICA—THE CLIMATE ; ITS RELATION TO HEALTH AND DISEASE—FEVERS AND DELAGOA BAY.

“ALL DAY THE WIND BREATHES LOW.”

“So, what with fever o’ mind, and yellow fever, he’s food for the land crabs, that’s sartain.”—*Capt. Marryat, R.N. (Jacob Faithful).*

“The foul miasma of the dying jungle, the poisonous breath of the leaves, shed from her thousand trees, and lying in every stage of decomposition around.”—*Florence Marryat.*

So far as perfection be attainable in any climate, it may be said in general terms of that of South Africa that it leaves little to be desired, and in fact arrives as near perfection as any climate can. True, if I were to speak of my own individuality, I should be inclined to take exception to this flattering character, but a man who is constitutionally opposed to even a moderate degree of heat is not in the reckoning, and I therefore fully endorse the judgment of others on this point, for I consider it to be a just and proper judgment. Sir Bartle Frere hit the right nail on the head when he said, “The climate of South Africa was generally far superior to that of the South of Europe, and reminded him of some of the best parts of the South of France, and was free from some of the drawbacks which detracted from the salubrity of the latter places”.

For patients suffering from pulmonary complaints, nothing could possibly come up to the climate of South Africa. It beats the South of France by many lengths. You come across men in the colonies at every turn, who assure you that they would

have enriched their native soil long ago, had they not determined to leave England and make Africa their home. The worst of it is, cases are not taken in time. This is a fatal error. Men are sent away in the last stages of the fell malady, when their lungs have become thoroughly perforated, and the tubercles have eaten away the tissue, so that recovery is an impossibility. Then it is cruel indeed to allow patients to leave their homes, and as I have before said, to rob them of the tender, loving hands which can smooth their journey into the valley of the shadow of death. If the mighty monarch does not claim these poor creatures for his own on the voyage out, he nearly always makes his reckoning with them on the return passage; for in these hopeless cases all the colonial doctors can do is to order the patients home again at once, as they consider it to be their duty to give the poor creatures the chance of dying with those who are dear to them around them, and moreover that their friends may have the melancholy satisfaction of being with the poor sufferers on their dying bed. I have seen too much of the mischief of ill-advised action as to consumptives: far too much. Sometimes the voyage will galvanise or rather ozonise the poor invalid into a momentary condition of improvement. He begins "like little wanton boys that swim on bladders" to indulge fond hopes of recovery, and makes maybe for Bloemfontein in the Free State. In this connection, I am constrained to break a rule which I had laid down for myself, not to quote from any existing work on South Africa. I shall, therefore, take over a few lines from Mr. John Noble's excellent book on the Cape Colony. The worthy clerk of the House of Assembly, is writing in eulogistic terms of the advantages of the country around Cradock, and "the wooded undulating plains of Lower Albany" in the treatment of patients suffering from pulmonary diseases. He adds, in speaking of a health resort near Graham's Town, and on the main road to Port Alfred, "it is thus within easy reach of the comforts and luxuries, as well as the necessities of civilised life, and the pleasures of English society—advantages most important, yet too often overlooked, or disregarded, in the choice of a suitable residence for invalids. Of what avail to the unhappy consumptive, with body and mind out of gear, is a healthful climate, if shut out from

the world and society, and from all the sources of mental and physical enjoyment in some Free State town, or lone farm in the Karoo." Moreover, it is a grand mistake not to count upon the wear and tear consequent upon the jolting over bad roads, nor upon the scant accommodation of some of the hotels *en route*. The strain on the invalid is too great, and hemorrhage, or that other last fatal symptom in consumptive cases, lays its victim low in his death agony, and the unfortunate creature expires on the road. This is a sad and terrible subject for reflection. It is a cruel fate for—

"One who in life where'er he moved,
 Drew after him, the hearts of many,
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well-known through many a day,
 To speak the last—the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard!
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown dark."

Notwithstanding this gloomy recital upon a subject about which I have said something before, South Africa can point to some wonderful instances of marvellous cures, and although I don't deny that I am sceptical about a few of them, yet I can safely assert that in the early stages of the disease, if a complete cure be not nearly always effected, the progress of the malady is so effectually arrested, that you may often be acquainted with a consumptive person for years and never suspect that he or she is in any way so affected.

As to the air of South Africa it is clear and sustaining, and generally dry. The nights are far-and-away cooler than are our nights in summer, this very dryness of the atmosphere, supplying of course the explanation. These conditions are, as everybody knows, grand desiderata not only in all bronchial, chest or throat

complaints, but also in hepatic maladies. It has been said, and been written times without number, that the old Indians, whose livers were impaired from want of exercise and by general indolence, and especially because of their careless and reckless dietary, and above all from the imbibition of copious draughts of *brandy pateni*; found far more relief from a voyage to, and temporary sojourn at the Cape, than they receive now from the journey home. This is most emphatically true. To generalise and summarise the whole matter, it may be said that South Africa abounds with persons who, from one form or another of constitutional weakness, would find life intolerable in England, if indeed they could continue to live here at all. For thousands of English sufferers, Africa is the natural sanitarium, and many valuable lives might be spared, if delicate persons would migrate there. If there is nothing radically wrong with a patient and he can stand roughing it up country, horse exercise and so on, he should go into such a course of life heart and soul, and he will become a different man. Many a colonist, returning to his native land after years of exile, is totally unrecognisable by his friends at home. And this not on account of the ravages of years; but on the contrary, because the weakly, colourless, cadavrous-looking youth, thin and flabby, and bent nearly double, the blue veins starting from his forehead, telling their own tale of delicate health; will have been metamorphosed into a bronzed, bearded, square-shouldered man, erect and firm in step; indeed a contrast to the nervous dyspeptic they knew years ago.

It cannot be denied that the climate of South Africa is particularly well favoured, and that health is at a premium there. In order to present a truthful view of the matter, I must not forget to make certain reservations.

Now, as to Cape Town, it is the favourite habitat of small-pox, the reasons for which are not far to seek. I have already enumerated them. Diphtheria is a scourge to Natal, and I well remember the sympathy that we all felt with a worthy townsman of Durban and his poor wife, when the whole of their children, ten in number, were swept off at one fell swoop by this terrible malady. "All my pretty ones? Did you say all?" Thrice-wretched and

deeply-to-be-pitied parents, to whose lot it falls to have such grief as this for their bed-fellow.

Of the low fever peculiar to the coast towns I can myself speak. I had a touch of it in Cape Town, but Dr. Jackson "the black physician," and a notable figure in the metropolis, soon put me square again. In Natal I was also to a certain extent a sufferer from this malady and I had some difficulty in shaking it off. The African fever, of which the before-mentioned malady is but the very mildest form, has built a wall far more effectually than have the Dutch, the Zulus, and other hostile natives, in the very face of the spread of civilisation in Africa. Take the region surrounding Delagoa Bay for instance.

Delagoa Bay is one of the finest harbours in the world, it has a vessel anchorage of 60 miles' length. We were insane enough to allow ourselves to be cajoled out of it by a mock arbitration. A sensible man must have known that the decision would be against us, it was a foregone conclusion. A Frenchman, and in fact, any continentalist would consider it to be his duty to decide against a powerful nation like England, in favour of a weak and unimportant State like Portugal. I daresay that we should not have so meekly acquiesced in a measure which robbed us of so important a harbour, had it not been for the bad character which the fever plague, peculiar to it, had been instrumental in bestowing upon it. True enough, this fever is a terrible scourge to the place. The whole of the South-East Coast lies under this ban: the nearer the equator, the greater the danger and evil. Quilamane, a Portuguese *settlement* is a great place for the fever. When the wind blows persistently from this quarter, the Delagoa Bay people begin to look out. The environs of Lorenzo Marques seem to have the plague spot upon them. The very vegetation is covered with a parasitic fungoid growth, and everything looks as if the finger of doom were upon it, reminding one of some of the inimitable Doré cartoons in illustration of the sublime Dante's "Inferno". "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," seems to be stamped upon everything. The tsetse fly completes the tale of misery, for it kills the horses right and left, sparing none. All this arises from the malaria, generated in the swamps of Quila-

mane. The Italian government has succeeded in making Rome fairly healthful, though by no means fully so. She could accomplish the complete task were she inclined to make the necessary sacrifices. There can be no doubt moreover, that the Portuguese with the aid of sanitary engineers, could not only improve, but render perfectly healthful, the coast along the Mozambique channel. Many pioneers in the work of redemption would succumb to the fever, but this first loss, great as it would be, would sink into insignificance, when compared with the totality of deaths arising from this same cause during any given ten years. I said the Portuguese could do so, were they so minded. But the spirit of the great Prince Henry has sped its flight centuries since, and the inspiration which his countrymen drank in from him, has long since been consumed, yea to the very dregs. This coast, like Sierre Leone on the West, has been called the Englishman's grave, and it is not an inappropriate name. That unhappy man who has once been smitten with the deadly malady, is practically next to useless for the rest of his life. He is permanently liable to a periodical return of the symptoms, and is for ever afterwards a weak, shrivelled, yellow-skinned, and decrepit valetudinarian, and subject at times to all the sensations of ague. Delagoa Bay, notwithstanding this terrible drawback, will, in my opinion, be one day the greatest natural seaport of South East Africa. In speaking thus of South Africa, I must not be supposed to include only the Transvaal and Zululand, but also the territory in the vicinity of the Congo and Zambesi which, ere the century dies, without professing to be a prophet, I may safely assert will be the home of many English-speaking communities.

We made one of the crassest mistakes, among the many which have disgraced our government of South Africa, in allowing Delagoa to pass into the hands of the alien. In connection with the Suez Canal it would have been a grand outlet for the produce of the interior. Whether by purchase or by concession or by what other means I will not stop to discuss, but Delagoa should have been ours. Portugal is but a *protégé* of England, her very existence as a nation has depended upon us, more than once, and it is not so unlikely that she may be put into a similar position

in regard to us again. Therefore a little earnestness, instead of pusillanimity, upon our part would have sufficed to have secured to us the natural outlet for the Southern interior of Africa. Had England possessed Delagoa Bay, the long-talked-of railway from Lorenzo Marques to Pretoria, would in all probability have been constructed long ago. This would have given the death-blow to the isolation of the Dutch Boers in the Transvaal, and their recent rebellion and our subsequent retrocession would have been alike impossible. In writing to an English paper some years since from Natal I said, "This is how the *Free State Express* jubilates over the anticipated construction of the railway from the Bay of Goa to Pretoria, in the Transvaal:—'It will set an indelible seal upon the freedom, the independence, the nationality of the Republics, and will put an effectual barrier on the extension of British dominion over the Vaal and Orange Rivers, it will make it perfectly immaterial to us whether the Liberals or Conservatives in England, or Molteno or Patterson at the Cape, are in power'. Another paper says that 'English lords and masters' will not be forced upon colonists, forgetting that in any scheme of confederation they would govern themselves in the same way as the Cape governs itself. Delagoa Bay is undoubtedly the key to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. In the hands of the English, engineers and medical officers would fight and conquer the devastating miasma, but in the hands of the Dutch, things will be only half done, while in its present hands, they will never be done at all. Neither Holland nor Prussia will advance the necessary funds for the railway, and England will at last have to do so, if they are to be found at all. What splendid materials for complications are here. Why not prevent them by prompt and decisive action? Lord Carnarvon evidently means English influence and power to be predominant in South Africa, and as Portugal could not afford to snap her fingers at England, and as Holland also has good cause to consider our wishes, it would be far better to quietly purchase the bay, and thus prevent serious breakers ahead from arising. Procrastinate this acquisition and depend upon it we shall rue it. On commercial grounds, if it be

granted that we must have the place, is it not far better to have it, when we can get it cheaply?"

Concerning Delagoa Bay still further. I gleaned the particulars which I shall now give, from a friend who was part-proprietor of the *Gold Fields Mercury* at Lydenburg. During the war with Secoceni (Sea-cow-oon, as the witty colonists dubbed him) my friend became alarmed, and leaving all his goods and chattels on the Fields, he sent his wife by passenger cart to Durban for safety, and started himself for Delagoa Bay *en route* for the same place, financial considerations inducing him to forego the pleasure, and, under other circumstances, duty, of accompanying his wife. After undergoing innumerable difficulties and some privation he reached Delagoa Bay. The governor, a jolly fellow, speaking English fluently, met him, and enquired of him how he liked the place. "I like it very well," he answered, and brusquely added with more regard for wit than politeness, "but I don't like to think it belongs to you fellows, it ought to be British, and ere long it will be." This is the general opinion in Africa, and even if we had had to make concessions in the matter of the duty on Portuguese wines, or to pay a good round sum down, still we ought to have it. The duties at Delagoa Bay are less in some respects than they are at Natal, but there is an objectionable personal duty, levied upon every person leaving the port. Portugal has not a whole colony to support, but only a miserable settlement of semi-barbarians and half-breeds, and a large revenue for such a purpose is not necessary, but nevertheless the Portuguese system compels her colonies through these *octrois*, etc., to contribute to the maintenance of the Kingdom itself; by these very duties the home revenue is enriched. How different with us. It is a silly short-sighted policy, on the part of Portugal, and would prevent her development considerably, had she not from far more potent causes than these, ceased to be a progressive nation. The Transvaal retrocession, the Zulu war, and other matters have shelved for the time the projected railway, and South Africa has been again thrown back by this railway abandonment, in addition to the ground she has lost recently from so many other causes. We have heard little in late years of this railway, its engineering difficulties, and its con-

templated loss of 75 per cent. of the white employés over the first 50 miles of the work; quite recently, it is true, the project has been mooted again.

The late President Burgers visited Europe with the view of getting £350,000 from Portugal and Holland, all he should want, so he said, to build this railway. Competent judges considered that a million pounds sterling would have been required at the very least. He succeeded in borrowing £92,000 from Holland, but to do so he had to promulgate the most detestable falsehoods about the Republic and its prospects. Of this sum, £14,000 were consumed in personal expenses, so I am informed, and the remainder was pretty well exhausted in prosecuting the war against Secoceni. President Burgers well knew the value of Delagoa Bay and tried hard to secure it, but in vain. But to return to the fever.

Mr. St. Vincent Erskine, with whom I came in contact in South Africa, and whose experience of South African fevers, both in his own person and by observation, equals that of most men; is of the opinion that fever might in the long run be banished from Africa. A system of draining, levelling, and clearance of the bush would be a necessary step in advance of any such happy consummation. I thoroughly believe it could be accomplished, but as my remarks at best must be only theoretical I shall take leave to copy an original pencil annotation on the margin of an African handbook, which Mr. St. Vincent Erskine wrote for my especial behoof during a voyage round the coast from Natal to East London. It runs thus: "African fevers are not due to marsh, though probably aggravated by it. These are more severe in towns, which are universally in the Mozambique districts, masses of filth. Erskine's theory is that the extensive bushy tracts which prevail in these countries, prevent the lower stratum of air from being disturbed, hence allowing unhealthy exhalations to remain unmolested by the wind. Also that the air is surcharged with excessive oxygen, and deprived, on the other hand, of its due proportion of carbon, thus causing fevers in a similar manner to those produced artificially, when the patients have been breathing the air thus vitiated. It is well known that trees breathe out oxygen and take in carbon,

but the results of such a process are not yet sufficiently deduced or founded on experiment. Those have yet to be made. The only example I can quote to show that the bush has something to do with fever is that of the open plain country near the mouth of the Salic river, Lat. South $20^{\circ} 58'$, opposite Ohilione Island. Though this bush is subject to constant flood, it is more healthy than any other part of the coast that I have seen. Again, the hills are invariably healthy when open and grassy, but otherwise, when densely bushed. It is, moreover, often forgotten that the fevers are of different kinds in different localities, according to the nature of the country."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ROBBEN ISLAND—THE LEPERS.

“ALAS! I CANNOT SMILE AGAIN.”

“A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his lions, and on his lip
A covering—stepping painfully slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying ‘Unclean! Unclean!’”

—N. P. Willis.

“Je suis le Léproux, voilà le seul titre que j'ai à la bienveillance des hommes. Je n'ai jamais eu d'ami.”— *Le Léproux*, by Xavier de Maistre.

I HAVE spoken of fevers in connection with South Africa. There is, however, another prominent disease in the African colonies. It is, unhappily, by no means peculiar to that part of the world; although I had never seen anything like it before, and I fervently hope that I shall never see anything like it again. I allude to a complaint that is popularly called leprosy, though I cannot believe that in calling it by this name it is properly designated. The old Eastern leprosy was a white cutaneous malady, the victim was covered with scales like a fish, but this is a different thing altogether, as I shall presently show. I was making my way up Table Mountain with a friend one morning, when we came upon an oblong rectangular building, containing a single apartment, which measured about twelve feet by six feet, and in height was about seven feet. In answer to my enquiry as to what this was, I was told that it was a lazaretto, in which the poor unfortunate being afflicted with leprosy was doomed to live alone, until death came to his rescue. I asked whether this fell disease was still in

existence. "Oh, yes," was the answer. "A visit to Robben Island or to the Somerset Hospital will make that abundantly plain, and, for the matter of that, there are several lepers to be seen begging in the streets of Cape Town." My companion further informed me that the disease had been imported from the East by the Dutch slaves of Sumatra and Borneo.

Having decided upon paying Robben Island a visit, and a day being selected, I rose very early in the morning, and went down to the docks in order to make sure of the passage, which I had booked in the "Gnu," a small steamboat running to and from the island. A sailor on board this boat warned me, in solemn tones, that I was going to see the last place created by his Satanic Majesty, and that the malign deity had forgotten to finish it. We did the ten miles in about sixty minutes. Upon my arrival, I became convinced only too conclusively, that the sailor's assertion, regarding the originating power, had some show of sense in it. As to our method of reaching land from the vessel, the men were carried from the boats, which brought us near the shore, on to the beach, or rocks, on the backs of convicts, and the ladies were conveyed thither in a kind of sedan chair. The first thing to investigate is the lunatic station. One hundred and thirty unfortunates are confined here. They are divided into three classes. The very mad, the indifferently mad, and the hypochondriacally and nervously mad. The recovery of the patients belonging to the last class is by no means hopeless. In addition to these sub-divisions, another distinction is made, in favour of certain privileged inmates. By paying a guinea a-week they can secure wine at dinner, separate attendance, and other advantages. One of these fellows amused me not a little by observing that I should go blind if I wore glasses, alluding to a pair of *pince-nez* which I happened to have on my nose. Wishing to humour him, I replied in the words of *Punch* :—

"Teach not your parent's mother to extract
The embryotic juice of an egg by suction,
The good old lady can that feat perform
Quite irrespective of thy instruction."

He was very pleased with these lines, of which he fully grasped the

meaning, and he made me repeat them over and over again. It appears electro-biology, or spiritualism of some kind, had been engaging his attention for years, until the study ended in unseating his reason. Another lunatic flattered me by assuring me that he could tell by my military air that I was a great officer; and he would be much pleased if I would represent to the Governor and the Colonial Secretary of State, that Robben Island was an excellent position upon which to station an army. I will not trouble my readers with his insane reasons for this belief. I watched the more rational lunatics playing at billiards and at various games in addition, and complimented the gaolers upon the admirable cleanliness and order of the establishment. I presently repaired to the *cuisine* and saw the culinary department at work, from there to the women's ward and so on by easy stages to the deaf and dumb houses, and to the lighthouse. On returning I had summoned sufficient courage to make an entrance into the lepers' wards—three miserable huts. Dreadful sight—horrible distortions of humanity. It makes one's heart bleed to see these poor sufferers. As I have before implied, Dr. Jackson, and most of the medical men of South Africa, laugh at the idea of this malady being identical with what we have always understood by leprosy. However I do not propose to ventilate this question in these pages, nor could I do so, were I ever so much inclined for the task. Whatever the disease, it could not well be worse, so we will for the sake of this description assume it to be leprosy. How can I attempt to portray the horrors of the place? Men huddled up in bed, *sans* hands, *sans* feet, smoking penny rustics, poor wretches sitting on their beds, their heads wrapped in handkerchiefs, and buried in their hands. Others are hobbling about outside having obtained temporary relief from their excruciating agonies. Boys and small children limping on their padded knees having no feet to assist their locomotion, others minus knee-caps and elbows. Some told me that they had been there for five years, others for seven and others but for a few months. Poor fellows, they would converse freely, and they seemed to appreciate a chat. The vast majority of the visitors to the island declined to pass by the wards even, much more to enter them, and those

who do enter generally hurry out again, and say nothing to the derelict waifs of humanity within. The decayed limbs and joints were festering and covered with a white substance, not unlike the scoriaceous ashes found at Vesuvius. There must be volcanoes in their souls, poor creatures, the iron must have entered deep down into the very marrow of the bones, the heart must be cold and wan, and the head like an ardent coal. Great Spirit of Light and Truth, such suffering is too awful, we cannot understand its mystery. What are all our ailments, physical and mental, when we compare them with their condition of dank, deep, dark despair? If ye have tears to weep, methought, weep them now. But I could not, the sight petrified me, deprived me, or appeared to deprive me, of sensibility. Why should men suffer so and live? What pains and penalties for sin can Gehenna have in store more than these? The sufferers complained of cold, but they were not allowed to warm their limbs. Heat accelerates the symptoms, and causes the sores to spread and break out afresh. In most cases all that can be done is to apply simple ointments, and administer simple medicines, the effects of which are rather palliative than remedial. It is true that cases have been cured for a time, but the disease gradually returns with renewed vigour; and in a certain number of months, the patients that have left the island either return, or are taken into a similar establishment at Grahamstown. I could not discover, though I took some pains to enquire particularly, a solitary authentic case of cure, but I saw one man in a condition of temporary convalescence. He was scrubbing the tattered garments of the other patients. The death of these miserables is sometimes fearful, they frequently scream in their excruciating pain; others die more quietly in mute despair and exhaustion. Sometime since I heard the wonderful Polish pianist, M. de Pachemann, render in his truly inimitable manner that weird and awful work of the Abbé Listz—*The Inferno*. My comprehension of those passages which represent the cries of poor wretches in the bottomless pit, shrieking in their fearful conflict of regrets and pains, was made far more easy, and far more realistic than it would otherwise have been, on account of the associations connected with these poor lepers.

As to the women-lepers, they are now received in the old Somerset Hospital in town. Had not this step been taken, all hope of the extinction of the malady might well be abandoned; and in the name of compassion and mercy, let us if we can, stamp out the scourge. The keeper of the lighthouse related to me a very strange tale, and although it seemed almost incredible, I am informed that it was perfectly true. It is curious enough to be worth repeating here. He assured me that two cases had occurred of the contraction of the disease on the part of perfectly healthy men, by the simple medium of frictional contact with a patient. One instance was that of a porter whose duty it was to carry the lepers from the boats, across the rocks on to the shore. This man died in a few months. The other case was that of a carpenter to whose lot it fell to encase the dead bodies of lepers in coffins prior to interment. Accidentally he contrived to get some of the virus from a leprosy sore into a chance scratch on his finger. After severe sufferings in town he was brought to the island, where he died in about eighteen months. If these cases be true, and there can be little or no doubt that they are the faithful narrations of facts, it is certainly a disgrace to the powers that be, that they should allow lepers to sit in the streets of Cape Town soliciting alms. Why should they not cry "Unclean! unclean!" as they did of old? But in a town where until lately no inquests were held, when deaths of a most suspicious character occurred, and where sanitary rules and regulations are dispensed with: where not long since the bodies of the victims of small-pox were interred so carelessly, that like the queen of Sacred Writ they ultimately became food for the carrion dog,* when such things as these are or were of everyday occurrence not long ago, one is not surprised at almost any example of mismanagement. But enough of these revelations, they will sicken my readers. If this be so, judge of my own

*The caves round Sea Point were full of derelict and renegade dogs whose sole means of subsistence was the dead bodies they scraped up at night in the cemetery. Hence none but a very brave man would cross the burial ground after sunset. In those days when a man wanted a dog, he would wait his opportunity, until all the adult dogs were out foraging, and then steal a puppy from one cave or another.

feelings. How I could have mustered sufficient courage to go through that experience, I cannot understand to this day. I was asked to inspect the convict and pauper wings of the establishment. But I had already had a sufficiently varied insight into the science of pathology to last for one day, and was glad to recruit my enfeebled spirits by a draught, long and deep, from a brandy flask I chanced to take with me. It was fortunate for me that I observed this precaution, for there was nothing in the way of an inn on the island. I had been warned to take some food with me; but I was sceptical about this absence of opportunities of procuring tiffin, and I neglected to profit by the judicious advice which had been given me. As it happened, it didn't much matter, for I don't think I could have made a meal after what I had seen. Had I been in a position to eat I should have been very hungry, for I think, if my memory is to be depended upon, I was detained ten hours on the island. I took a scamper over to the more unfrequented part of the station, where I surprised a splendid colony of rabbits. A sportsman would have wished for another kind of flask and a gun to boot, and he could have made a very fine bag in no time. The animals are rarely shot, and are consequently far from "wild". On returning to Cape Town I endeavoured in vain to do duty to dinner. I tumbled into the theatre, but the play failed to dispel my gloomy reflections. I was quite finished for that day. For many a long day afterwards I recalled with unpleasant vividness and a nervous shudder the sights of Robben Island. No wonder Langalibalele prefers Oude Molen.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, BRIDGES, BARS.

“TO ME HIGH MOUNTAINS ARE A FEELING.”

“Amid a thousand strange and lovely shapes.”

—*Southey.*

To say that South Africa is a beautiful country is to pay it a poor compliment, because the same might be said of a dozen countries which do not possess half so much claim to the distinction. I will say that it is eminently beautiful. Its beauty is of grand and, perhaps, somewhat severe type, mountains on every hand of very considerable altitude, and forests and plains on a scale of magnificence rarely, if ever, met with in Europe. The scenes which charm in England are conspicuously absent, but there is, nevertheless, much to compensate one for their loss. The coast from Natal to Cape Town presents a lovely *coup d'œil*, even when seen from so considerable a distance, as it is by steamboat passengers. At St. John's River, which looks like a huge cleft in the rocks, the scene is enchanting to a degree. The rivers and waterfalls of South Africa are often extremely grand and wild. The falls of the Zambesi are twice the height of those of Niagara, and if their attractions are not overdrawn, they should satisfy Oscar Wilde himself. Of the rivers of the Old Colony, I believe the tortuous Gauritz is considered to possess the most attractive features, it is grandly wild. Although no one can deny to South Africa the distinction of possessing rivers which, from a picturesque point of view, can hold their own with the famous rivers of Europe, there is always that terrible drawback to be reckoned with, namely,

that their volume varies so much in their course from the watershed to the ocean. None possess a sufficient length of navigable current to serve any useful or practical purpose. The Orange River, the most important colonial stream, is certainly capable of bearing small craft for a distance of some twenty or thirty miles from its mouth, but this is little use, as the sand has silted up, and prevents ships of any draught whatsoever from making their entrance from the sea. Such bars block the mouths of all the rivers, waterfalls intercept them, they degenerate into the tiniest streamlet here, and swell out into swamps there, and generally conduct themselves in an unseemly manner, in too many respects for me to enumerate. In some parts of its course the Orange River can be crossed by natural bridges, that is to say, on huge boulders or pieces of detached rock, which either lie prone across its current, or jut out from its bed. Elsewhere, a leap, which even a child could accomplish, will transfer you from British South Africa to the territory beyond. The narrowest breadth of this river, when it rises to the dignity of the name of a river, is two hundred yards, and its widest breadth two miles. It is one thousand miles in length.

As to the rivers of Natal, the Umgeni may be considered to exemplify the rest, and a description of that river and its peculiarities will suffice as a description of Natal's rivers generally. It is crossed by a wooden bridge some few miles from Durban, on the road to Verulam. The iron bridge, which cost £20,000, was washed away years ago, and the scattered fragments of its wreck are to be seen in the bed and on the banks of the river. Broken columns snapped asunder, iron joists and stanchions in a like condition. It is a fine river, and one cannot but regret its inutility. At one time it is a mighty rushing torrent, carrying everything before it, at another this boisterous current degenerates into so small a compass that all that is left of it is a few little pools besprinkled here and there in the bed of the river, which thus exposed, shows curious corrugations of sand, diminutive ridges and banks. The reason for this outflow of the water is simple enough. It is to be accounted for by the fact that the country is on an inclined plane, and the

water, rising in the mountains, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, has to make its way over a series of terraces into the ocean. This descent is all the more abrupt, in that a very limited extent of country, no more perhaps than 150 miles, intervenes between the mountains and the seaboard. The route taken is headlong, not circuitous, and, in consequence, the ocean receives the aqueous produce of the mountains almost, as it were, directly it flows from the heights. In the rainy season the rivers overflow, but no sooner has the rain gone, than they lose volume rapidly, until they are as dry and parched as the Pentateuch tells us the Red Sea was, when the Israelites passed over it in their escape from the land of their bondage. Embanking and confining the waters to a narrower limit would, of course, have a certain remedial effect, but there are yet other difficulties to overcome, before the Natal rivers can be made navigable. Not only is their course intercepted by numerous falls, but enormous boulders obtrude their unwelcome presence in the very middle of the stream, and lie scattered about everywhere. By means of dams and sluice-gates at very close quarters, vessels might, it is true, make their way up and down; if the stones were removed by dynamite or some other explosive. But could the gigantic falls which appear in the seaward progress of our troublesome and incorrigible friends be surmounted? I doubt it very much. The rapids could, it is true, but I doubt whether their frequency, and the constant delays they occasion, would not go to prove the old adage regarding the game and the candle. Beyond Maritzburg there are two falls of the Umgeni, of which one is double the descent of Niagara, being 323 feet in height, while the other is 60 feet. Many ways suggest themselves, and have been suggested, by which these enormous difficulties could be overcome. The first method of damming and sluicing, and breaking up the precipitous descent into an inclined plane, by filling in here and shelving off there, and thus creating a series of terraces, lakes, or basins, which would form locks, at close proximity to one another, would scarcely answer. A more sensible, and at the same time feasible, plan would be to divert the current of the river altogether, and get over these abrupt

dives down peculiar to the country, by carrying the river over a long stretch of land, where, if the new bed were made sufficiently sinuous, success might be achieved. There is yet a third plan, based on the adoption of the principles of hydraulic pressure, and it is so novel and absurd, I must really give it for what it is worth.

By way of illustration of this method, let me, in the manner of the lecturer, take two cylindrical tubes of unequal bore and length, and place the smaller and shorter inside the larger tube. At the lower orifice of the lesser tube insert a cork loosely, then close the larger tube at the end also. Next allow water to run down the outer tube from the top, and this water will force the cork in the inner tube up to the surface. I hope, but I am not sanguine about it, that I have succeeded in making this method plain. A certain well-known author has said, that the effort to understand mechanical appliances always produces a feeling of vertigo in his brain. My experience coincides with the foregoing. I fear I have not been very lucid. To return. A precisely similar plan, it is thought, could be adopted at the Umgeni falls. Given an enormous cylindrical apparatus, upon the cork and tube system, the water would run down, and force the vessel up. If the vessel were coming from the up districts, and wanted to go down the river, this could be accomplished by opening the sluice-gate at the other end, and the vessel would gradually make its exit with the water. The expense and risk of these enormous and complicated appliances would scarcely admit of the commercial success of this method of checkmating the falls. Till now, it is true, the expenditure in bridges has been extravagant to the highest degree. Bridges are built and washed away, washed away and rebuilt in the coolest possible manner. If no steps are taken to make the rivers navigable—steps which are, after all, of questionable economy, taking into consideration the fact that railway transit is succeeding water conveyance all over the world—an effort should at least be made to make bridges which would stand a chance of repaying the community for the trouble and expense bestowed upon them. The previous Umgeni bridge was much better than that which I knew.

It was built of iron instead of wood, and was much higher than the make-shift arrangement, which may have been removed by this time, for all I know to the contrary. In bad weather the bridge was completely under water, sometimes so much so that waggons could not be driven across it. Although by chance, the debris of broken trees and planks have not collected in sufficient force to carry away this bridge of convenience, this ultimate result is considered by all to be inevitable, and the cry, "The bridge is broken, and we can't go over—Toll! da! roll! da! heigho!" may anytime be heard. Such being the case, and as the river itself is useless, why not carry bridges under, instead of above ground? I point to a system of tunnelling. The method I should advise had a powerful advocate in the late Mr. Ridgeway, a prominent Natalian architect and engineer. Drive piles into the river-bed of sufficient girth, length, and strength to support a cylindrical box. The necessary gradients being made, either your train or your road traffic could be carried through this cylinder, the top of which would be within a foot or so of the top of the river-bed, on which a raised road of concrete and brick could be built. The floods and waters might beat against that bridge, and it would not fall, for it would not offer the resistance inherent in the fretted columns of an iron bridge; the water would go over it, and thus, instead of being washed away in these times of flood, it would remain the same as ever, while at such seasons the underground tunnel could be used. Thousands of natural bridges of this description are to be seen all over the country. They are composed of stones thrown together, which the cattle can be readily driven across. But the cattle sometimes come to grief, as in the midst of dry sand and stone there are wide and treacherous pools of great depth, ten feet and upwards. At the Umgeni falls a natural bridge might be made by cutting a way through the rocks over which the falls run, and by shielding it in, and allowing the water to run overhead.

There is a good deal to be done in the way of bridge-building in the colonies. The bridges which the late Mr. Holliday Brown carried across the Orange River in several places, thus supplanting the flat-bottomed ferry-boats formerly in use, have proved to be of

the very greatest service. The regions of Savagedom beyond are by these means gradually coming under the influence of the colonists. No more convincing proof of this need be adduced, than the fact that of all the manifold merchandise and produce imported into South Africa, one-third of the whole finds its way over the boundary line of the colonies to the countries beyond. The rivers and their inutility are among the most prominent colonial *bêtes noires*, but when we remember the bars at their mouths we are in the presence of a yet greater trouble. They are truly cruel obstacles to progress, and at present their removal seems utterly hopeless. It might be thought that the unserviceable nature of the rivers themselves would make the colonists more or less indifferent to the presence of these bars, but those who so imagine have forgotten the harbour difficulty. South Africa has few harbours to boast of, and those she has are lost to her, from one cause or another. Well-wishers to South Africa never cease to regret that the Dutch did not select a site near Saldanha Bay, about fifty miles to the north of Table Bay, on which to build their metropolis, as it is the finest natural harbour on that coast, and would in many ways have afforded a better post of vantage from which to start the colonisation of the continent. Natalians have also their vain regrets: they cast sheep-glances at St. Lucia's Bay and Delagoa Bay, and wish that their destiny had led them there instead of to Durban. Fate decreed differently, and St. Lucia, a truly noble natural harbour, is as yet nowhere, and of Delagoa Bay the same thing may be said.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WATER SUPPLY—DENUDATION OF FORESTS AND ARTIFICIAL IRRIGATION.

“ WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A DROP TO DRINK.”

“ And many a day of toil had they to clear
The tangled brake and forest's spreading roots,
Meanwhile their numbers grew, the soil became
Unequal to sustain them——.”

—*Sir Theodore Martin's translation of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell".*

A SCRIBE in one of the Cape journals wrote thus sometime since: “One of the great wants of the colony—one that we have felt the incubus of, for many, many years, pressing especially upon our agriculturists, hindering their efforts to advance and standing in the way of enterprise, whilst forming an insuperable obstacle to the proper cultivation of the land, is the want of water”. This is true, only too true. It cannot be said that as yet the colonists have done much to remedy the evil. They have taken no steps to store their floods and waters. The rain, although it falls infrequently, is by no means sparing in volume when it does descend. The ground however is, as a rule, of a sandy and porous nature, and thus the rain very soon percolates through it and leaves the surface as dry as ever. Then again the conformation of the country is a series of inclined planes, that is to say, it gradually rises towards various chains of mountains, which in their turn are eclipsed by other mountains farther from the coast. Thus the water finds its way briskly into the rivers, through which it filters with impetuous haste into the sea. Water should be stored in huge tanks at the base of the moun-

tains, convenient and central positions for these tanks being chosen. And moreover trees should be planted whenever and wherever opportunity affords. I believe it was Dr. Johnson who said that the man who planted a tree and reared it, had not lived in vain. If this be true of England, and who can gainsay it, how much more true is it of Africa. There a man who plants a tree, or better still, many trees, certainly deserves well of his country. There is a natural paucity of trees in a great many districts. In such districts especially, the occupation of arboriculture should be pursued sedulously. What can be said of men who, instead of bending their energies to such a task, ruthlessly fell young and old trees indiscriminately, taking no thought whatsoever for the morrow? Yet this criminal folly is the order of the day in the Cape Colony and Natal, and great energy is displayed in its cause. Young saplings, full of verbiage, are wantonly cut down and brought into the towns. Things have come to such a pass in Durban and Maritzburg, that firewood costs 3s. a load.

I regret to have to state that arboriculture and artificial irrigation, the pursuit and development of which ought to be the uppermost thoughts in the minds of colonists, are, on the contrary, almost entirely neglected. It is true, some little awakening from the fatal slumber, which in this matter has overtaken the colonial mind, has lately been apparent, and some slight effort has been made to look the future in the face. This is especially the case in Mossel Bay and in certain towns of the Free State, where the municipalities have become alive to the necessity of planting trees and also to the appreciation of the ultimate connection which exists between the presence of trees and the rainfall. To their eternal praise they have commenced to plant trees copiously to supply the place of those which have been cut down and burned. The Cape Colony, it is true, possesses many forests. In the Western province, there is the forest in the vicinity of George, and in the Eastern division of the colony, there is the famous forest of Knysna, and the forest of St. John's in Kaffraria. Still it cannot be denied as a general truism, the country is as woefully deficient of trees as it is of water. The forests near most of the towns, large and small, have been sacrificed, and the trees one sees

are generally imported species—the blue gum tree of Australia being an especial favourite.

The denudation of forests, and the question of the rainfall, are indissolubly allied. Man has no control over the winds and rain, it is said, but this is not true, he has control in a measure over both. It is a scientific axiom, and being so, it is duly respected by the gods and goddesses of the winds and the rain, that if you have no trees you shall likewise have no rain. This is a broad statement, as there are of course various natural laws affecting the downpour of rain, other than those bound up in the presence or absence of trees. Lofty mountains, and winds from inland lakes, are among these causes, and if we are to believe the native rain-makers, certain charms, the baboon being the most important among them, are effectual in procuring the needed downfalls. But amongst all these charms, the preservation of forests ranks very high indeed. In our eastern dominions we have a commissioner and staff, under whose charge the whole of the arboreal wealth of the empire is placed. Young men entering this service are required to pass through the hot ordeal of public competition before they can be appointed to these respective posts. A few years' practical experience in Norway and the South of France is the supplemental stage of the preparatory curriculum to which they are subjected. Under this system of training the woodman learns to spare the tree, until it has arrived at that state of perfection, when all the most economic ends will be answered by its removal. In the United States the backwoodsmen have, with axe and powder, and their concomitant appliances, the saw-pit and saw-mill, gradually cleared the country of its magnificent arboral heritage. The prodigious trees of California, which, when felled within two feet of the ground, offering a sufficient area upon which to dance a quadrille, are rapidly disappearing. Many have admired that ingenious representation at the Crystal Palace of a Californian pine, built from the bark of one of these enormous trees. This hollow giant used to go by the name of the "Overgrown Oak," in the parlance of childhood, but the school-boys and bread-and-butter misses were robbed of this attractive lion by the fire of 1866. Whether or not it be

possible to replace it, holds a minor position of importance with regard to the main question, for these kingly trees are almost too grand, too beautiful to lose, and their disappearance would necessarily be less a matter for regret than the annihilation of those smaller trees—comparatively speaking mere bush plants, which man can all too readily cut down. This, alas! is being done everywhere. The Americans are now sending to Canada for planks and deals. Canada even, one would imagine, a practically exhaustless resource, is showing signs of distress. The logs are brought from the pine forests, down the mountain torrents, by the Indians, and are floated across one or the other of the fine lakes, for the American consumption; but this consumption is becoming too exacting, and Canada is beginning to feel, in more ways than in one, the terrible demand made upon her. The meteorological effects of this extravagant and reckless use of wood are more deleterious than is its actual loss. Vast inland tracts of desert become less and less capable of ultimate utilisation as arable pastures—the rainfall is less frequent, less constant.

Continental Europe is alive to the importance of preserving its trees, and it makes them not only useful, but ornamental. Witness the twelve avenues radiating from the Arc de Triomphe, to say nothing of the Bois de Boulogne, the pride of Paris. All continental cities have umbrageous drives—witness Lyons, Milan, Genoa, the Linden Grove at Berlin; and even Brick-and-mortar England is awakening to the benefit of such avenues of trees, and groves of delight. Rotten Row might be shadier, but in a few years the Thames Embankment will be a second Rue de Rivoli. Our various municipalities seem to be waking up to the necessity of planting trees, to which fact, in a measure, is due the recent establishment of so many recreation grounds and parks. It is still difficult, however, to prevail upon parochial stolidity to view this movement from an utilitarian, no less than from an æsthetical point of view. Shopkeepers have often petitioned the local authorities in their respective districts, when a proposal was being ventilated, in favour of placing trees at the extremity or curb of the street pavements, to accede to that reasonable idea. But more often than not, the scheme has been vetoed by the various

corporations of double-distilled humbugs and incompetent non-entities, who conduct the misgovernment of the world's metropolis.

In India, trees are planted along the roadside, under the direction of the magistrates. The work is carried out thus: A piece of public ground is granted to a native gardener. He rears fruit trees thereon, paying no rent, on the stipulation that at the expiration of three or four years, he shall be entitled to an agreed-upon sum of money (a nominal sum) for each tree. These are then transplanted on both sides of the public roads, which were before parched and dried from sunrise to sunset by calorific rays. The trees are now farmed out to a fruiterer, who contracts to pay a certain sum for the right of plucking the fruit. By this means, a great boon to pedestrians and equestrians is rendered, in the end, not only self-supporting but profitable.

Many weary travellers in the post-carts would give something to see a grove of mangoes and other fruit trees between Durban and Maritzburg. The Free State government certainly agrees to pay to any corporation £50 for every 10,000 trees successfully reared, and it exacts fines from that vandal who should cut down trees promiscuously.

Natal and the Cape cannot do better than follow suit.

In this country there is plenty of public enterprise to grow, and public demand to purchase, oak, beech, elm, and other British timber, so that the denudation of forests presses upon us less heavily than it does upon the colonies, where forests are felled, but no trees are planted, to supply the deficiency. The philosophy of looking after the present moment, and making the evil and the good thereof all-sufficient for that moment, is the uppermost philosophy in the colonial mind. In England, it is true, the historical old forests of Sherwood, Epping, and the New Forest in Hampshire, have been rudely and wantonly mutilated and shorn of their fair dimensions, but public opinion has now cried, "Hold! Enough!" The citizens of the large towns are becoming fully aware of the value of these heirlooms, these great lungs to the community, and they are determined to allow no further tampering with what they properly considered to be

the rightful playground of their children and their children's children. To us tree-planting is primarily a hygienic consideration; to the Natalian it is, beyond everything, an economic question. Moreover, Englishmen have the same sentimental fondness for their historical forests, as they have for such fine old trees as that in which Owen Glendower hid, or that in which, on the 29th of May, after the battle of Worcester, King Charles II. concealed himself from the Roundheads, or again "the famous good old oak" through which a coach and four used to be driven to York. Africa has more palpable and urgent reasons to desire to preserve her forests. It will be some time before she can be supplied with cheap coal, though she wears a profusion of those black diamonds round her neck and on her bosom. Meantime fuel is very expensive. Whole forests are disappearing and no new trees are being planted. In Mauritius this reckless chopping down and neglect to replant has transformed smiling meadows into wide, bald expanses, little better than arid deserts. This is the blackest, blindest folly. It is senseless, impolitic, and totally unnecessary.

In Natal, the same disasters may be looked for, from the same causes.

Where are the future youth of the Colony to find their shooting and bush camping out, which they have so much enjoyed, if the forests are thus wrested from them.

The most important argument in support of inaugurating a system of tree-planting, is its connection with favourable meteorological phenomena. Water is one of the primary essentials of existence; a young colony is scarcely able to bear the expense of a reticulated system of pipes and aqueducts to convey the water from the mountains, and as wells not infrequently dry up, it would seem that the Natalians at least, sometimes run the risk of being reduced to the Bushmen's plan of extracting water from the bosom of Mother Earth, by sucking it through a reed pushed into the ground, even until it causes the lips to bleed: or of being forced to climb the tank tree—a tree which has a natural reservoir in the topmost part of its bole.

Water, although so common an element, is not the valueless

commodity which we have somehow come to consider it. Water companies think otherwise, from the New River Co., downwards. Sir Philip Sydney thought otherwise, and he has invested the glass of cold water with a poetic and undying reputation, before which all the splendours and *éclat* of the flowing bowl of nectar must pale into insignificance.

To turn from the hyperbolic value of water to its more commercial aspects, we find that our hydraulic engineers, backed up by English capital, have supplied half the great cities of the world with a good water supply. England has done good work here.

Artificial irrigation is quite an ancient science, known to the Egyptians and to races which flourished long before them. It is an important science in the South of Africa, where there is no Nile to overflow, and thus save the South African all trouble and anxiety regarding the water supply. In England "a fine day" is a subject for congratulation, but in Africa a wet day holds that place in popular esteem. Englishmen are the more nonplussed by this water question in Africa as in India, because their national good fortune, in respect of a constant water supply, has made them imagine that water would come to them as the air they breathed. They never thoroughly live down this impression, hence they make no real effort to conquer nature's niggardliness. They regard the absence of water as an accident which will one day come all right, and not as a chronic trouble to be overcome by vigorous efforts. Not so the natives, as all their folk-lore and superstitious creeds show. The witch-doctor is always first and foremost a rain-maker; upon his imagined power in this connection his influence greatly depends.

Good water and cheap water are subjects well worthy of a statesman's care and thought, and I question whether their rank is second to the great problems surrounding the meat supply.

The city of Valladolid in Spain evidently puts a high estimate on the value of Adam's ale. Sometime since the Société de l'Union, Castellane, obtained a concession from King Alfonso XII. to allow it to take 80,000,000 gallons of water from the River Douro daily. Having thrown a dam across the river, a canal, 31 miles in length, was constructed, which now enables the Société

to fertilise thousands of miles in Old Castile and Valladolid. The corporation has, moreover, agreed to pay £40,000 annually to the Société in return for a supply of drinkable water. Parts of Spain, and this among the rest, were until lately in the possession of large forests. They had recently disappeared, and the rainfall became, in consequence, irregular and less frequent. Following upon this, vast tracts became unproductive, and cities were dying for the want of water. This state of affairs gave the Société its opportunity.

All this expenditure, £40,000 grants to companies, may suit rich cities, whose roots are struck in archaic ages, but it won't do just yet for the South African Colonies. Let them go to work in an economic manner to ensure a rainfall, and plant trees everywhere they can, not only forests, but groves and plantations. This matter is one which has engaged the attention of the legislature, and bills have been placed before the colonial parliaments on the subject, and have become law.

Cape Town and its vicinity have pine-tree forests, these are especially to be found between the capital and its suburbs, towards Wynburg and Simon's Town.* Port Elizabeth has its park—and a great credit to the place it is, when we consider that it had to be formed from an arid desert. Tree-planting is too important a subject in Africa to be lightly dismissed, and the water supply, which, to an extent, hangs upon it, is more important still. Where sand and mountains abound, there must be plenty of water somewhere under ground. Boring has been pursued successfully in several places. On the North-west coast after boring to a depth of 124 feet, the bottom was found to be as dry as the top. But at the various depths roots of trees were encountered, and I feel persuaded that, had the borers gone a little deeper, the finding of water would have ultimately rewarded their efforts. I may add, in conclusion, that I hear that both Cape Town and Durban have lately set themselves to work to improve their water supply. They have awakened to their duty not a day too soon.

* I hear that the curse of creation, the speculative builder, is cutting down these fine trees also, that he may build his ugly little bungalows and villas.

CHAPTER XL.

SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS.

“MIGHTY STEAM, BUT THERE IS A MIGHTIER ON ITS TRACK !”

“Speeding to and fro, the railway train is an agent of good—a representative of great and persevering thought, of earnest skill and hardy enterprise.”

THE railway progress of the colonies has in recent years been very rapid. I was about to commit the indiscretion of saying that it could not be too rapid, but although this statement would be open to rebuke, yet it would be sufficiently pertinent in a country where the iron road must, in the very nature of things, sooner or later, come to be the principal means of transit for man, beast, and merchandise. As I have already demonstrated, the rivers like Eccles “don’t exist” (for any practical purpose), while the days of waggon travelling must soon be numbered. The railway systems, both of Natal and of the Cape, are in the hands of the government, as they should be in all countries whatsoever. Every man, woman, and child in the community is interested in the railways, both directly and indirectly, and, in such a case, small profits should be made, and undue and ruinous competition should be impossible. I am not wishing to deny that instances could be adduced by the enemies of the State system in Africa or anywhere else, which would show isolated cases of unsatisfactory results. Thus, in some parts of the Cape Colony, the waggon services have competed successfully with the railways. This naturally leads to an outcry on the part of taxpayers. These cases, however, arise from one or two very apparent causes, either that the railway has been carried too far into the interior long before its appointed time; into districts, in fact, where there are but a

few isolated farmers, who can afford to indulge their prejudice against the train by patronising the waggons; or that there is no sufficiently important place or district, either at the end of the line, or on its route. Time will assuredly remedy these evils.

The great bone of contention about all the Cape railways has been as to which shall be continued on to the Diamond Fields. It seems to me that this is rather a storm in a teapot, as the Diamond Fields' days are, I believe, numbered. However that may be, the matter has been, or is in the way of being compromised, by causing all the lines, viz., those from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, to meet at a certain junction, and thus proceed to the Fields together. The line from Cape Town, exclusive of branch lines to Malmesbury and to Stellenbosch, Wynburg and Kalk Bay (*en route* to Simon's Town), is opened to beyond Beaufort West, and is to be continued to Victoria West. From Port Elizabeth there are two lines of railway. That from Algoa Bay to Graff Reynet is to be extended to Richmond, where it will conjoin with the Cape Town line. The other is opened to Colesberg, via Cradock, and the borders of the Orange Free State are now approached. There is a branch line from this railway to Grahamstown—sleepy Grahamstown. Then again there is a line from East London to Queenstown, with a branch to King William's Town. All these railways are to be pushed onwards, and at the time of going to press it would be rash to speculate as to the exact spot they have reached.

The pioneer railway in Africa was that from Cape Town to the suburban districts, terminating in Wynburg. This was the only railway in the southern part of the African continent for years. In Natal there was a short line from Durban to the Uingeni, and this until within the last few years was the only railway in that colony. The terminal station in Cape Town has recently been rebuilt, so that I am unable to say anything about it; but of the old building I might say some very severe things. In Natal the railway station of Durban is, or was, of the most primitive character, and upon his first arrival, the stranger may foreshadow from this, that the institutions of Natal itself are of a like character. This is true and yet false, but as to the station

at the Point itself, it is, as that wonderful Natalian, Mr. John Robinson, very properly says, "a misnomer to call it a station at all". It is more properly a *dépôt*. However, this is a matter of small moment, and however shed-like and dilapidated this so-called station may be, the Point itself is strikingly beautiful. The lighthouse on the Bluff, the picturesque aspect of the houses on the range of hills (the Berea) rising above the town, and the general beauty of the country, all convey a most favourable impression and contribute to excite the warmest feelings of admiration. Pity, then, that upon landing—the difficulties attending which I have already described—the picture which one's fancy has painted should receive so rude a shock. What a custom-house, old packing-cases and all kinds of odds and ends thrown together anyhow! I expect, however, that something else wore a still uglier aspect in my eyes, for here I was condemned to disburse the sum of 13s. 6d., being the duty on two dozen bottles of Cape wine, which I had brought up with truly Africander enthusiasm, that I might introduce it to the notice of some English friends in Natal. A few little shocks like these serve to bring to your mind how utterly distinct are the Cape Colony and Natal; an idea that they are one and the same colony being firmly rooted in the Englishman's mind: there is nothing like an appeal to his pocket to knock the reality of the distinction into his head. As to the station, suffice it to add that if its corrugated iron roof, and the wretched, ill-conditioned fragments of timber, which were made to do service in the construction of the ramshackled edifice, did not constitute it "a thing of beauty, a joy for ever," yet it was not altogether without grace, in that it told its own tale of the early history and struggles of Natal, which one could see reflected in epitome in this much-abused building.

Coolies swarm around one requesting a *pour boire* for having unnecessarily disturbed one's luggage. For my part, I did not feel disposed to be very liberal, as I was mulcted in 3s. 6d. for the transit of such luggage over two miles of ground. Patient waiting in this station is at last rewarded after a manner, and away we go towards West Street. No distinction of persons obtains here, there being but one class, although a few horse-box

looking cars are reserved for the natives. The rail is prolonged to the Umgeni. I was much surprised at the simplicity of its construction. I believe this railway was the first attempt at locomotive engineering in South Africa—the Wynburg rail in the old colony not excepted. The extremely rough-and-ready method of construction by which it is characterised, and the fact of its being the only connecting link between the town and the suburbs, and moreover, the town and the Point, have contributed towards its financial success, for it is one of the best paying companies in South Africa. The original shareholders receive 30 per cent. per annum. Old spars split up the middle, with the paint still upon them, served as sleepers. These sleepers are of various lengths and thicknesses. The bell-shaped sleeper was also used. I was almost tempted to say just now that this railway is the only paying affair in the colony. But softly.

However, I very much doubt if the railways projected and partly completed in Natal will answer the sanguine expectations of colonists, for be it remembered that Natal is at present minus a port worthy the name: moreover, railway-making is no light or inexpensive task in a country bristling with engineering difficulties. The surveyors informed me that to avoid drilling the hills in this terraced land—the steep ascents rising tier-like one above the other from the sea-belt to the Drackensburg on the frontier—they resort to the expedient of winding round these ascents, in the manner of a spiral column. Thus for every mile as the crow flies, two miles of metal must be laid down. The land on each side of the railway is practically unoccupied, and populated by Kaffirs only, if at all.

Thus there are but few passengers and little produce to transmit from the inland districts to the sea-coast, and this remark would apply to the whole distance and every station on the line. It is hoped that the railway will create a population; and that the population will create produce. This has been the case in America, as all the world knows. But my remarks on the land question will help to show how very many obstacles exist to the realisation of this hope. If the government had taxed the land, so as to make it impossible for private individuals and com-

panies to keep the title deeds, of which they became possessed for a mere trifle, and which they turn to no useful purpose, things would have been very different long ago. Too much of the land is alienated, and those who hold it are playing a waiting game : the development of those lands which are occupied and utilised adds something every year to the value of the expansive tracts of territory which are retained by speculators and absentee proprietors—men who can afford to wait. When we remember that the holders of such land are not required to contribute in accordance with its value to the revenue, the policy of this waiting game is the more apparent. If these rich though undeveloped acres could be reclaimed and settled with immigrants, the chances of the railway being a success would be enormously increased.

The main railway, as I have said, is at present finished as far as Maritzburg, and it is hoped to carry it to Newcastle and Harri-smith, with remunerative results, for great things are expected, and justly expected, from the coal fields of Newcastle. Another line is to be laid along the coast to Isipingo, and that to Verulam is already opened. The original railway scheme, called Wellborne's scheme, proposed to make a network of lines all over this boxed-up little settlement. Lord Carnarvon, however, had the good sense to veto the proposal. How on earth could the handful of people Natal contains support such an extravagant plaything? The first flush of the exuberant energy of Natal, which accomplished such wonders in the past, has given place to a certain apathy. This is excusable enough, in the case of the fathers of the colony, when we consider the tremendous exertions which they made in the initial stages of their career, and the many reverses and disappointments with which they had to contend, before success crowned their efforts. But with the younger generations it is different. The allurements of an African climate, the lavish luxuriance of the soil, and its products, have had their subtle and enervating effects upon them, and they seem too often inclined to rest content with the position their fathers have created for them. It is these men who, despising the more patient laborious work of their sires, propose to cut all the Gordian knots in which colonial matters are bound by extravagant and comprehensive measures, at which the

staid portions of the community look askance. These youngsters fancy that all difficulties are to be disposed of by a bold and reckless dash. There is too much swagger and too little bottom about these fine gentlemen. They would wish to burthen the colony with a railway system equal in mileage to that of England, a country with a population of 120 souls to the square mile! Natal wants a very extensive effusion of fresh blood, before she can safely undertake to extend her railways very materially. In this matter she is in great danger of moving too quickly. Public men in Natal have proposed that no expenditure for public works should be paid by public loans, but should only be undertaken when a sufficient surplus should accrue from a prosperous and elastic revenue. This is a preposterous idea, entirely at variance with the teaching of Adam Smith, and in fact of political economy in the abstract. It is only right that future generations should bear a portion of the incubus of the benefits created for them by the pluck of their fathers. But the burden must not be made too heavy for new arrivals, and future generations to bear; and the fear is not an unnatural one, that if too much energy in the way of railway engineering is displayed, it may crush, or at least cripple, Natal's future.

Natal ought to throw herself into the bosom of united South Africa. It should not be too quick to load costly luxuries upon its immature shoulders. If the railway answers the most sanguine expectations concerning it, none will be better pleased than I, and I fervently trust that all the gloomy prognostications as affecting its future will not be realised. The enormous cost of freightage which would necessarily have to be exacted, caused some dismay, and it was feared that the drain on the labour market would further complicate matters for the farmers and sugar growers. I must say that I consider the indefinite extension of the railway system at present in operation in Natal would be a deplorable mistake, although I do not think that it would be such a gloomy and desperate venture as some would paint it.

Nevertheless, a little more caution and circumspection on the part of Natalians is to be recommended. Already, the newly-made railway shows signs of decay, and not a few of the bridges

are said to be in imminent danger. Thousands of pounds must be spent to make certain portions of the railway, not only safe, but even serviceable.

Natal will ultimately survive all mistakes, ultimately conquer all her natural drawbacks. The climate and resources of the colony are too pre-eminently grand to make ultimate failure a possibility. Croakers and pessimists will always exist to predict ruin and collapse, and they perhaps act as a useful drag on the too fiery spirits of the more impetuous and sanguine.

The Transvaal retrocession is a matter for deep and earnest regret, from every point of view, but from none so much as from this consideration, that by that step the projected railway from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay received, if not its death-blow, at least its death-blow as far as our interests are concerned. The port of Delagoa Bay affords the opportunity, had such railway existed, of bringing the produce of the inland tribes to the seaboard, in a manner far more economical and more likely to produce paying results, than any of the channels through which it reaches England at present. Besides, had this been an accomplished fact, Natal would have been driven by self-interest to identify herself with her northern neighbours, and it cannot be doubted that the Cape Colony would have followed suit.

Be this as it may, there can be no question, that all the railways should start from some good harbour, and terminate in centres rich in products, especially rough products, such as minerals—gold, diamonds, and coal.

Whether Natal can, or cannot, afford to support a railway from the coast to Newcastle, is a moot question, and depends very much upon the development of the coal fields of that town. Under any circumstances the introduction of railways cannot be delayed for a very long time in any of the colonies.

I imagine, however, that Natal's future is only relatively a prosperous future, in that she will share much in the prosperity which must sooner or later fall to the lot of the whole continent. Africa's wealth, and Africa's destiny lies further to the north, and more practical outlets must be found for the budding and blossoming enterprise of the interior, than the bar-plagued ports of

East London, Durban, and the southern ports generally. As to these future ports, I have already signified several of them, and from these and from others, railways must radiate to the central regions, and carry the enormous wealth of the interior to spots where they can easily be transhipped to England. In the not-very-far-off future, South African railways will cease to be local affairs, that is to say, cease to be mainly local conveniences, and their success will depend mainly upon the consideration as to whether they are in the direct line of communication between these favoured ports and the up country-trade. In this way short lines at present in operation will be made to pay.

None the less do I think, that as far as practicable, the clamour of those existing towns and villages in the vicinity of any proposed line, to insure their inclusion in the route, deserves serious attention; for numerous branch lines are notoriously costly and inconvenient appendages. Moreover, it seems to me that Africanders might well copy the Americans in certain customs appertaining to their railway procedure. Our cousins are not inclined to wait for the grass to grow under their feet, and they are not content to allow isolated, though completed, portions of a projected railroad to lie idle until the whole is completed, but sensibly utilise such fragments by running improvised goods' and passengers' trains up and down them.

The port of Durban is not, as I take, a port which will benefit to any very marked extent by the future expansion of Central Africa; neither can its railway expect to gather more than the crumbs which fall from that rich table, which is already spread in the interior—to which all Europe has been bidden, and to which she will ere long sit down.

CHAPTER XLI.

ANECDOTAL LOCOMOTION.

“TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.”

“Thundering along so smoothly, tracked through the distant valley by a glare of light and lurid smoke, and gone.”—*Charles Dickens.*

WHEN the line was opened to Worcester, a town situate some 150 miles from Cape Town, I had an invitation to attend the banquet and ball given at that place in honour of the occasion. On the eventful day I was quietly proceeding to the station “to catch” the 7.30 A.M. train, when I was accosted by a staid member of the Legislative Assembly. He enticed me into an hotel to partake of a second breakfast, telling me that a special train for members had been ordered. In my innocent trustfulness I believed him, but alas! as we walked into the station we saw our train departing without us. “What could be done? what could be said? It was abundantly plain we couldn’t well make the train start over again.” However there *was* a ray of hope left. We took cab aspiring to catch the train at the outside station, Salt River, and my friend sent a telegraphic message on ahead asking for a few minutes’ grace. The cab, its excited occupants, and the message, arrived just half-a-minute too late. However unimportant an affair this may appear on the surface, I can solemnly aver that these two simple little words conveyed an awful, and scarcely-to-be-equalled, significance to me. No chapter of accidents, no sad reflections, nor mournful experiences, could exceed the horror of my situation. To point out the awfulness of the dire plight which

our procrastination had entailed, I must mention the pertinent fact that I had been commissioned, by a fair damsel who had gone on to Worcester the day previously, to bring up her ball dress. Her *modiste* not having kept her promise after the manner of her race, she was unable to take her toilette with her. The desiderated article of apparel was consequently entrusted to my tender mercies, and was then calmly resting among my packages. The misery of my position can now be comprehended. Here am I, a hundred and twenty miles from the lady in question, and the only means of reaching her has slipped through my fingers. Imagine the fair creature's disappointment, desperation, and indignant chagrin! It is too horrible to contemplate. All her anticipated conquests vanishing into thin air, and nothing left to her but to commune with herself in silent misery, while others were blithely tripping over the boards in the ball-room, "their feet beneath their petticoats, like little mice peeping in and out". There is but one hope of reaching her, faint, indefinite, almost blind, but we seized it, determined to do or to die. A train left for Ceres, situate about thirty miles from the scene of festivity, at mid-day. We decided to telegraph to Worcester asking for permission to have a special engine put on for us from Ceres to Worcester. At 7 P.M. we arrived at Ceres, but the clouds which had hovered around us increased in blackness, the situation became more hopeless, dreary, and cheerless. "Telegraphic communication stopped between Ceres and Worcester," said the station master. No horses, not a dog-cart. Nothing. A state of vacuity! No hotels, not even "a quiet pub". Horror! Horror! Horror! The station master dare not put on an engine on his own responsibility. We were thus fairly detained for the night, and the best the obliging official could do for us, was to tumble us into a first-class carriage, wrapping us up in karosses and rugs, not forgetting to supply us with dark lanterns and knob kerries. With locked doors and drawn-down sun-blinds, we are left to ourselves far down the line on a shunting. We hoped, at least, to get as comfortable a night's rest as the situation would allow. Delusive hope! Vain confidence! For in the small hours of the

morning we were aroused from our slumbers by horrible shouts and yells, and shrill screams. Our detached carriage was surrounded by a horde of Kaffirs and Fingoes, who jumped up and down on the foot-boards, and laughed and sang, and quarrelled in a fashion far from delightful. These fellows were workmen on the line, and had been granted a half holiday in honour of the extension jubilee, which they had improved in the manner peculiar to the native, by inserting into their internal mechanisms unlimited draughts of Cape smoke (brandy). I felt somewhat like poor Richard III. on his last night's *rest* before the battle of Bosworth field. Much as my equanimity was disturbed by these scamps, the thought that I had been the innocent means of causing the keenest disappointment to a fair votary of the mazy dance unmanned me still further. There was nothing for it, however, but to keep quiet, grasp tightly my knob kerrie, and evoke kindly Morpheus to send me downy sleep. The next morning, by the six o'clock train from Worcester, we returned to town, and with us the lady, to whom, we had only too just reason for fearing, that we might have given mortal offence.

Our fears were, however, too extravagant by far; we might have dispensed with them altogether. Inventive woman! I ought to have known that there is not one of the sex incapable of manipulating a ball dress at a pinch. Whether this was done in my friend's case I don't know. Maybe she had the prudence and forethought to provide herself against all emergencies by taking with her a duplicate dress. I could never get at the truth of this matter.

Grapes are proverbially sour, and must I confess that I did not feel very sorry to hear that the whole affair at Worcester had been a failure. The speeches dull to a degree, because the refreshment caterer had been behind-hand in his duties. Not even a bottle of soda could be procured, no lights in the ball-room, and nothing to eat until three o'clock in the morning; not very inconvenient to those who can live on love and air perhaps, but far different to epicurean members of parliament and Civil Service men. The governor had one hotel to himself, and the other taverns, as well as every available house, were full to overflowing. I was sorry

not to have seen Worcester, which is, I hear, the loveliest village in the colony; and to have witnessed the excitement of the people on a fête day of this magnitude would have been a profitable subject for study. Alas! for poor human nature, I fear that the failure of the affair did not cause me the pain it would have done, had I been present.

The colonists are very proud of their railway progress, and they have a right to be so, but their lax method of conducting business arrangements is more apparent here than in anything else. In the first place, a private individual is able to order about the officials and servants of the government, of his own sweet will. A fellow-passenger of ours to Ceres was in a position to coerce the railway guards and porters in this manner. This very eccentric individual was a rich storekeeper. He always travelled, so he assured us, with a grocer's wine-basket, containing sundry bottles of liquor. There were no restaurants on the road, and our worthy did not see the force of being without refreshments. To do him justice he was not selfish in his self-indulgence, and had a mind to freely dispense "rich bounties from his ample store," to all who were inclined to profit by his generous impulses. By this means also he secured the friendship and good-will of all the railway employes, the engine-driver being especially open to his alcoholic charm and power of persuasion. Upon arriving at a station, he called to Jack, Tom, or Harry, to unlock the door, which in accordance with the bye-laws and regulations, should be kept under lock and key. He invariably alighted, and obliged the train to wait while he made sundry guards and porters happy. When the train was again in motion he leant out of the window, and by a private signal to the engine-driver, he induced that votary of Bacchus to increase steam, and so propel the locomotive at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, instead of the orthodox speed of fifteen miles. Having sufficiently displayed his power over the driver, he gave himself over to the bottle and ultimately became "so screwed" as to be unable to get out of the compartment unaided. In this condition he suddenly determined to take the engine's reins himself. Imagine our dismay. It is true that we only suspected, and did not know for certain, what was going

forward until afterwards. It is a fact, nevertheless, that all the time we were at the mercy of this man, in a greater or less degree, we were accomplishing circuitous and abrupt curves and steep gradients, with which the line of railway bristles, as it passes through, or rather round, the mountain kloofs. At Ceres he alighted from the engine blackened from top to toe.

The telegraphic department is also open to some censure. The sole reason forthcoming in explanation of the non-arrival of our telegram at Worcester was, not that the line was broken, but that the reporter of a certain Cape Town newspaper had contrived to get the undivided control of the telegraphic lines for the entire day. Strange that such a monopoly should be possible in a free and independent colony.

Nevertheless, despite these drawbacks, the progress made in constructing this railway is marvellous, when we consider the complex engineering work which had to be accomplished, to say nothing of labour difficulties. The railway is on the broad gauge system to Wellington, but beyond, the narrow gauge is substituted. In some places the road is excellently and substantially constructed, and the carriages run smoothly and evenly. There is but a single line however, which is, I fancy, short-sighted economy. The country through which this Worcester railway passes is attractive and mountainous. There is a stretch of hills on either side extending the whole distance from the metropolis. The Drackenstein are very imposing, and numerous villages cluster at their base. Stellenbosch, which was destroyed by fire some ten years since, sprung up again with Chicagian rapidity. The houses are chiefly built of wood, and to insure as much as possible against the recurrence of their late disaster, smoking in the streets of Stellenbosch has been constituted a punishable offence. The Paarl is very beautiful, six miles of vineyards, "where health, happiness, and good wine, reign supreme". Wellington with Bain's Kloof, the loveliest pass through the mountains in the colony, is more than pretty. This kloof is six miles up, and six miles down. The Piquetberg and Tulbagh Kloofs run it very close. Through these kloofs the sheep find their way to the Cape Town market. Beside the railway, runs

the road. beyond both there is a steep descent, at the bottom of which a river bed is often to be espied, and still further the rugged hills rise again in all their wild and gaunt majesty.

It is a pity that local jealousies, especially the soreness between the Eastern and Western portions of the colony, should have often led to impolitic deviations of lines, and to a want of system generally. This however is a matter which will in the long run effect its own cure, although much waste and ruin will be entailed in the process of settling down.

The railways of the Cape Colony cost upon an average about £7000 per mile.

CHAPTER XLII.

CAPE STEAMERS.

“WITH YOUR FLOATING BRIDGE THE OCEAN SPAN.”

“How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
————— O Ship!

—*Longfellow.*

“So shalt thou instant realm assign'd
In wondrous ships, self-moved, instinct with mind—
————— while careless they convey,
Promiscuous, every guest to every bay.”

—*Pope's Odyssey.*

THE progress which the Cape has made in material prosperity during recent years receives as much attestation from the number and calibre of the steam packets of the two services, the Union Company and the Donald Currie Line, which ply backwards and forwards to the colony, as from any other outward and visible sign. The history of steam navigation in connection with the Cape is an interesting tale of gradual progress from small beginnings to important issues, but I will not stop to minutely follow the step-by-step advance which the colonists have achieved in this respect. They are now served by two fleets of boats, of which they are justly proud, and of which, in fact, any colony might be proud.* These boats vary in tonnage from 2700 to

* I may mention that a third line of steam packets are now running to the Cape. The Ducal Line calling there *en route* to India and Australia. This line has obtained the immigration contract. Scarcely fair to the two companies who have served the government so faithfully and well in this respect, but I daresay they would rather be without the pother of the immigrants, for reasons which are obvious.

3500 tons, and in length are, as a rule, nearer 400 than 300 feet. Every week a vessel belonging to one or the other company leaves England, the two lines taking the service alternately, but in addition to this regular service there are generally two extra boats during the month, which bring up the total to about six boats monthly. The bounties paid by the colonial government to encourage the companies to build such ships as could accomplish the passage in the minimum of time has borne fruit, and the voyage is now a mere pleasure trip of eighteen days' duration, and without doubt it is one of the most pleasant holiday jaunts the world affords. The boats, as a rule, carry about fifty first-class, and as many second-class passengers. Many of the packets are very fine vessels, with accommodation of a superior kind, which need not fear comparison with that provided by the other leading lines of mail steamships. Moreover, having run the gauntlet of the far-famed Bay of Biscay, fair weather may be confidently counted upon, all through the year, which helps to substantiate my position as to the attractive nature of the voyage. I made experiment of ships belonging to both companies—the Union and the Donald Currie lines—and although I do not know that I am justified in pointing to any superiority of a particular kind as appertaining to either line, I may at least in gratitude for the very excellent and ample living provided by both companies, be allowed to sing their dual praises. Of course we must not expect anything out of the way on board ship, I merely mean that such as it was, albeit the living was plain enough, it possessed the undoubted merit of being well cooked, while cleanliness and wholesome dietary were duly regarded. The wines are also drinkable, and are not charged for exorbitantly, while the vessels are replete with every convenience and comfort. It fell to my lot to go to the Cape in a vessel making its maiden voyage, and the ship in which I returned had never crossed those waters on its homeward voyage before. Although one enjoys an immunity from black beetles and other pests by choosing a new vessel, the broom which sweeps so clean is not without its disadvantages. The smell of new paint is not only extremely unpleasant, but it is hurtful to health. New

vessels should always be avoided by invalids. In short, as far as my experience goes, I would lay it down as a general rule, although of course it is a rule which may admit of exceptions, that the invalid had better take his passage in a sailing vessel. This is assuming that he is not handicapped by lack of time. In the case of a man requiring a short trip merely to cure a cold, an attack of dyspepsia, or to set him up after a spell of mental trouble or worry, the passage by steam-ship will amply suffice. In extreme cases of consumption where a long sea-voyage may be too dangerous, in that the patient would appear not to have so many months of life to live, I think that leaving England at all is altogether a mistake. This I have more than once dwelt upon already. I allude rather to the *bona fide* invalid, who is sufficiently ill to cause anxiety, but who is not in a hopeless condition. My advice to him is, by all means elect to take passage in a sailing vessel. No doubt the coarser food, the rough-and-ready sleeping accommodation, and the more boisterous weather, which are one and all the necessary accompaniments of a sailing passage, are all very trying to the invalid; but then these very things will probably assist his cure, if his health be capable of resuscitation; whereas the short sea-voyage can by no means be counted upon to achieve this result. A little sailing and horse play, which must inevitably fall to the lot of the veriest land lubber on a sailing voyage, is the best of all tonics, and "pick-me-ups," for the patient who is already on the mend from the effect of fresh sea-breezes and the ozonised air surrounding him; whereas on a steam-ship he has to contend with the smell of the engines, which holds great enmity with the air-passages of the lungs and throat. The delicate should take this fact well into account in making a choice between the two means of transit. The recuperative results of a sea-voyage are incalculable. One is surrounded by the sea, splashed by the sea, drinks in the sea-air with every breath. Messrs. Rennie of Aberdeen run some excellent boats between London and Natal, and the same may be said of Messrs. Bullard & King's sailing vessels. They have capital accommodation for eight first-class passengers, and they are able to make the distance in about eleven weeks. Some of them prolong the voyage to

Mauritius after calling at Durban. There is, I believe, a considerable difference in the prices of the respective passages. The sailing-vessel is the more economical method of transit. This is remarkable when we consider that the sailing-ship companies have to provide food for their passengers during eleven weeks instead of for four weeks or less.

The coasting voyage to Natal from the Cape is now achieved by means of the ocean steamers, but it was formerly performed by miserable little vessels enough, superannuated private yachts, and I don't know what. In order to give some idea of these boats, I will describe a coasting journey which I undertook on a certain occasion :—

Starting from the docks, at Cape Town, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I had about two hours before dinner wherein to contemplate the receding coast, and to think over all the witty things said by a number of choice spirits, of whom I had taken leave. This was rather a melancholy occupation, but there was little to diversify it, in as much as, that with the exception of an invalided attorney, there was only one other person on board. The Lord be praised ! I thought, there is at least one lady. At Port Elizabeth, the passengers by the ocean steamer embarked. Then there was a fearful crush, and I was forced to exchange my comparatively comfortable cabin for a settee over the screw, in favour of some passenger from England. In justice, however, to the company, I must say that it was only by a special indulgence on the part of Messrs. Anderson and Murison, that I was allowed to proceed by this ship, the sleeping facilities of the little vessel being already overtaxed, a very large human cargo having booked through from England to Natal. I cannot speak in flattering terms of these coasting vessels. My experience, at least, was unpleasant to a degree. The table was poor, and the general arrangements dirty, slovenly, and grubby. One had to wash in a sentry box opposite the door of a lady's cabin. Bribery and corruption wouldn't procure me a clean towel, and to crown all, we were huddled up promiscuously, arranged on dining tables, and sofas, and over the screw, with an abominable draught from open port holes, at one moment, and a disgusting closeness on their being

closed, which was done immediately the ship began to rock and pitch. These were not pleasant experiences, and to crown them, one cannot but feel that the charge for both indifferent food and attendance is too high. In fact, I think it is quite as exorbitant as the ocean passage is moderate. The passage ought not to take more than four days. All this is changed now, and a right good thing too. Pleasant company reconciles one, in some measure, to ever so unpleasant an environment. As to my fellow-passengers, if they were not one and all agreeable, those who were not attractive from their amiable or mental qualifications, were at least entertaining from the very extravagancies and eccentricities of their conduct.

Captain Blyth, the British Commissioner for Kaffraria, told us much about the prospects of that wild country, and of its approaching absorption into the old colony. It is a fairly well watered land, somewhat better provided for by nature in this respect than other parts of South Africa. It is also well wooded. In the vicinity of the St. John's and the Kei rivers there is much beautiful "scenery," and trading with the natives is a highly profitable business. They are more unsophisticated than they are in English territory. A friend of mine spent two years there, living as John Dunn lived in Zululand, to all intents and purposes as the wild man lives, and he assured me that in this sort of life I should find a life that all would like to lead, and that for himself, he never spent a happier time in the whole course of his existence. Perfect freedom and perfect immunity from care and trouble, he led a purely natural life, the natives came at last to look upon him as a kind of chief, and treated him with much respect. There may be a charm about all this, to be *sans six sous*, and *sans souci* has its attractive side, doubtless, although I confess this particular form of luxuriant and independent poverty does not appeal to me. This barbaric tract of land is very similar to the country in the vicinity of East London, which is known by the name of British Kaffraria. I should mention that in these native reserves the white man is neither allowed to settle or to trade with the natives.

Then I learned something from Mr. Nicholson, who had just

returned from South America. Unhappy continent! It is now, and it was then, in the throes of miseries and evils which would either strangle a more serious people, or goad them on to make stupendous efforts to break the neck of their troubles. Even Brazil, the most favoured of all these mongrel communities, is in a pretty fix, socially and politically. Smarting under labour difficulties, compared with which, those of South Africa sink into insignificance. Subjected to the visitations of the most devastating fever, while murder and rapine have pretty well their own way, and to crown all, the people disaffected and disloyal to the Emperor,—an enlightened and able monarch,—who with the best intentions in the world, has no power to cure those radical evils which he so much deplures. English capitalists and companies are feeding by loans and mortgages the innate love of show and consequence, for which these hybrids are so celebrated. The natives retain the enormous wealth left them by more energetic ancestors, but do nothing to add to it, so that by degrees they are losing their hereditary estates and possessions, which are gradually passing into the hands of the Teuton. In short, the English and German elements are becoming the back-bone, not only commercially but socially, of Brazil, as they are of Portugal; and re-colonisation by more energetic races will, if I may indulge in the cheap task of prophecy, be the ultimate regeneration of those benighted regions.

Another passenger, an American, Mr. Macdonald, the gold commissioner for the Transvaal, very sententiously remarked that England was mistaken in supposing that the Transatlantic States were ill-disposed towards her. A few bustlers like General Butler may denounce and agitate, "but they are of no more account than your Beal or Kenealy. It is the quiet people, and they form the first majority of the natives, who are attached to the home of their ancestors." "Bravo!" said Peter Cloete, "I am an Anglo-Africander-Yankee. Let's have another glass."

Peter Cloete was a strange wild character, from whom I obtained, in his playful manner, a certificate of efficiency in the cure of sea-sickness. I gave him a dose of chloral hydrate which sent him to sleep for a longer time than I had intended. The

more quietly disposed passengers, however, were grateful enough to me, especially Mr. Ritchie and his family. This gentleman was chaplain of the forces at Maritzburg.

The head of the family of Scotch Cloetes, Peter Cloete, is a curious man, a wild fellow. He had a store at Newcastle, which he left to Kaffir "boys" and women to manage for him. Travellers and townsmen used to make a point of going into his store, and, without waiting to be attended to, they took just whatever they wanted, wine or what not, and paid for it at whatsoever price they themselves chose to put upon it. A droll way of doing business, all will admit, but Africa is a land of oddities and surprises.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE VOYAGE TO THE CAPE.

“COME, FLY WITH ME, ACROSS THE SEA.”

“Adieu, Adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew,
Yon sun that sets beyond the sea
We follow in his flight,
Farewell awhile to him and thee
My native land—Goodnight!”
—*Lord Byron's "Childe Harold".*

“Not with a heart unmoved I left thy shores,
Dear Native Isle! Oh! not without a pang,
As thy fair uplands lessened in their view,
Cast back the long involuntary look!”
—*Southey.*

“The green hills of the Devonshire coast stretched away ahead and astern of us, as far as the eye could reach.”—*Barry St. Leger.*

THE voyage to the Cape, was what the schoolboy would call “not half bad” taking it altogether. For the first few days we were somewhat indisposed, the weather being boisterous and the sea rough. About the third day after our departure, a tremendous gale sprang up, which caught us amidships, after knocking us about at bow. The officers' quarters on deck were swamped, and great consternation prevailed among the ladies. After clearing the Azores we had a change for the better. Our vessel passed these islands on the right, giving them a wide berth, she called at Madeira, and then made for the Canaries, through which needle-like group of

islets she passed, coming sufficiently near to one of the islands, to make it possible to see the hands of a church clock, the spire of which rose above the other buildings, which formed a little town, built on the side of shelving ravines, that cleft the cliffs asunder. Very picturesque and grand all this. These islands appear to be beachless, they rise, gaunt and sentinel-like, abruptly out of the bed of the ocean, and their grey dark outlines are not devoid of a grandeur and majesty of their own, despite their forbidding and cruel aspect. At first sight they strike the soul with a strange terror, they seem to suggest to the mental imagery, all powerful and foreboding spirits of evil in corporal shape, brooding upon the waters. As the eye accustoms itself to them, they wear a more amiable aspect, and in time one discerns water courses streaming down the precipitous cliffs, and here and there a patch of herbage, ferns and long grass in a tangled mesh. From the Canaries to Cape Town we had little from without to amuse us, a stray sail occasionally perhaps, a shoal of flying fish, while a colony of porpoises deigned to greet us now and again. The Nautilus was there in his thousands and tens of thousands, and a wandering gull, or other sea bird from time to time condescended to approach our vessel, sometimes a whole colony followed us asking for biscuits. Internal pleasures were in store for us however, and these were made possible, in that we had a highly representative and notable set of passengers on board. There was the genial Captain Grenfell, (now Colonel Grenfell) A.D.C. to the Commander-in-chief of all the South African forces, and then again, the son of Mr. Anthony Froude the historian, and so-called colonial agitator, who was going to Port Elizabeth or its vicinity to farm ostriches. There were many typical colonial men on board, and although they were one and all in favour of a Federal union, they were pretty unanimous in their opinion that the question had been precipitately and unwisely raised, and somehow or other all the passengers endorsed this view. We had Dutch, German, French, and English colonists among us. There was Captain Van Tromp, a Dutchman, sent out by the Raad, to see how far President Burgers' statements with reference to the Transvaal were true. Captain Van Tromp belongs to one of the oldest of the aristocratic

families of Holland, he is a descendant of that mighty and audacious Admiral, who placed a broom at the bow of the flag ship of his fleet, "to sweep the English from the seas," and who moreover found us so hopelessly napping, as to make it possible for him, to sail up the Medway as far as Rochester. Captain Van Tromp had passed the last twelve years of his life in travelling about from clime to clime, and in the course of his wanderings he had visited most of the English and Dutch colonies, and the United States, while as to Europe, he appeared to be as familiar with that continent, as a man well could be. He was then on his way to visit the Transvaal and Free State Republics, and badly enough he was treated by the Boers when he arrived there. The Transvaaler dislikes a Britisher, but he hates a Hollander still more. This is a strange state of things, but it obtains nevertheless. The worthy captain was allowed to want for food and drink often and often during his journeys: the Boer farmers regarded him with a jealous and suspicious eye and turned him away from their doors, so that he was unable to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, although he offered heavy sums of money for the most ordinary accommodation. Churlish treatment to such a man, especially considering that he had come to befriend them. But I am anticipating.

Like most Dutchmen, Van Tromp was a radical at heart, despite his aristocratic name and lineage. "In England," he said, "you have an actual territorial oligarchy, hereditary titles can therefore be defended on logical grounds. But in Holland the law of primogeniture is unknown, and, moreover, a father cannot, according to the law of the land, will all his real or personal property to his eldest son, but must divide both, equally, between them, his children, at his decease. To fit in with this arrangement all titles have been abolished, with the exception of that which belongs to the kingly office." This being so, Van Tromp was of the opinion, that a republican form of government would be far more consistent, with the genius of the constitution than the monarchical system, and this conviction seemed to have gained considerable strength in his mind, on account of the personal characters of the present royal family of Holland. The King

takes but little interest in public affairs, and his sons seem to share very much in his indifference.

He gave me a very favourable account of the prosperity of his country. The Zuyder Zee is to be drained and embanked with dykes. The people are prosperous, and socially and materially they can put to shame many of the citizens of more important countries. Foreign relationships wear, unfortunately, a more serious aspect. Mr. Van Tromp deliberately stated to me, that he thought Germany was only awaiting her opportunity, to endeavour to annex the whole of the country between her and the seaboard of the German ocean, thus making that great northern sea literally Germanic, as well as in name.

Despite the Hollander's national disposition which is notoriously phlegmatic and wanting in enthusiasm, he would not, my informant felt sure, allow the little kingdom which possesses such a magnificent heritage of past glory, to be wiped out and monopolised by Germany, without making a desperate struggle for his national life, and for the integrity of the national territory. Like William the Silent "we will pull down the dykes and swamp the country rather than submit to this degradation". This intelligent diplomatist thought that if Prince Bismark and General Moltke had not the fear of England and Russia before their eyes, they would make the attempt upon Holland to-morrow: and few can doubt the correctness of his surmise. Witness Schleswig-Holstein and Alsace-Lorraine.

Dr. Ross, whose work upon the suitability of South Africa to consumptives, is a most valuable contribution to hygienic literature, was another passenger, and he spoke very highly of the Cape Colonies in relation to their curative effects in pulmonary and rheumatic cases. Then we had the usual number of invalids, of returning colonists, some agreeable ladies, and one or two literary men, including the editor of a slating paper in Cape Town which paper is since defunct. This editor was a strange weird fellow, full of wit and humour, and capable of spinning a yarn or two. A select committee of passengers formed a club, to which we gave the euphonic title of the "Rum Tum Par Club". The editor just mentioned was elected to the presidency, and the ship's doctor was

our vice. The day was generally spent in card-playing, journal-writing, sketching and painting on china, and such like innocent amusements. Occasionally an unhappy man would be inveigled into reciting, but, as a rule, he was denied the privilege of a fair hearing, for such was the exuberance of our spirits, produced by sea air and the pent-up *vis inertia*, inseparable from life on board ship, that we forgot the feelings of others, in our desire to give some vent to our animal spirits. The unhappy man who should be weak enough to allow himself to be inveigled by designing persons, into the thankless task of endeavouring to emulate Mr. Brandram or Mr. John L. Child, might count upon being subjected to one form of torture or another. Either he would be pelted with coppers from the deck, through the skylight over the saloon, the cupreous shower descending upon his innocent head, just as he had arrived at the most critical, pathetic, or humorous portion of his piece, or he would discover upon endeavouring to make a very effective lunge in a tragic passage, that his coat had been pinioned to the table. In this and other ways he was made to suffer, until the victims had had enough of the joke. In the evening, we used to play and sing, and lounge about the deck, and ultimately we repaired to the smoking room, and from there some of us, who were young and foolish, and others who were old and ditto, gravitated to the doctor's saloon, where we read and sang the topical poems which we had composed during the day, the company being especially grateful to the authors, if they had managed to hit off in a telling manner any eccentricity or mannerism, peculiar to any of the men who happened to be present. The nearer we approached the tropics the more reluctant we were to seek our bunks, and towards the early hours of the morning it was no unusual thing for a man to show signs that he had not been altogether dead to the exhilarating influence of comic songs and witty poems, nor to the effect of the extremely stuffy atmosphere, engendered by fumes of tobacco and alcohol. This will seem by no means so surprising, as it might otherwise appear, when I mention that we were generally (some dozen or more of us), cooped up in a little state cabin not big enough to "swing a cat in". Three men would crouch panther-like on the lower berth, and two or

three more would occupy the upper berth, their legs dangling in the faces of the nether men, and their heads at the right angle peculiar to that unhappy culprit who rests his head on the block to oblige the headsman. The remaining guests would be arranged tastefully on the floor, or in pairs on the top of the lavatory or trunks, in short, their bodies would be scattered variously around. It wanted a hard head to stand all this, but those who in the opinion of their fellow-clubmen should fail to come through the ordeal unscratched, had to pay the full penalty for their offence; in short, they had to consent to be carried to their bunks in a somewhat undignified manner; for, to say the truth, supported on either side by the president and vice-president or whomsoever those dignitaries might appoint, they were forced to endure, with more or less good grace, the somewhat rough horseplay called bumping, so familiar to our school days. The next morning, I fear, the delinquent must have felt as if he had undergone a hard day in the saddle.

Practical jokes enlivened our mornings as well as our evenings. On the 1st April, a notice was placarded about the ship to the effect that a fine flying fish had been caught, which could be seen on applying to the butcher. Some saw that this fish was "all gull," but others, who, missing their daily papers, forgot the date, were not so sharp. An old Dutch missionary was very reluctant to believe, that in a sardine labelled April 1st, he beheld a flying fish. "It is too oily," he said, "and it is so small, and it has no wings and no head, and A-p-r-i-l 1-s-t does not spell flying fish". He was at last persuaded that it was all right, and he gave the butcher sixpence in a good-natured manner, adding: "If you catch anything else be sure to tell me".

Another inane amusement, more inexcusable than the last, was practised by the gilded youth on board, upon a German missionary, who had evidently lived all his days in some deserted village, subsisting upon sauer-kraut and the epistles. This worthy had a huge predilection for apple-sauce, and he always insisted upon retaining the mashed turnips, believing that dish to be his favourite conceit. He was observed to take this vegetable with blanc mange. Here was an opportunity not to be lost, and it

was determined to profit by the poor man's innocence on a glorious scale. He was persuaded to eat:—

“Preserved ginger and cheese: preserved pears and mutton cutlets: sardines and poulet à la marenco: Turkey beetroot and bloater paste: sardines, cheese, and Worcester sauce: Rognons et Champignons and Jam-reil: ham and pickles: chicken and mustard: mutton and mustard: sausage rolls and apple sauce: haricot chops and apple sauce: preserved ginger, plain pudding, and pepper: rice pudding, Worcester sauce, and mustard.”

All of which he evidently enjoyed, and thanked the impudent fellows who assisted him, with many kind and pretty speeches, such as: “Oh, you are too kind,” “Gentlemen, you do me too much honour,” and such like phrases. We laughed at the crude taste of this unsophisticated boor, but he only did what we do every day, he mixed up his food on his plate visibly to the outward eye, while we simply allow a few minutes' interval to elapse between our courses. Really the incongruous elements introduced into some of our made dishes would frighten us not a little could we witness the processes of evolution.

Thus the voyage, with its manifold incidents and novel experiences passed—far from unpleasantly. Good-natured officers, and interesting fellow-passengers helping to constitute its attractions.

I can most emphatically and strongly recommend any one not over-troubled with seasickness to choose this way of passing a very enjoyable and instructive holiday.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE VOYAGE FROM THE CAPE.

“HER STURDY BOWSPRIT POINTING TRUE TO ENGLAND.”

“May harmony, freedom, and love
Unite you in a grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient eye above,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa’.”

—*Burns.*

“A SMALL bottle of champagne, steward, quickly!” Such were the words which dinned constantly in my ears as I lazily lolled in the upper bunk, wondering how on earth my friend, who occupied the lower berth of our cabin, could feel so ill when I felt so jolly. Sea-sickness is “the very devil” while it lasts, but somehow or other even this fell misery can only be appreciated, when one is in its throes. All men suffer much pain, mental and physical, during their lives. The past mental anguish never fades from the mind, there it is, ever present with one, and its recollection comes like a grim spectre to tap at one’s elbow in moments when keen delights would reign supreme—if they might, and if they could.

But who can call to mind physical suffering when it has gone from one? We know we suffered, by a kind of faith that is in us, but one cannot have retrospective head-ache, tooth-ache, or *mal de mer*, as one can have retrospective heart-ache, or soul-ache. Thus when I am laid low by any physical anguish, and a man comes to me with sympathy, saying, “I know what it is, my dear man, I have had the same thing myself,” I cannot but be conscious that that man is an Ananias and a humbug. He doesn’t know he

is, he is so fettered by conventionality, and by his earnest wish to lighten your burthen, he speaks that which is not, unintentionally. I don't wish to dogmatise, but I will make bold to state this as a psychological fact, that the human mind is incapable of appreciating corporal suffering, retrospectively. The moment the pain ceases, all knowledge of its real nature disappears. Merciful dispensation of a benign providence! Man would find life unliveable, else. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that, while length of time assuages mental grief, it never removes it. Nothing but an actual repetition of physical pain will suffice to bring back to the realisation, what that pain actually was, yet our most ecstatic moments of bliss will be crossed, we know not why or how, by pangs and hell tortures, which recall to memory, keen and vivid as lightning-flashes, those moments of anguish when we cried, "How long, O Lord! how long! must we be called upon to endure this agony?" Therefore when I am offered sympathy for some disastrous mental earthquake, some raging volcano of the brain, and such sympathy comes from the one who has suffered in all points like as I have, I accept such sympathy, I cling to it. I fall down at its cross and I worship it. I know that it is real. Nevertheless, there is a way of looking at this matter, which would lead one to admit, that after all the man who gives you outward sympathy in your bodily woe, is the more-to-be-praised benefactor, granted he be a humbug, granted he cannot feel as you feel, either at the moment, or by retrospection, or anticipation. If he simulate all this for your benefit, so much the more is your love and reverence due to him. So is your humane medical man, your sister of mercy, and so are your countless holy men and women of God, who go about alleviating the weight of human suffering by appearing to enter into it, and making the poor afflicted one feel, that they know his pangs and terrors; so are they thrice blest. Where they succeed, they have accomplished very much more, granting that they must perforce call dissimulation to their aid, than he whose sympathy is but a reflection of his own grief, which grief though past maybe, he knows and feels as a life-long agony. In Shakespeare's play of King John, King Philip of France upbraids Constance, the mother of Prince Arthur, with

holding "too heinous a respect of grief—" "You are as fond of grief as of your son," he says. To which the unhappy woman replies :

" Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his pretty parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

These words exactly express my meaning. Grief, latent, incurable, requires and craves substance "to stuff out its garments". The sympathy of a man of sorrows with another afflicted mortal, is in itself almost a luxury. It gives embodiment to the woe, the unutterable woe within.

So came it, that I, being deeply conscious of the before-said truths, couldn't give my poor friend much consolation. I was too selfish and forgetful of my own sufferings. I was only too glad though, when he desisted from putting his head out of the port-hole every ten minutes, and from that everlasting demand for champagne.

Apropos of champagne there can be little doubt of its efficacy in most cases of sea-sickness. I can myself speak glowingly of it, in this connection. When my friend revived we had some good fun on board. I am speaking now of the coasting voyage from Natal to Cape Town *en route* to England. We became so hilarious that the Captain's wife whose berth was near ours, voted us the most go-a-head couple she had met for a long time. As we employed the morning "making up" nursery rhymes, and generally started off at 5 o'clock to have the hose turned upon us on deck, and then put on dressing-gowns, and played duets on the piano, and sang, I think she was not far wrong. Equally wild were some of our quieter amusements. We sat down one day, to write together a treatise on the Black races. We made half-a-dozen efforts to start the work fairly, but it will be needless to say we failed signally, when I add that we held diametrically opposite views, on all points, concerning this subject. So we went along, until the death of an invalid, and his subsequent burial at sea, cast a gloom over us, from which we were unable to recover

until we arrived at Cape Town. A short sojourn there, and we were off again.

What a crowd to see our ship depart! All our friends, and many acquaintances were there. Actors, and actresses, well mixed up with clergymen and people of every colour and profession, crowded round the boat. Three days we were delayed in that harbour, by the south-easter. How anxiously we awaited sun-down, that we might sneak away from the vessel into town, and how careful we had to be, to get back on board as soon as morning dawned, as the boat would have steamed out, the first moment the wind fell, providing it were daylight. Not too pleasant to tear one's self away from convivial friends, and walk some miles along the smelly docks, feeling nervous as we approached the custom-house gates, as to whether we should be allowed to pass them, and tumbling over ropes and other obstacles into bed. My friend was all right on the ocean voyage, and well I know it, for no sooner were the sailors at work cleaning the decks, than he called for some coffee, and awakened me, by throwing the spoon at my head, followed by tooth-brush, nail-brush, soap, or anything upon which he could lay hold: great was his glee too, when he found that the water which had run in at the porthole, had saturated a portmanteau of mine and its contents. I had foolishly placed it under the porthole window, and there being an unused bunk over it, I didn't find out the mischief that had been done, until we had nearly reached England.

One fellow-passenger was not a little disgusted at being presented with a long bill from a local jeweller, just as the vessel was leaving the port. It was sent down, perhaps to frighten a possible green-horn into payment. But the stale joke didn't succeed anyway. We had lost most of our interesting passengers at Cape Town, our loquacious colonel who possessed such chivalrous and old-fashioned ideas, our Australian merchant to whom I listened for hours, while he told me of the many wonders of his home in the far east: and many others; and there only remained two married couples, a single lady, and a grand clique of Diamond Fieldsmen.

A certain well known African hunter, whom I shall not name, my friend and I formed a little trio to ourselves, and although we watched the others playing napoleon and loo, and otherwise mixed

with them to a limited extent, we kept together at meals, and "argified," devising our own schemes of amusement together all through the day. We showed our wisdom here. The journey home is not so dangerous to the confiding youth, may be, but many a young fellow is ruined by his voyage to the Cape. I may say, as I have before said, that every steamer conveys one or more blacklegs, on the look-out for prey, in the shape of simple passengers. Some of these men are first class passengers, for it is generally more in their line to victimise persons who have paid for such accommodation. Even if they are second class passengers however, they find occasion at Madeira, when they are allowed the run of the whole deck, and the barrier between the two classes is for the moment broken down, to ingratiate themselves with some youngster, whom they may consider will be a good subject for fleecing enterprise in Cape Town. Let the unsophisticated youth keep his eyes open, or he will fall into one or the other of the traps prepared for him, and he will find that some worthless but plausible fellow, who has lulled to sleep all his suspicions, is living upon his good nature, and ultimately cheating him at billiards, cards, or in some other way. These fellows are so artful, that just when you think you are most secure, they round upon you, much in the manner Washington Irving's "Poor devil Author" was served; who having laid bare his heart, and his ambitious schemes of novel writing, to a foot-pad, whom he had accidentally met at a Hampstead inn, and whom he thought to be an appreciative listener, and consequently a man of taste; is roughly awakened from the day dream of approaching fame, into which he had been lulled by the artful words of the miscreant, no less than by the copious draughts which at his instigation he had imbibed, by finding a pistol at his head and the unpleasant words ringing in his ears: "Have at you, my lad! Come, disburse! empty! unsack!" Such, although in a more modern manner, is the *modus operandi* of these knights of fortune in the colonies.

The officers of the Cape steamers are generally members of the royal naval reserve, and are as a rule a capital set of fellows—men of decent birth and some culture. I have often heard it advanced against them, that a little too much laxity being allowed them,

they are apt to take advantage of the easy habits of the passengers, and become a little too familiar. I can't think there is any force in these views, and if there be, the passengers have themselves to blame. Ladies of the most exemplary character at home, at sea-side resorts, are apt to waive the usages of etiquette, and dispense sometimes with the formality of an introduction in making an acquaintance, which they would otherwise consider absolutely necessary. This remark applies to *all* grades of society, and I know it to be incontrovertible. On board ship the same thing prevails, and as it is not given to all men to possess unlimited supplies of tact, discernment and discrimination, some very unpleasant reminders to the effect that it is considered they have gone far enough, have, it is said, been administered to officers by the chaperons and natural guardians of young lady passengers. But although this may be perfectly true, I consider the conduct of the officers on board these boats, on the whole to be dignified, becoming, and gentlemanly. Passengers to and from the Cape may expect to find a fund of amusement; and plenty of food for reflection, if they content themselves with the simple study of the human cargo, with which their lot is temporarily thrown. If you have a very enterprising company, dramatic performances and charades are improvised, but in both cases with me, efforts in this direction were not well seconded. We had to be contented with the more infantile amusements of hop-scotch, hanky-panky, and kindred elementary games, and our highest excitement was the daily shilling raffle on the result of the ship's run.

Coming home we were amused by a very edacious and bibulous youth. I may say in passing that one of the officers, who sat opposite "*our trio*" at meals was wont to assert pretty freely: "Well, if the company had to provide for many such passengers as you fellows, it would soon 'go bang'. I believe you will have taken out your passage money in grub before you reach Southampton."

But, concerning the aforesaid youth, he would eat about eight different dishes for breakfast. Between this and lunch, innumerable cocktails and sherry-cobblers would tumble down his throat. At lunch, everything within his reach quickly took a header down

below, assisted in their passage by sundry bottles of Bass. Dinner was, however, his *pièce de résistance*, and for the full enjoyment of this, our Sybarite duly prepared himself by taking sundry liqueurs and sherries and bitters. One day we determined to try to put him to shame, by the simple plan of administering to his wants at table, with a polite but studied assiduity. He was, however, either too dense, or too indifferent, to take any notice of our polite attentions in the way of sending everything up to him. We watched him finish at dinner with a huge plate of "crab" (about a pound of cheese and a plentiful use of pepper, vinegar, and mustard). He washed the meal down with copious libations of sherry, claret, champagne, and port. "Well," said a fellow-passenger, "if that man is not thoroughly ill, or at least a 'bit screwed' after all that, I vote we let him go his own way in future." He walked on to the deck with the most provoking *sang-froid*, and, like Mark Twain's celebrated jumping frog, he looked around him as if he were quite unconscious of having done anything particular. Soon after this he invited a friend "to have a liquor". We all followed the couple to the bar, with the intention of doing our best, to discover whether we had a man here impervious to everything. It did not need blandishment on our part to induce him to drink pretty freely. We retained him at the bar, until we had had as much as we could safely take ourselves; he had taken more than any two of us. The hoped-for victim came on deck again, smoked a cigar with an air which seemed to imply that dyspepsia or intoxication were not only foreign to his nature, but to his very thoughts. "Well," said a diamond digger, himself a good drinker: "That man licks creation. We can't allow him to put us all at defiance like this. Here, Jenkins, tell him one of your long yarns, that will either send him to sleep, or make him ill, we must score somehow." Jenkins thereupon commenced one of his interminable traveller's tales (which complexion, I fear, my innocent little anecdote is gradually assuming). But as the poet says:—

"Travellers ne'er did lie, though fools at home condemn them."

So I will continue. After ding donging for an hour or so, the man, of whose accommodating powers we were all mortally

jealous, dozed off. As soon as we were fully assured that sleep had claimed him for her own, with ropes we tied him fast to the deck-chair upon which he was sitting, and then the chair and its occupant were securely lashed to the bulwarks of the vessel. We then assembled the passengers and sought their congratulations upon having at last succeeded so far, at least, in overcoming this prodigy, to do which we had had as much trouble as Delilah had with Samson. What was our chagrin, however, when we saw our worthy open his eyes suddenly. He at once perceived his situation. With a strong expletive he dived into his pocket, produced an enormous clasped bush knife, with which he slashed away at his bonds, and freeing himself, he rushed madly after a tall figure, whom he affected to mistake for Jenkins, the narrator of the story. He chased this man with the open knife in his hand, swearing vengeance. The innocent youngster he was chasing was terribly alarmed, and at length the real delinquent appeared on the scene, himself somewhat affrighted. The other passengers had shrunk away, fancying that the "edacious youth" had become a victim to delirium tremens and was "running a muck". When he thought he had sufficiently alarmed us all, he said :—"There, now. I think I have scored. I am ready to stand any of you men, whose nerves may be shattered, a liquor to steady you a bit. But don't fancy you can catch me napping again." An old German, with a Portuguese wife, said : "Ah ! but you did swear before the ladies. You did use a naughty word." "I am very sorry," said the nothing-daunted hero, for of course he had already become one, "but so would you if you had been rudely awakened from infant slumbers as I was."

On our voyage out we had a real case of D. T. on board. The gale of which I have spoken frightened this victim to alcoholism, who could not be restrained from seeking the deck with a life-belt round his waist. He even went so far, so I am assured, to disturb several passengers by calling them from their bunks, to an improvised prayer meeting. His devotional exercises, however, were very much of the same nature as those of the sailors in *Don Juan*. I afterwards met this man on the Constantia road,

and he seemed to be in constant dread lest wild cats, or jackals should run out of the bush upon him.

Enough as to Cape voyages. With all its charm, the best appointed vessel is after all a prison house, and I was not sorry to exchange its heat and narrowness for the firm earth.

CHAPTER XLV.

MADEIRA.

HAD I PLANTATION OF THIS ISLE, MY LORD."

"'Stead of one unchanging breeze
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vessel breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone
And waft no other breath than theirs."

—*Thomas Moore.*

THE passenger upon arriving at Madeira is ready, as a rule, to seize any opportunity, which may present itself for the indulgence of a spree. I am afraid we wasted more threepenny and sixpenny pieces than economic considerations would dictate, in encouraging a number of Portuguese boys to jump from their cockle-shell boats, which surrounded our vessel. No sooner had the coin left our hands, than the urchins were under the water, and a few moments sufficed for its reclamation. The water is very clear here. We could see these lynx-eyed, tawny-coloured fellows catch the coin in their mouths, as it, so to speak, paddled its way downwards towards the bottom. The Sandwich Islanders themselves could not be more expert at this kind of fun.

Butler's parasitic theory of creation receives some powerful attestations in this little island. On board and on land, you are surrounded by importunate vendors of inlaid wood-work, horse-hair chains, gold rings, birds, fruits, and walking-sticks. The corner of every road is occupied by a *cicerone* waiting to guide you. These sellers, beggars, and guides are a sad nuisance.

You command them to leave you, you threaten, you exhort, you coax, but the noise you make, and the sound of your foreign tongue, only serve to prate of your whereabouts, and the horde which surrounds you is increased, until at last, you feel as though you were in the lowest pit of Dante's Inferno. The mobs of chattering, grinning, gesticulating, monkey-like deformities which accost you, madden and disquiet you. Is there no escape, you ask? Must I bear all this? Do the laws of the island oblige me to hire that horse and go up the hills to the convent, and am I morally bound to visit the bazaar? Shall I suffer excommunication if I do not go to the cathedral, or what will be the result of my temerity if I seek not the quiet shades of the fruit market? It is needless to say that *volens volens* I, and the others do all these things, and for the rest, I put as good a face upon it as possible, and resign myself to my fate. All this time our eyes are seeking their own objects of interest, rather than the stereotyped sights we are directed to admire. Strange to say, we have sufficient equanimity left to perceive the natural beauty of the island. The churches show signs of having been at one time very gorgeously decorated. The streets are narrow and ill-paved like those of most villages appertaining to the Latin races. The men are stunted and deformed, idle, and ignorant, and every lineament of their faces indicates depravity. There are so many actual cripples, paralytics, and scorbutics about, that the idea is conveyed of the inmates of sundry hospitals let loose. As to the women, some of them are very beautiful, but they are impudent, staring hussies, and they are loudly and vulgarly dressed. The old men wear little red hats about the circumference of a finger-glass, though not so deep or basin-like in shape, more conical in fact. These hats terminate in a peculiar tail-piece resembling the rat-like appendage of a toy terrier. Wooden sleighs are drawn about the streets by oxen. Turning the corner by the quay, we are all simultaneously affected in the risible faculties. The exciting cause is a quaint sign before a canteen, low in nature and degree. The sign-painter had evidently a very elementary and limited knowledge of English, for he had written GROGS HOP instead of Grog Shop. Our laughter

is participated in by the rabble. It is strange how ready the vulgar are to laugh, especially in southern climates. They really laugh at nothing, among themselves, and they will always laugh when an Englishman is amused, it is their quiet way of acknowledging his superiority. True, they may have been cognisant of this joke, and if so, it may have been a very stale one. Sad fact, all disreputable foreigners make it their business to learn a little English. It is a marketable knowledge with them. By its aid, they can the more readily gull poor John Bull. A cruel satire on the idleness of the people was read to us by a board over a florist's establishment. On it were painted the words: *Labor omnia vincit*. Very little has been conquered or attempted to be conquered by the islanders. It is a great pity that this lovely little island is not in the hands of the English, so that we could teach the lazy aborigines, as we have in Malta, and as we are doing in Cyprus, how to develop its resources. Much has been said by such men as Captain Colomb, Sir Donald Currie, and others, on the necessity of increasing our coaling stations, and there is a pretty general consensus of opinion on the part of men best able to judge, that we are inadequately provided with such stations. The Royal Commission on Colonial Defence has had this matter under consideration. We have repaired our mistake in relinquishing Corfu and the Ionian group, by the acquisition of Cyprus, but in the long voyage to the Cape, we have only St. Helena and the out-of-the-way island of Ascension which we have now practically abandoned. England, being so eminently maritime a nation, cannot have too many islands anywhere, and in this part of the Atlantic ocean, they would be particularly useful. I am not about to recommend a Machiavellian policy of plunder on the score of expediency. I merely make bold to remark, that, whenever in the future chapter of accidents, an opportunity should occur of possessing ourselves of Madeira either by purchase, exchange, or compromise, it would be the duty of our statesmen to seize that opportunity. Unfortunately, all our exchanges and compromises with Portugal have in the past, been so very one-sided. Witness the last example thereof. We have relinquished rights on the Congo of the

greatest value and importance to future generations of Englishmen, and future generations of South African colonists, to Portugal, for which we receive a useless mud fort on the Gold Coast. A mean and impotent manner of shuffling out of any responsibility or concern in the Brazza-Stanley dispute. As to Madeira, it is of little account to Portugal, although she has occupied it so long, as to look upon it as an integral part of her kingdom; but to us it would be very useful. It is at present one of the stations of our Mediterranean fleet, which is often anchored in the bay, and it is moreover, a place of call for our South African Steam Packets, and is also connected with a system of English steam navigation, whose route is Liverpool, Lisbon, and Madeira. The Azores, Cape Verde, and Canary Islands could be turned to far more account by us, than they can ever be by their present masters. However, these matters belong to the politics of the future.

We had now arrived at Miles's Hotel where, happy relief! our guides must leave us to haggle over their booty. Breakfast in this sylvan retreat was delightful. The table offered almost all the fruits of the tropics, and of more temperate lands. If these fruits may not all be strictly styled indigenous to Madeira, they are only exotic so far, in that centuries since, although in the record of history, they were introduced into the island. The natives are capable of being similarly described. They are a mixed race, but the Portuguese element predominates. To return to the fruit, which may be said to have belonged to the island in the same way as nearly all our so-called typical English fruits, (really acclimated in the middle ages and earlier) belong to England, we partook pretty freely of the enticing varieties which bedecked the table. Naartjes (or mandarin oranges) loquats, bananas, plantains, and green figs in plenty. I bought an enormous bouquet of white camellias for sixpence, and did several little deals with the salesmen and saleswomen, who thronged the marble staircases and halls of the hotel. Terrible hagglers these people: they will ultimately accept a quarter of their original demand. They certainly excel in basket and reed work, and display much taste in the shapes of their baskets, bird-cages and other knick-knacks. I don't know

whether they are indebted to Paris for patterns or not, but I understand such is not the case. The last glass of Madeira disposed of, we sally forth from the hotel and disperse in various quarters, bent upon investigating the mysteries, esoteric and external of the island. Some visit the fleet, H.M. Ship Devastation and the rest in the bay. Some send telegraphic messages home, others take a drive, or fall into the billiard room, shops, tobacco stores and so on. The English Colony at Madeira is not entirely a colony of invalids, albeit for old people, and persons whose health is temporarily impaired, Madeira is an excellent resort. But it is also a capital hiding place, and recruiting ground, for the invalided in pocket. Living is very cheap, and there can be little chance of expending money here in luxury or dissipation. Madeira has a slight flavour of embarrassed blue blood about it. It is a place one could be happy in for a fortnight, no longer I should think.

When the time arrived to return to our ship, I was somewhat surprised to find that we had to embark from a bare rock. It was high tide, and this was the nearest approach the boat could make to the town.

I, and other men, were pretty well jammed, in jumping into the boat, as the erratic waves carried the boat away from us and we practically fell between its sides and the serrated surface of the rock. No great mischief was done, however, but this method of embarkation is not the most pleasant in the world. Laden with trophies we clambered on the deck, and if we did not all sleep well that night, it could not have been that we were not jaded and tired.

I liked Madeira, and think it has a much larger share of British holiday-makers' patronage in store for it, than it has at present enjoyed. It is a lovely land of flowers and fruits and soft, balmy zephyrs.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CAPE POLITICS.

“HONOUR SITS SMILING, AT THE SALE OF TRUTH.”

“Knights and burgesses are emphatically men of business, and have but little indulgence for anything which tasks the understanding, addresses itself to the heart, or elevates the imagination.”—*Sir James Stephen.*

“If it were not so costly a business and so shocking sometimes in its consequences, this Parliament of ours would be an amusing farce. A debating society of schoolboys entrusted with the management of a nation’s affairs would present a spectacle similar to that which may be seen any work-day afternoon in the Good Hope Gardens. As in the school-boy Legislature, there may be observed the incontinent jawster precipitating his words like the jug-jug of a nightingale; there may be observed the dashing, slashing swashbuckler of debate, and the sage of guarded mien looking a hundred-fold wiser than any mortal being has ever been.”
—*Excerpt from a Cape paper.*

INTO the extremely wide field, which is fenced in by the above heading, I only mean to enter in a steeple-chase fashion, jump the hurdles, and cross the meadows with all possible expedition. Upon the important topics of Confederation and Imperial Federation I must say something anon, and a few words on Cape politics will serve to fitly introduce what I have to advance concerning the more burning questions, which I have just mentioned.

The Cape Colony is practically an independent self-governing state. The constitutional power is vested in the Governor, Legislative Council, and House of Assembly. No measure can become law unless it receive the assent of these three estates of the realm.

The Higher House, which is supposed to be, in some respects, analogous to our House of Peers, is elected by the same constituents as the Lower Chamber, but its members, of which there are twenty-

one, are required to possess a property qualification. They are styled "The Honourable".

The Lower House consists of 68 members, and they are distinguished by the letters M.L.A. after their names.

The franchise is distributed on a very liberal basis—on such a basis in fact as would satisfy the most democratic politician in this country.

The Council is presided over by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the House of Assembly by a Speaker. The rules of procedure of the two Houses are based, in almost every respect, upon those of our Legislative Chambers, but they have not advanced with us, and in poor benighted South Africa, the *clôture* is unknown.

The Ministry consists of the Colonial Secretary (Prime Minister) Secretary for Native Affairs, Commissioner of Public Works, Minister of Education, Minister of Agriculture, Attorney General, and Treasurer General. Concerning the Attorney General I may say in passing, that it strikes a newcomer as being very strange, that so high a legal functionary and government officer, should not be above pleading *pettifogging* cases in the lesser Courts. There is this decidedly novel feature about the system of voting in the Cape Colony, namely, that each voter has as many votes as there are candidates, and he may plump the whole number for one man if he so choose, or divide them in any way he may feel inclined.

It has been my privilege to listen to many debates in the popular chamber at the Cape. Sir John Charles Molteno is an excellent speaker, and a fine, handsome, old man, with a splendid head, and long, flowing beard, and an open, intelligent face. His quondam rival, poor Paterson, rests, his warfares o'er. He never attained to the position to which his ambition led him to aspire, but lost his life, in a sad manner, on his voyage out to the Cape. The American, in which vessel he took his passage, sustained shipwreck, but he escaped in the Senegal, which ship grounded a few days afterwards, and Mr. Paterson went to the bottom. He represented Port Elizabeth in the Assembly, and was for some time the leader of the Opposition. He was an able man, but some

severe things were said about him, which on the wholesome principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, I shall not repeat. He was a firm Confederationist, and took the Eastern view of matters in the East *versus* West controversy. He could speak well, and would have been worth listening to, had it not been for a certain ugly mannerism. His delivery too, was dry and cold, and very trying, and he had moreover, been unsuccessful in his efforts to cure himself of the sing-song tin-kettle brogue of the *bourgeoisie* Scotchman. Mr. Paterson had been a schoolmaster, and in good sooth, he retained a pedagogic style to the last.

Handsome Merriman carries out the tradition of a typical English county member of the Old School in style, bearing, voice, demeanour, and general appearance. Mr. Gordon Sprigg is sharp, caustic, and incisive. He is a young man and an impetuous debater, and in the heat of controversy, sometimes says more, than he judiciously should say. The Honourable Saul Soloman, whom I may call Molteno's ghost, is without doubt the ablest man South Africa has produced. Without his support few Ministers could hold office for long. He is the most remarkable statesman in the Cape. It is he who can pull the wires and bring Jack's house tumbling down about his ears whenever he likes. An able debater, a splendid fighter, an energetic, consistent, upright man, he deserves all honour and praise. He has led a life of steadfast consistency, and has conferred benefits upon the colony, which must earn for his name the unswerving veneration of generations of South Africans yet to come. He secured for the Cape the boon of representative institutions, he stimulated her energies in all matters educational, and that grand educational establishment, the South African College, is vastly his debtor. He has been ever foremost in making every effort to provide for suitable instruction for the people. As to his native policy, he thoroughly believes he is right there. He is animated by noble, generous impulses, but here, if I may make bold to say so, in criticising so great a man, I think his goodness of heart has somewhat thwarted the soundness of his judgment. His whole life has been devoted to preaching the doctrine of the equality of all races and classes. I believe this to be a fallacy, a bitter, mournful

fallacy. The French encyclopædists were all wrong, these ideas are utter nonsense.

Men differ in breed, in soul, by the breadth of the whole universe, and races differ likewise. I am in favour of removing all disabilities whatsoever, which may tend to keep down any individual, who may have that in him, which entitles him to rise, above his nationality or his caste. I am in favour of the broadest liberality in such matters. But I am not in favour of preaching to a race, hopelessly inferior to ourselves, that they are equal to us, and perhaps a little better, nor do I believe that ages of culture will make them either the one or the other. I would respect and honour a black man of distinction, for his mental or moral qualities, in a more eminent degree even than I would respect a white man for such qualities; because of the very difficulties and prejudices with which he had to contend; but I do not believe in this principle of equality, man for man equality. The Black race is an inferior race, and no amount of persistent negation on this point can alter facts. To preach otherwise to them makes them insolent, priggish, useless, a curse to themselves, to us, and to God's creation. The doctrine has caused torrents of blood to flow, and will deluge the soil in rivers of gore, before its fallacy has been exposed. Mr. Saul Soloman talks and acts, as if he thought, the colonists were anxious to tread down the natives. I conceive this to be his mad point, and his zeal in this direction has had much to do, with many South African wars and native difficulties. Its effects have been mischievous and dangerous to a degree. To have seen and heard Mr. Soloman is just one of those experiences of my life, I could have ill-spared to have missed. I entertain for him the most profound respect, and whether or not he is just and consistent in his views on native affairs, of his honesty of purpose none could for an instant be sceptical. He is well worthy of the sobriquet which I now bestow upon him, "The grand old man of the Cape". Although it was he who obtained for the colony the charter of her freedom, he has, like another historic personage, thrice refused the high office for which his ability so eminently fits him. I shall say no more *au sujet*.

The Diamond Fields had at one time a constitution of its own,

but it has long since been annexed to the Cape Colony. A by no means inconsiderable section of the community seems to hanker after home rule, quite as ardently as any perfervid Irish patriot longs for a Parliament in College Green.

The dearness of labour on the Fields is operating, to the very serious detriment of the diggers; and at a recent meeting held in London to form a representative committee here, on Diamond Fields interests, one of the speakers said: "The committee here will be of the greatest possible advantage. They say out there that, notwithstanding that the companies and the mines are there, yet the capital comes from England, and they would like the English investors to take an interest in the undertakings. Besides, this committee would have an influence which the local committees never could have. They wanted a larger influence to bear upon the Cape Government, in order that suitable measures might be passed. The Cape people had very little sympathy with the people on the Diamond Fields, and were too ready to throw out laws which those experienced in the mines framed, knowing them to be requisite. There were none at present in Cape Town to take the part of the diamond miners. The honest operators in the Fields had to stand by and see unscrupulous men grow rich and fat, and when they tried to get laws to prevent this, the Cape Town men, who cared more for Party and themselves, than for the Diamond Fields, said the Kaffir has as much right to his liberty as the white man, and the laws proposed are too stringent, forgetting that anything disastrous to the diamond industry, reflected that disaster upon the whole country. If you are going down to Port Elizabeth or Cape Town, and meet a carrier, the first thing he asks is, 'How are things going on in the Diamond Fields?' He and every man knows that the welfare of the Diamond Fields is the welfare of the whole country. An influential committee here would, he thought, have weight with the Cape Ministry and the Cape Parliament." Of the truth of much of this statement there cannot be a doubt.

Natal, although it is not actually and technically a crown colony, is practically one nevertheless. The constitution has been patched and tinkered from time to time, by Lord Wolseley, among many

others. Recently, responsible government was offered to the Natalians by Lord Kimberley, but the tempting boon, or foil, as some called it, with all its serious and onerous responsibilities, was not accepted.

The extreme folly of our recent policy in and about Natal, that is to say, the condition in which Zululand was left, and the mad unwisdom of sending Cetewayo back; no less than the Transvaal retrocession, combined with minor imperial blunders, may well call for a continuance of imperial aid and protection, to meet the inevitable consequences of the false steps we have taken. In this consideration is to be found the real explanation of the modest forbearance of Natal. As it is, Natal has a fixed Executive. Its government is a somewhat peculiar compromise. It is not, as I have said, a crown colony, for it possesses representative institutions. The Legislative Council contains fourteen elected members and eight nominee members, who are selected by the home government from colonial men of standing. The Executive Council is headed by Sir Henry Ernest Bulwer, K.C.M.G., and there are ten members besides. There is this to be said about granting self-government to Natal. If we did so, we should be free from the responsibility which the presence there of an enormous preponderance of natives entails. Still, in the quelling of any rebellion, assistance from us would be needful, so long as the white percentage of the entire population remains so small, and there are therefore logical grounds why we should demand a considerable say in the ruling of the country. Be this as it may, I, for my part, entertain a very strong conviction, that the risk of native rebellion and disturbance would be very much minimised had the colonists of Natal the power to control entirely the native policy of the colony.

As to the Orange Free State, it is practically governed by Sir J. H. Brand, and at present this system works well. He has an Executive Council and a Volksraad, both of which give him a little trouble occasionally, but nevertheless the President's will, like Mr. Gladstone's here, prevails in the long run. *L'état, l'état c'est moi*, is Sir Henry's motto.

Concerning the Transvaal, it has no government worthy of the name. The Triumvirate rules supremely so far as that goes,

but as a matter of fact, each man doeth as seemeth just in his own eyes, pays taxes when he likes, goes out to fight or stays at home, as he may feel disposed. These South African republics are the curse of South African progress, for wheresoe'er her foot would tread, they lie before her. Their inhabitants unsettle public opinion and foster ill-will towards England. England must go round them, and thus swamp them, if she will not go through them. Anyhow they cannot be allowed to thwart her manifest destiny. The smouldering passions of the Boers, made more pronounced by their success, have influenced the whole tenour of Dutch feeling in South Africa towards us. The Dutch have set their faces directly against progress, and the only thing the progressive Africander can do, is to ignore the Dutch. It is to his interest to offer every inducement in his power to respectable Britishers to settle in the colonies. Africaners must push inland in self-defence, and they require all the assistance they can get from home in so doing. To achieve this they must go beyond the republics. They must hem them in, and in time they will melt away like the baseless figment of a nightmare. I must not forget to give the due weight it deserves to the South African Association. It is doing much to inform the people of England upon all those topics concerning South Africa in which they should take an interest. Can there be a doubt that the right understanding of Cape politics on the part of the British government and people, would do much to remove the causes which have led to our fruitful crop of blunders in the administration of these splendid heirlooms?—for splendid heirlooms they are, despite the *Times* or anybody else.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONFEDERATION.

“L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE.”

“Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.”

—*Cowper.*

“And this alone should be the free man's duty,
To guard the empire that keeps guard for him.”

—*Wilhelm Tell—Schiller.*

THE history of this question has been a history of bitterness and disappointment. There can be little doubt that the colonists, yea, almost to a man, are at heart Confederationists, but they allow other considerations to stand in the way. Mr. H. Rider Haggard says, that if he were asked what was the greatest obstacle to Confederation, he would answer, “the innate selfishness of human nature”. Selfishness is a narrow vice, which almost invariably defeats its own objects. Confederation would give greater breadth to colonial policy and colonial life, it would elevate the various states and colonies into a united dominion, which would foster in time a healthy nationality. Instead of being a coterie of inconsiderable trifles, the Confederal Union would form an important and influential limb to the empire.

The colonists are continually complaining, and with great justice, that their native affairs are misunderstood, mismanaged, and unduly meddled with, by the home authorities. This complaint is a very just and true complaint. But if the detached

microcosms would consent to unite, to coalesce, they would be able to claim the right to manage their own native affairs, entirely in accordance with their own conceptions of justice and expediency.

At present the policy pursued towards the colonies differs widely, fundamentally and radically, in various parts of South Africa. Moreover, little continuity is observed in the native policy of any particular colony, but there is rather a continual chopping and changing about, so that the natives are in danger of sharing the fate of the badly brought-up child, who one minute is indulged and spoiled, and the next unduly punished for minor offences, and in consequence, as a rule, turns out a good-for-nothing and unsatisfactory individual. So it results with the Kaffir. The hand of the imperial government—of Downing Street—is generally discernible in all these vacillations and mistakes, though of course, as far as the old colony is concerned, and especially *in re* Basutoland, the colonists themselves have been guilty of interminate experimentalising on their own account. What is wanted is, one firm, just, and undeviating native policy for the whole of South Africa. This result is indispensable to the safety and prosperity of the natives of South Africa, and to that of the white men too. There are men on the spot, who have had life-long experience of the natives, who should be entrusted with this task. In the Cape Colony at present, the black man, if he possess the necessary property qualifications, can vote for members, just as a white man can. In this colony also no restrictions of any consequence were, until recently, put upon the sale of guns. The complaint in Natal was then, that the Zulus proceed to the Diamond Fields, and to the Cape, and return to Zululand with guns which they might ultimately turn against the Natalians. In the Transvaal the natives are treated with very scant consideration, and in short, with great cruelty, while in Natal the paternal system of government obtains. These very divergent methods of treatment lead to very unsatisfactory results, and they are unfair to the natives themselves. One of the most intricate problems, in the solution of which South Africa is concerned, is this native question. If it is to be satisfactorily solved, in short, if any unanimity regarding the methods of solution is to be arrived at, the competent parts of South Africa must consent

to be drawn into a Federal union. Confederation would, of course, by no means interfere with the right of every colony to regulate its native policy in its own way, within certain proscribed limits, but in all matters of mutual self-defence, against the machinations of the malcontented natives, there would be an undeviating unity of purpose and treatment. It would, of course, be impossible to rule the natives of South Africa by one hard and fast code of laws, and a certain margin for bye-laws and regulations would have to be allowed in respective districts.

I should have a long task before me, if I attempted to enumerate, even in the boldest outline, the benefits which I consider would accrue upon carrying a comprehensive scheme of Confederation into effect. In the construction of railways—the suicidal jealousy, and rivalry, and isolation, which one colony maintains towards another would be at an end, and the railway system would be constructed with a view to ensuring the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The gain would also hold good in canals, telegraphy, and the like. Also in the adoption of a far-sighted policy of immigration, and in the extension of the boundaries of the colonies to rich lands beyond. Again, the initiation of more economic methods of government would follow upon the change. Moreover, the colonies would be served by better men, they would produce better men. At present the incentive of self-interest is too much the motive which induces men to enter the Colonial Chambers. The representatives returned to the various Assemblies and Councils are by no means the best men the colonies can produce. It is true that there are many good men and true among them, upright and without reproach, both at Cape Town and Maritzburg, but the majority are men of little soul and little aim, like the Town Councillors and other petty local dignitaries of London and the majority of English cities. Such men possess narrow and limited views, they are confined to the little spot where their own interests lie. They owe their seats to the fact that better men do not care to assume functions which they consider to be derogatory and beneath their dignity. Men of position and ability in South Africa, who would be above entering Parliament merely to serve their own private interests,

are, as a rule, to be found outside rather than inside the Houses of Legislature. Of course there are no hereditary and natural legislators in colonies like Natal and the Cape of Good Hope, but there are plenty of sterling vertebrate men nevertheless, who would come forward if their good qualities stood a chance of having a fair field, and were they not conscious that their more enlightened and magnanimous views, aims, and desires, were predestined to be overruled and thwarted by ignorant majorities, incapable of taking a broad or national view of colonial policy. The establishment of a really respectable, and to-be-respected Senate for the whole of South Africa, would soon prove that there is plenty of raw material from which to draw the higher class of legislators, so much required, while the best men in the present petty parliaments would find fuller scope for the exercise of their abilities in the freer atmosphere which would be thus afforded. These latter patriots would begin to be useful under the new order of things, but at present their more enlightened designs are shelved and elbowed out of the way to make room for petty measures of purely local interest, if indeed such measures are always capable of such favourable criticism as that. Thus the advance of South Africa is most seriously retarded. The smaller men could of course be left to fight their own battles in the Provincial Councils which would form part and parcel of any scheme of Confederation. I am aware that in our time the cry for local self-government is more loudly heard from day to day. The tendency is against centralisation. This cry and this tendency are perfectly legitimate, and in densely populated countries, they must very shortly be listened to, and answered. No less, however, in more primitive communities when local self-government has once been granted; no matter how ill-advised and superfluous the grant may have been in the first instance; having once been made it must be faithfully maintained. The sentimental attachment to distinctive and multiplied governments, in opposition to nobler and more central seats of authority, is but a senseless development of the qualities of pride, jealousy, and narrow-mindedness. If it be true that the tendency lies towards the splitting up of, and division of governments, it is equally

true that this tendency is solely the outcome of a recognition of the principles of an *imperium in imperio*. Such is the system, variously developed in the United States, Canada, and Germany; and such will probably ere long, when Mr. Gladstone's famous and long-talked-of local government scheme becomes law, be the system in this country.

Australia is suffering acutely from the plague of petty governmentism. The "New South Welshman" detests the Victorian, more bitterly perhaps than the Cape colonist detests the Natalian, the Africander the new immigrant, the Cape Town citizen the Bayonian. This is very lamentable narrowness. So if South Africa would consent to waive these differences and heart-burnings in united action, what a grand future there would be before her. She would become at once a power in the world. She would be something tangible, something to reckon upon and with, and to be respected, not only by the Empire, but by Europe and the whole world. Laying aside wasting rivalries, and senseless jealousies and bickerings, she would preserve her energies for better things, and South Africa would begin to make strides of progress with seven-leagued boots. With all these and so many more patent advantages in favour of Confederation, it may be well asked, how it is that all efforts to make it an accomplished fact have as yet failed. Intercolonial jealousies and selfishnesses are not the only reasons: there are explanations of a more direct character. Thus the Cape says:—"Natal has an internal native difficulty which she has not attempted to settle, she is surrounded by barbarians and sullen Boers, and we don't intend—a full-grown adult—to throw in our lot with that bantling". Natal replies: "You have no spirit or pluck. We shall be the leading State of South Africa before long, we are men of English race, with English go-a-head proclivities and ideas, while only the Cape colonists are tainted with Boer narrowness and pusillanimity. We in Natal are nearer that promised land, which flows with milk and honey, otherwise, with gold, silver, and precious stones, copious rivers and rich uplands. We don't feel inclined to sink our future in that of the slow, worn-out old colony. It would be as suicidal as the Comte de Paris' renunciation of his rights in favour of the

Comte de Chambord. Why should we send representatives to Cape Town, far away there, where our voices would be lost?" So words are bandied about, and nothing is done.

The Eastern province, moreover, adopts a somewhat similar tone towards Natal. It affects to despise the little community, which it accuses of swagger and bounce; in fact, it speaks and writes of it in very much the same way as the responsible sections of the Conservative party in England, choose to speak and write of Lord Randolph Churchill. But, as between Natal and the Easterns, the old adage of the pot and the kettle comes in. This much I must say. The jealousy between the Eastern and Western provinces, the mutual antagonism of the English and Dutch, and the very existence of the Dutch Republics, all add to the complexity of this terribly difficult Confederation problem. Then Mr. Hofmeyr and the Africander Bond must be reckoned with. The "Bond" desires to set up the United States of South Africa, and cut the imperial connection altogether.

If any man deserves to be pitied in this world, it is that man who has failed in an endeavour to carry out a wise and far-seeing policy. Lord Carnarvon strove, but strove in vain, to induce the colonists to agree to, and come to terms upon, his extremely temperate and comprehensive scheme of confederation. If ever the colonies had a Colonial Secretary of whom they should have been heartily proud, they had such in the Earl of Carnarvon. He brought the whole energy of his cultured and matured intellect to bear upon colonial problems. He never allowed to prejudice the slightest vantage ground, when any new light forced him to relinquish cherished schemes, and adopt new methods. In him all colonists had a true friend, and to South Africa he was disposed to be an especial benefactor. Day and night he laboured and strove to bring these recalcitrant children of his to throw themselves heart and soul into the grand work which he had prepared for them. Not by coercion, not by threat, not by bluster. He was ready to wait without chiding, to argue without dictating, to expostulate without menacing. How often, like a Greater than he, he would have gathered these scattered fragments like lambs to his bosom, but they would not. Above

all, he was a gentleman through the whole business, trying as it must have been to him, and often keenly disappointing.

The colonists objected that the question had been precipitately raised, and they thought that they should have been allowed to take the initiative in the matter themselves. This is an ungenerous objection, for surely in a policy and project of such vital, supreme, and imperial importance as this, to the imperial government, and to the imperial government alone, belonged the right of taking the first step. It is again objected that in sending Mr. Anthony Froude to spy the land, the Colonial Secretary behaved in an underhanded manner. This is pure nonsense. Mr. Froude was accused of having associated himself with a certain clique, to whose views he alone listened, and that in endorsing them he made them his own. It was said also, that he ignored leading people and insulted others, and, in brief, he was accused of general opacity and mental short-sightedness. I do not believe these statements. Whether Lord Carnarvon chose the most appropriate instrument to collect data for him, and to be subsequently his quasi-ambassador, I am not prepared to say. But Mr. Froude's failure had nothing to do with any real or imaginary faults or mistakes. He failed, simply because the task he came to perform was a herculean task, a hopeless task, in which any man living would have failed, whatever his distinction or qualifications for the work might have been. In such a case, failure is no disgrace. He did his best with a more than difficult task. If he were a "fiery meteor" and a "free lance," it was his misfortune, not his fault.

There are many men in South Africa who are ready to affirm that Lord Carnarvon lacked the courage of his opinions. Knowing confederation to be a measure of solid importance, and one likely to be fraught with the best results to the colonies; and, moreover, being aware that it was designed to increase rather than to curtail colonial liberty, he should have taken the bull by the horns, and issued an imperial manifesto, declaring that the Queen had exercised her right to unite the colonies into one dominion; matters of detail, of course, being reserved to be settled hereafter, by the colonists themselves. Being conscious

from Mr. Froude's account, and from other sources, of the various factions into which the colonists were divided, arising from the heartburnings and animosities peculiar to colonial life, it is said by many, that the only way to have treated the matter would have been to have caused all the colonies and states to unite, by an arbitrary imperial enactment. England has spoiled us by over-indulgence, these men say. The imperial government had much anxiety, and was put to considerable expense, in forming this youthful empire, and she is in consequence entitled to some real voice in determining its destiny. Such thinkers and speakers, and they are by no means a small section of the community, continue in some such strain as the following :—"This is a policy which would have had the merit of thoroughness. It would have caused a deep and loud growl ; but how impotent and innocuous would be all the objections of the discontented. Colonists would not rebel, they would have no sufficient reason. Even had they, such a policy would be suicidal. We have no means of defending our coasts, or of fighting the Kaffirs. If we were independent of England—and of course we could get our independence without having to fight for it—we should fall an easy and an assured prey to any European statesman, who might desire to aggrandise his country, or to extend his Sovereign's dominions. It is not necessary to look far : one or two nations are eagerly watching such an opportunity. No European nation would respect our independence were she at war with England, any more than such nation would consider us to be aliens from England now, whether we declared ourselves neutral or not. How should we fare without English help? An imperial *coup de main* was the right move, there can be no doubt." I give these opinions for what they are worth, because they represent prominent phases of colonial thought in South Africa. I don't think they are worth very much. In my estimation, we could have committed no graver mistake than to have acted in this high-handed and unfair manner. It would have led to intense hatred to England, to awkward reprisals, and to ultimate disaster. On the first fitting opportunity, allegiance to England would have been thrown over. Colonists would be sure to co-operate for this object in the long run, even those who

proclaimed so loudly in favour of the scheme. A forcible cohesion of unsympathetic particles could produce no real unity. Internecine bickerings would have ended in ultimate warfare, and in a general conflagration.

I cannot but think, however, that when representative institutions were originally bestowed upon the Cape of Good Hope, some stipulation should have been bargained for, or promise exacted, that Natal should be federated with the Cape. These two being united in reality, not merely in name, the Dutch Republics would have soon followed, or have gone to the wall altogether. Natal might have objected, but she would not have pressed her objections to being thus absorbed. Looked at in a certain way, the objection of Natal to become part and parcel of the Cape Colony, seems a little absurd. Twenty-five thousand people with a separate government, and a separate governor, holding aloof from the Cape Colony, which possesses just ten times the population; for there are a quarter of a million of white persons within the boundary of the Cape Colony. The Natalian urges, however, that he would lose his individuality, his interests would be disregarded, his revenue, his port duties, and so on would leave him, or at all events, he would cease to have the direct control thereof. Besides it would have been a great inconvenience, it is contended, to have had to send representatives to Cape Town. Natal couldn't find men who could spare the time, and who would be willing to bear so great a curtailment of their freedom. These objections and many more are not unfairly advanced. They all apply more aptly to annexation to the Cape, than to a confederal union with her. The annexation idea would never work, and would never be accepted by Natalians now. Natal must have a distinct legislature whether she ultimately consent to become a member of a confederation or not.

Thus we have seen how here, as in Australia, the creation of minute states with entire independence, has proved to be a great drawback to the advancement of the community as a whole. Local interests constitute insurmountable barriers to a wide and generous progress. Given unity on all broad issues, the more subdivided any country is for purposes of local control, the better and the

healthier. If local interests, traditions, aspirations, and sentiments be duly conserved, and duly considered, Natal ought to give the precedence to the Cape Colony, as the older, richer, and more powerful colony, and she would in no wise sacrifice that *amour propre* of which she possesses so abnormal a share, by consenting to send representatives to Cape Town, nor would she have any difficulty in getting suitable delegates for that purpose. Natal is, in fact, a little too presumptuous, a little too expectant of receiving especial privileges. The Cape Colony is a good deal too scornful, too independent, and self-reliant.

Confederation, whether from an imperial, or from a fair-minded colonial point of view, would not only be an equitable arrangement, but is one of grand necessity and moment. There is one great gain which confederation would bring to South Africa, which I shall by no means omit to mention. The dominion could then command, and would doubtless receive, a Governor of such pre-eminent ability and position, that it would be impossible for the home government to "sit upon" him, if he chose to put at defiance their too often ignorant and short-sighted prejudices. The Cape has already had such men in plenty, it is true; but they can never attain to that freedom of judgment and action which were allowed to the Earl of Dufferin and the Marquis of Lorne in Canada. The Cape governors, if they be strong men of character and integrity, of unswerving devotion to that duty which, by the way, they can only understand after they have studied the intricacies of that sphinx-like land, are accused, in the one case, of being arbitrary—of acting on their own judgment, in defiance of that of the colonists; or in the other, of endorsing colonial views in opposition to those of the home government. Such a strong man was Sir Bartle Frere, such a man as, take him for all in all, the colonists have never had before, and such a man as the most sanguine can scarcely hope to see again. Ask any colonist haphazard, Natalian, Griqualander, Eastern, Western, Africander, or English—ask any one of these haphazard, his opinion of Sir Bartle Frere; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you will be told that he was conscientious, able, far-seeing, magnanimous, truthful,

and loyal. From all men here who have studied the subject, and are not blinded by party rancour, or by what is worse, Exeter Hall rancour, you will get the same reply. Here was a *protégé*, in a sense, of the Exeter Hall faction— a Christian gentleman, believing in the missionary and in evangelisation implicitly, and yet because he allowed common sense, and his plain duty, to dominate his mind and his actions, he is recalled by one ungrateful and graceless government, and but half-heartedly, and in a cowardly manner, backed up by another: while his praises are unsung, and his name unhonoured, by an indolent British public, which is too sensual, too all-engrossed with petty trivialities, to pay attention to what is going on in one of the grandest offshoots an empire could possess. "The British public" will concern itself with senseless local quarrels and local scandal, and eagerly devours these details in its journals; it will go into frenzies of canting sympathy about Bulgarians, Jews, or Icelanders, and yet passes by such events as those which have been occurring in South Africa in recent years, with a silent indifference; only relieved, if we can call this a relief, by occasional "criticism," as far off the true mark as are the planets from our own sphere.

Sir Bartle will receive his reward posthumously at the hands of posterity, and fame will crown him hereafter as an upright judge.

Sir Henry Bulwer was in danger of similar treatment, he acquiesced in Cetewayo's return when he saw all resistance futile. With what results, we have already seen. The fact remains, whether there be a weak governor, or a strong governor at the Cape, the results are almost equally unsatisfactory. The strong and able governor is bound to fall foul of Downing Street, which is almost always dominated by red tape, prejudice, ignorance, and misconception. Downing Street, where, no matter whether old women hold sway, or an attractive young woman rules the roost, a series of blunders are committed which would be ludicrous, were they not tear-inspiring. In Natal the governors have hitherto stayed too short a time to mature their plans. "The place" is considered to be a stepping-stone to something better. It was only worth £2,000 a-year until the plucky colonists, rather than surrender to a bit of jobbery, and submit to the domination of

a man about whom they knew nothing, increased the salary to £4,000. The governor of the Cape receives £6,500, a paltry sum for men like Sir Henry Barkly and Sir Bartle Frere. It is unequal to the proper maintenance of the vice-regal state. Depend upon it, when the colonies coalesce, not only they, but the pro-consuls set over them, will be able to move more freely, and an era of prosperity and progress, of which we cannot form even a faint conception, will dawn for the much-abused, much sat upon "Land of Misfortune".

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION AND COLONIAL NEUTRALITY.

“WHENCE DOES THIS LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY, THIS UNIVERSAL
PASSION PROCEED?”

“My native land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame.”
—*T. Pringle.*

“Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy . . . strand?”
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

“Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.”
—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

“— It was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.”
—*William Cowper.*

I HAVE already alluded to a grievance which some colonists fancy they have established. They complain that a fashion obtains, with some of their fellow-citizens, of returning to England to spend the fruits of their labours there, far away from the country to which they owe their worldly advancement and prosperity. Many perfervid colonists enquire mournfully why their old friends and companions elect not to remain and spend with them, and among them, the wealth which they have assisted them to amass. This

is all very well, and if South Africa were a united dominion, with a national homogeneity of such a character as would be calculated to inspire some enthusiasm and pride, colonists might be inclined to make personal sacrifice, and remain in their whilom homes, adopting the country as their Fatherland. But there is another side to this question.

It is absurdly argued that because the Chinese return to the Celestial Empire, with the money fruits of their labours, they impoverish that country from which they have exacted their legitimate guerdon, which guerdon they take away in its accumulated form. This is silly nonsense. Do they not leave the monuments of their labours behind them, and the results thereof, in the shape of reproductive capital and the multiform industries, to which they have given much of their initial motive power? The same sophistry is advanced respecting returning colonists, as is put forward regarding the Chinese. It is capable of being met and refuted by similar line of reasoning. True, the capital of these fortunate men has, as a rule, been produced by their energy and hard labour in creating the industries and developing the resources of the colony. But they leave behind others to carry on those grand enterprises and concerns, to which their brains have given the first impetus, and to which their labour has supplied the first fuel. Thus many others are benefited besides themselves. The mere creation of industries is a far greater boon to the colonies than is the simple expenditure of nominal sums of money, however large they may be. Of course, I can fully sympathise with the natural desire to retain rich colonists, in a country devoid of capital. But there is another side to this question, even if we view it from the lowly and mercantile standard of mere profit and loss. I contend, that in the absence of any system of imperial federation or representation, all well-wishers to the colonies cannot but regard with pleasure the system in vogue with certain Cape and Natal colonists of returning to Great Britain. It keeps alive the interest and sympathy between England and her colonial offspring, and it binds a tighter bond—

“All those nameless ties
In which the charm of country lies,”—

and it insures the presence in this country of a number of clever men, and men of business, who can say a word in favour of the colonies, on political, social, and commercial matters, when occasion calls for such a word—a certain leaven among the mass of popular ignorance concerning colonial affairs.

I have already written elsewhere so much on the subject to which I am tending,—colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament,—that I shall abstain here from alluding to this important topic except in the merest outline.* We must have Imperial federation sooner or later. That is to say, the distinct issues before us are: The Federation of the Empire, or its Disintegration?—“Name not the horrid alternative again, the thought itself is worse than a thousand deaths.”

But there is no *via media*, although there are many schemes tending in the direction of Imperial Federation which might fitly be put in force in order to lead up to, and prepare the way for, that “grand consummation devoutly to be wished.” Colonial boards, councils, or committees sitting in London, like the Indian Council, would be movements in the right direction. But, as the High Commissioner for Canada, Sir Alexander Galt, very pertinently remarked some time since, the necessary outgrowth of the inevitable demand, a demand which cannot be refused, for a larger measure of local self-government on the part of the various districts of the United Kingdom, will leave the Imperial Parliament free to devote its energies to purely imperial matters, and surely then there will be room for representatives of our cousins and brothers across the seas. Room enough, and to spare. We want a real Imperial Parliament, not merely a nominal one. We must have it. The colonies must be allowed a voice in the questions of peace and war, and of colonisation, and in matters connected with our trade and commerce. An imperial compromise or bond on the basis of intercolonial and English reciprocity is sadly needed. England has made, and continues to make, sad blunders in the conduct of her colonial affairs, arising from blind ignorance, and crass short-sighted unwisdom. She endeavours to

* “A World Empire: being an Essay upon Imperial Federation.” London, 1879.

apply certain cut-and-dry theories, and preconceived ideas, to the practical issues which colonists understand by heart, because they are forced upon their notice every day, clamouring for instant solution. She persists, as Judge Cloete said: "In judging everything from a European standpoint". Had she the advice of men *who know*, always at hand, she would be able to remove the stigma and reproach of mismanagement which now disgraces her. The Cape papers, especially those in the Dutch interest, have more than once declared in favour of colonial neutrality in the event of European war. This has been the case especially after some particularly flagrant display of opacity on the part of the home authorities. It would take a good deal of snubbing, neglect, and wrongful intermeddling, to induce colonists to go so far as this—which would mean practically, a declaration of independence. I allow every excuse for the threat, although were it carried out, it would prove as short-sighted and impolitic on the part of colonists, as it would be brutal, unnatural, and unmanly. England could and would protect her colonies.

Recent events in Egypt, to wit, the easy collapse of Alexandria, have set colonists, especially Australasians and Canadians, thinking, and they are now inclined to go to work with a will to provide for their own defence. This is as it should be, for there can be no doubt, whether the colonies declared themselves neutral or not during any troubles that might come upon us, still, whatsoever power might be at war with England, it would take advantage of our vulnerable points, and attack the outlying portions of the Empire. So, even should these homes of Englishmen be no longer integral portions of the Empire, but independent states, I firmly believe the same result would accrue. If the colonies stick by us and help us, as Canada has promised to do, and is now making determined preparations that she may be able so to do, in the case of emergency, England would never make terms of peace until such colonies as in any conflict might have been wrested from her, were returned, and until full compensation for damages inflicted upon them was made. England would swim or sink upon these conditions. Were the colonies neutral or independent, they would make a sorry show should England be attacked by any great naval power.

They would fall easy prey, and would not—in the case of England's defeat—regain their freedom, if, indeed, they regained it at all—until the heaviest black-mal had been levied upon them, to meet the deficits in the exchequer of the Power or Powers who might have conquered England: for one thing is quite certain, that no nation or combination of nations could subdue England without pretty well ruining itself, or themselves, in the sublime effort involved therein.

So that, on purely selfish grounds even, colonial independence cannot be defended. By colonial independence, I mean colonial separation from the Empire, for no one could be more heartily in sympathy than am I, with the policy of giving the colonies the fullest measure of local independence, so long as such independence be not incompatible with the unity of the Empire. I must not omit to mention, that as the colonies make rapid strides in wealth, they will make more and more rapid strides in providing for their own defence, and when they are fully equipped and armed, they might feel amply secure without our assistance. I do not believe this to be feasible, but I do believe, that much will be done in the immediate future by colonists in this very direction, and I count upon this fact as one of the very things that will assist, rather than retard Imperial Federation. At present, the chief obstacle to this Federation comes, not from England, but from the colonies, who are too selfish to care about contributing largely to imperial defences. Should they arm themselves with soldiers, forts, and fleets, they would avoid the direct contribution which they so much dislike: while, indirectly, they would be helping forward the formation of a naval and military power, as appertaining to the whole and allied Empire, which would be well nigh invincible.

It is even yet the fashion to contend that the colonies are of no use to us, and that we are of no use to them. This, at all events, is the creed of the English middle classes, to whatever political party they may subscribe; and, although responsible politicians know better, they are mean enough to trade upon this misconception and prejudice, as they trade upon anti-jingoism (so-called), religious and ethical fanaticism, and the

other stupid fancies and conceits of ill-regulated, or ill-trained minds. The colonies being far away, and out of reach, it is a very convenient piece of political clap-trap to represent them as being burthensome to us, ornamental appendages, only conserved for motives of pride, to give work to the army and navy, and Civil Service appointments to younger sons of the aristocracy, and the whole string of fulsome lies which trip glibly along the tongues of plausible and designing demagogues.

“Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate,
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.”

The colonists are represented as longing for independence, and vague and meaningless platitudes are bandied about, to the effect that the time is ripening when we can be rid of, and have done with, the drain on our exchequer which the maintenance of the colonies constitutes. The African colonies, more than any others, come in for this sort of talk. This is on account of their wars, and their rumours of wars, of their constant demand on our purses for missionary enterprises and so on. The African colonies are in sad disgrace at home. And yet the African colonies, in common with all other colonies, have made modern England what it is. Nearly one-half of our trade is with our colonies. London, Manchester, Southampton, and countless towns besides, would not be environed with a network of cottages, villas, and more ambitious residences, the homes of the numberless happy, and becoming, from day to day, more and more cultured middle classes, had we never possessed colonies. Science, art, sociology, and ten thousand blessings owe their stimulus to the wealthy independence drawn from our far-off possessions. “The trade follows the flag,” is no sentimental axiom, but a sound acknowledged fact. Can it be questioned, moreover, that, much as our colonies may have benefited by association with us, we have benefited far more by association with them? The raw material and food they send us are necessary to our life: without it we should have never increased and multiplied as we have. *They could live*, at all events, without many of the finished luxuries we send them. Our upper classes, middle

classes, and working classes would one and all be baser classes, weaker classes, poorer classes, idler classes, immeasurably worse in every way, were it not for the streams of rich life-blood which flow backwards and forwards, between England and her dependencies. Talk not to me of burthens, of fettered independence, of sentimental associations kept up for purposes of national vanity and swagger. Go, study figures, study facts, read lessons out of the great day-book of our past and present history, and then hide your heads with shame, ye groundlings, who would slay the goose for the sake of its golden eggs!

Moreover, the colonists warm and yearn towards “the island home of the Englishman”; they do this even when they happen to be of alien descent. The English Empire is the great crucible in which the nations of the earth are being welded into one race, replete with glorious variety. As to South African colonists, they are a generous people, easily drawn by a little kindness, not forgetful of the smallest mercies which go to prove that England’s heart does beat with theirs, though the pulse is sometimes so faint, it can scarcely be felt at all. They remember that young Englishmen, with neither wives, children, nor property, to bind them to South Africa, have laid down their lives in hundreds, in that dread contest with savage hordes. So much for individual help. Africa has before this, it is true, found imperial troops, and imperial ships, and bullion, very useful to her. Moreover, England is a splendid mart for the rough produce of the colonies, and English capital has been, and will continue to be, in great and urgent request.

This as an age of consolidation—Germany is united, the Northern and Southern States of America have forgotten old troubles and quarrels, Canada is one dominion, Australasia must follow suit; and who can doubt that South Africa will sooner or later be united from Cape Agulhas to the Limpopo.

I commend this idea of Imperial Federation to capitalists who have been fleeced by impecunious and dishonest foreign states, by the infidel Turk, and the mongrel hybrids of South America. A United Britannic Empire would be all-powerful, and her manifold securities would offer a magnificent field for investment. And let colonists remember that they cannot cut them-

selves aloof from England, without cutting off, at the same time, the principal source of their money-supply. The money market is, as everybody knows, a peculiarly sensitive organism. In the opinion of those best competent to judge, our Indian empire was in great danger of being ruined financially, had Lord Ripon seen fit to persevere in his scheme of native judicature, by which system the lives and properties of Europeans would be at the mercy of Orientals. Capital and intelligence must, as far as I can judge, inevitably take to themselves wings, if this insane project be persisted in. Our withdrawal from the Transvaal, by which the English and progressive section of the population of that State are left under the dominance of narrow and bigoted Boers, has ruined that fair land financially, while it has rendered the Englishman's life so intolerable, not only there but in all places where the Dutch element is in the ascendant, that he cannot hold his head up with the wonted pride and reliance of his race. The Africander Bond which aims at the expulsion of the English, or at least, at the absorption and elimination of English characteristics, has gained immeasurably from the folly of our policy across the Vaal. Such is the disgust of even patriotic and loyal colonists to England, that any combination hurtful to the imperial connection may hope to gain adherents from those very sources where, until recently, it would have met with its bitterest and most uncompromising foes.

But to return, there can be no room for doubt, that putting aside measures of detail, the Federation of England with her colonial dependencies would lead in the long run to the abolition of war, of priestcraft, of despotism, all over the world; it would also tend towards making the English language universal, to the unity of all races of the earth into one people, and would be fraught with manifold blessings and grand results to the whole human family. England has hitherto adhered to her proud boast, that she conquers, not to aggrandise or enrich herself, so much as to elevate and purify the vanquished. The Slav and the Mongol are bestirring themselves, are we to give over our heritage to them? and can either perform this glorious work? Let us unite and carry the banner of progress, of true

Christianity, of enlightenment and charity, into the uttermost parts of the earth. Let us not tarry, nor rest, but wander forth like Ió to accomplish this grand destiny, abiding not, but

"By maddening pangs impelled
From region unto region of the earth,"

continuing our forced migrations until we have, in the travail of our national soul, brought Cosmos out of Chaos, reduced confusion to order, and made men see that in united action lives healthy rivalry, all tending to one goal, and working out their salvation. Not in blood-strifes or malign cruelty, but in honest emulation, and

"In snatching from the ashes of their sires,
The emblems of departed fires".

Now we see the rich oppressing the poor, and the poor execrating the rich. Race armed to the teeth against race, class against class, sect against sect, and party against party. A freer, more bracing atmosphere is opening up to us, the world is only just beginning to breathe. In this unity there is a true communism, the true millenium is to be found in this grander, wider charity of the future. Paul said truly, in speaking of Faith, Hope, and Charity: "The greatest of these is Charity". In the union of all English communities, the greatest hope lives for the birth of a nobler and a freer life for our far-off descendants: a greater charity. It behoves every true man to help forward this consummation, so that future generations may bless us for our long-suffering and our sublime efforts. Now is the winter of our discontent, now we see through a glass darkly. Now we bear the heat and burthen of the day, a day in which the long night-watches seem too long, too dreary, for human endurance. The world is in the womb of night, but better things are in store for it. "Sorrow endureth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." Let thinkers think, philosophers evolve, scientists create, and toilers toil, the world is not to end in Stygian darkness. The Great Spirit of Light and Truth holds us and sustains us, He says to us all, Excelsior, Excelsior, and the heaven of which we all dream will ultimately dawn in this poor, fumbling, erring, storm-tossed world of ours. England possesses the mariner's compass.

Will she throw it away? I doubt whether she could, were she so minded.

To return from these flights of fancy to the more practical and every-day aspects of the Imperial Federation scheme. Public men in this country are awakening to its necessity. The Royal Colonial Institute has done good service here, service that cannot be over-stated; and so has the British and Colonial Union, and in a less direct and non-political manner so has the Empire Club, which has been established to foster social intercourse between prominent men connected with our grand old Empire. From these sources I have good hopes some great and important advance of the ideas of Imperial Union will have their birth, and many stumbling-blocks in the way of the scheme's entering the region of practical politics will, I trust, be removed.

Since writing the above, I have been privileged to read a pamphlet, from the pen of that grand Englishman, ardent imperialistic nationalist, and pre-eminent friend to the colonies—Mr. Frederick Young. It is entitled: "On the Political Relations of Mother Countries and Colonies," and it was read at the "Conférences et Congrès Scientifiques," of the "Exposition Coloniale et d'Exportation Générale," at Amsterdam, Sep. 19, 1883. No man has done so much as Mr. Young has done, in the cause of Imperial Federation, and I commend this paper to the attention of all those who wish to be enlightened on the topic.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION IN ITS RELATION TO PARTY POLITICS.

“BRAZEN BRAGGARTS, CANTING CANAILLE,—BRAY ON, AND CANCERATE.”

“What we require is the administration of public affairs, whether in the executive or the legislative department, in that spirit of the old Constitution which held the nation together as a whole, and levelled its united force at objects of national import, instead of splitting it into a bundle of unfriendly and distrustful fragments. The dangers we have to fear may roughly be summed up in the single word—disintegration. It is the end to which we are being driven, alike by the defective working of our political machinery, and by the public temper of the time. It menaces us in the most subtle and in the most glaring forms—in the loss of large branches and limbs of our empire, and in the slow estrangement of the classes which make up the nation to whom the empire belongs. The spirit which threatens to bring it upon us is, of course, most marked in the home administration; but it has left broad and discouraging traces on our external policy as well.”—“*Disintegration*,” an article in the *Quarterly Review*.

I REMEMBER the time when, as a small boy at a dame's school, some chance spark having rested upon congenial fuel in my mind, I was laughed at as a dreamer and enthusiast. Thus. The prevailing creed among my schoolmates was, that as Troy, Greece, and Rome had decayed, so must England. I indignantly repudiated the idea, and many a tussle I have had with these youthful, and therefore as it seems to me now, abnormally pessimistic disputants. That tussle was carried into public school life, and has been raging ever since. I cannot tell from whence came my first strong feelings and opinions concerning the imperial destiny of Britain; but I know that in those early days I felt as one standing alone, and unsupported in extravagant theories. Since then men

of light and leading have championed many of the ideas which I then strove, and am still striving, to express. It is a joy for me to find, that day by day, my boyhood's dream of Imperial Federation numbers more and more powerful advocates. I no longer feel alone, but rather as a humble militant in a cause which now enlists its many mighty captains and fighting men. Sir Bartle Frere's recent contribution to this subject is most encouraging. In an article which he has contributed to the September number of the *National Review*, entitled, "Have we a Colonial Policy?" the right honourable baronet, after drawing forcible attention to Bacon's essay on "Plantations," and remarking only too truly "how much misery and evil might have been avoided had later statesmen borne in mind" much of his far-seeing and proleptic advice, goes on to prove in a manner which should bring conviction to the most sceptical, and awaken the enthusiasm of the most indifferent, that the colonies are an undoubted boon to us. He argues the subject, from point to point, in a truly glorious manner, remarking that there can be no insuperable difficulties in the way of colonial representation in the imperial parliament; and he concludes a most vigorous article with an appeal to our legislators to have done with divided and vacillating councils, and to carry out with force and authority whatever may be the policy they have conceived, and moreover to leave the actual direction of the colonies to the pro-consuls whom they have chosen.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in speaking at a banquet given to him recently by the Empire Club, laid full stress on the need and substantial benefits of imperial unity. Here we have the testimony of two of the grandest servants of the Empire, albeit their work has been marred and their acts repudiated, by a cowardly and pusillaninuous government. In this treatment lies, in a great measure, their very glory, and history and posterity will accord them their due deserts in no unstinted manner, while for the present they have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that current events are proving, day by day, that they were in the right, and that their opponents were at fault.

To the foregoing testimony I must add the words of the Earl of Dufferin, than whom England has no better nor truer servant.

He has not yet—happily for him, and for us—lived to see his work repudiated and his far-seeing policies reversed, to suit the exigencies of party strife; but he must have a sanguine temperament indeed, if he lives not in fear of being so treated sooner or later. The noble Earl, in speaking at the Empire Club the other night, said: “I may be pardoned perhaps if I have come to look at England, this sceptred isle, this earth of majesty, this other Eden-beaming paradise, this happy breed of men, this precious stone set in a silver sea—not as she displays herself in the recriminatory warfare of Parliamentary strife, or in the polemical declamation of the platform, but in an aspect softened by distance and regarded as the happy home of a noble and united people, whom it is an honour to serve, and for whose sake it would be a privilege to make the greatest sacrifices. I do not say this in any spirit of selfish and vulgar Jingoism, although I must admit that by their profession Ambassadors and Colonial Governors are bound to be rather Jingoish. I have come to regard England in the same light as she is regarded by those great communities who are carrying her laws, her liberties, her Constitutional institutions, and her language into every portion of the world. I am well aware that many of our most influential thinkers are almost disposed to stand aghast at the accumulative responsibility and increasing calls upon our resources, and the ever-widening vulnerability entailed by England’s Imperial position. Certainly the outlook counsels both prudence, and, above all, preparation. After all, the life of nations and individuals in many respects resemble each other, and each of us is aware that his daily burden of care, anxiety, and responsibility gathers weight and strength in proportion to the expansion of his faculties, the accumulation of his wealth, the energy of his endeavours, and the extension of his influence. Why, gentlemen, even the children that people our homes are so many heritages given to fortune; and the wives of our bosoms—I say this beneath my breath—are very apt each of them to open a startling chapter of accidents; but what man of spirit has ever turned his back upon the opportunity, or refused to enter upon the tender obligations of a love-lit fireside by fear of increasing his responsibilities, entailed by a fuller, ampler, and more perfect existence? But

even did she desire it, I believe that the time is too late for England to seek to disinherit herself of that noble destiny with which I firmly believe she has been endowed. The same hidden hand which planted the tree of Constitutional liberty within her borders, and thus called upon her to become the mother of parliaments, has sent forth her children to possess and fructify the waste places of the earth. How a desert in every direction has been turned into a paradise of plenty those who are present can best tell. I believe that great as have been the changes which have already occurred, our children are destined to see even still more glorious accomplishments. One of the greatest statisticians of modern times, a man of singularly sober judgment, has calculated that ere the next century has reached its close the English-speaking population of the globe will have already exceeded 1000 millions of human beings. Of these, in all probability 40 millions will be found in Canada alone, and an equal proportion along the coast of Africa and in our great Australian possessions. If these great communities are united in a common bond of interest, if they are co-ordinated and impelled by a common interest, what an enormous influence, as compared with that of any other nationality, whether for good or evil, whether considered from a moral or a material point of view, are they destined to exercise? That they will remain Englishmen who can doubt? The chops and changes on an accelerated momentum of human progress forbid all accurate prediction. These enormous forces, operating over such a large space, defy all prescience and human wisdom to direct the current of events; but one thing, at all events, is certain, and that is, that these great communities will be deeply impressed by English ideas, by English literature, by English institutions, and by English habits of thought. That this shall long continue to be the case is, I am sure, the earnest wish of those whom I am addressing. It is their desire that our statesmen should so conduct the relations of this country with their Colonial dependencies as to cherish and maintain those affectionate ties by which they are so remarkably and distinctly bound to the Mother Country. One thing, at all events, is certain, that the people of England will never again allow their Government to

repeat the error which resulted in the separation of the United States. Whatever may be our present relations with the great Transatlantic Republic, it is certain that had it not been for the violent disruption that occurred those relations would now have been even more mutually advantageous. The catastrophe, unhappily, was brought about by the Ministry of the day being incapable of appreciating and understanding the force and direction of colonial sentiment. I believe that statesmen can make no greater mistake than not to accurately comprehend the enormous part which sentiment plays in human affairs. By far the greater number of the wars which have devastated the globe have been produced and generated by outraged sentiment rather than by the pursuit of material advantages. Even commerce itself, the most unsentimental and matter-of-fact of interests, is wont for long periods of time to follow in the track of custom, habit, and sentiment. This was a fact which for a long time the English people failed to comprehend. They failed to comprehend the desire which the Colonies had to have their kinship recognised. Happily, however, the increased facilities of communication, and the necessities and exigencies of trade, have changed all this, and I believe that now there is not a man in England who does not understand, and to whose imagination it has not been forcibly brought home, that beyond the circuit of the narrow seas which confine this island are vast territories inhabited by powerful communities who are actuated by ideas similar to his own, who are proud to own allegiance to Queen Victoria, whose material resources are greater than those possessed by his own country, and whose ultimate power may, perhaps, exceed the power of Great Britain. And yet those great communities of noble, high-spirited, industrious Englishmen, if only they are properly dealt with, and if only their feelings and just exigencies are duly considered, will never have a higher ambition than to be allowed to continue as co-heirs with England in her illustrious career, associated with her in her gigantic Empire, and sharers in her fortunes, whether they be for good or evil, until the end of time. Such are the sentiments and opinions which I believe this Club has been founded to encourage and propagate; and I felt that in rising to return thanks

for the great and signal honour which you have done me, and for which really I cannot find words sufficient to thank you, I could not do so in a more acceptable manner than by telling you with what enthusiasm and with what sincerity of conviction I myself subscribe to these sentiments."

Lord Brabourne, too, has said that "he held the maintenance of her colonial empire gave strength to England commercially and politically, and that the greatness of these Isles was bound up with the colonies and dependencies. It would be an evil day when the connection was regarded in a cold-blooded philosophical way, without considering the sentiments which moved the hearts of Englishmen at home and abroad." I might supplement these words by those of Sir Alexander Galt, Sir Julius Vogel, Mr. Gordon Sprigg, and countless others among our prominent men; for in truth, although demagogues and unthinking or designing agitators continue to inflame the minds of the vulgar by speeches about expensive colonies kept up for motives of ambitious pride, and for various unworthy reasons, which they are only too ready to invent or imagine, yet, our best reviewers and politicians have for some time past given in their adhesion to this very policy of consolidation and conservation.

Generous foreigners even take a like view, M. Littré to wit. There are not wanting many thinkers, and I am not afraid of classing myself among their admirers, who believe such a British Federal Union might ultimately lead to still grander results than the unity of Anglo-Saxondom; in brief, to the institution of a universal council for all nations, good-bye to war and bloodshed, and the birth of a brighter morn for the suffering world. The Poet-Laureate foreshadows something of this kind in Locksley Hall—

"Till the war drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of men, the Federation of the world,
There the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber wrapped in universal law."

Why then, with a general consensus of opinion among men of light and leading, on this subject of imperial unity, do we find ourselves drifting in a precisely opposite direction? For what

other than an opposite direction can be considered a policy which has alienated our Australian, no less than our Africander brethren? Why do we seem to get no nearer our longed-for haven, why are all our hopes doomed to be shattered? Hitherto, our wings have been those of Icarus, poor fragile wax, which the sun of indifference in high places has melted; our energies have had no better reward than those of Sisyphus, for so soon as we think we have successfully rolled our heavy phalanx of overwhelming arguments to the heights of Downing Street, they are forced back upon us, to crush us. Tantalus suffered no greater torments than those we have been fated to experience—we are bound to an ever-revolving wheel, Ixion-like. We keep going round and round, but arrive no nearer any desiderated point.

Nor is this misfortune consequent upon the inherent weakness of our case itself. On the contrary, the very vigour of its strength constitutes its weakness. We live in an age in which weakness is strength, and strength is weakness. It may be that our national life is but the victim of a passing spasm of debility, which will yield to rest and tonics; but none the less, our prevailing aspect with regard to all grand political questions shows sad signs of enervation. With an enervated people, weakness is alone possible—weakness throughout. Strong food kills weaklings, just as readily as it does bantlings. It is true we have not yet degraded ourselves to the level of Mr. Hare's political Utopia, which would make our parliament a committee of crocheteers; yet, what can be said of a government which exists solely by compromises and concessions to crocheteers and fad-mongers. On the one hand we find Exeter Hall sentimentalists, and old women dictating the loss of the Transvaal, while an idiocratic woman is allowed to influence a Secretary of State into the perpetration of an act which every sensible and properly-informed man knew to be a mistake, namely, the restoration of Cetewayo. Concessions to anti-imperialists blundered us into the Egyptian campaign, and it seems too likely that a similar cause will lose us Australia. Nor was the late government by any means exempt from blame. The Sir Bartle Frere episode, the wretched patch-up in Zululand, were nothing more nor less than craven concessions to ignorant popular

clamour. Where is the old spirit of England, when all this burlesque of government is allowed? Tower Hill was a salutary institution after all. What has come over the nation, which supinely looks on, while ultra-Sabbatarians and Local Option advocates are permitted to condemn men to thirst and hunger; and while Saturnalias and blasphemous brawlings in our streets, under the banner of religion, are encouraged and fostered by our legislators? No croquet is considered by our rulers to be so inherently weak-kneed and senseless, as to be unworthy of compromising. Sedition is bargained with, and the most anti-liberal ideas find champions among so-called Liberal leaders.

When our political energies are thus frittered away in imbecility, and lily-livered vacillation, when trifles light as air are elevated into burning questions, and in short, when empty vanity is apotheosised sempiternally, how can we expect measures fraught with far-reaching blessings to the race, as a race, to stand a chance of obtaining fair play?

It seems to me that party government is at the root of this evil. Party government is a miserable vehicle for self-seekers' ambition, it is a snare and an antiquated delusion. Political programmes of party are snares also. True men should owe allegiance to measures, not to party, and every government should be contented to champion but one measure at the time. A government should come in to pass a certain measure, and it should pass it and done with it, and if it were able to pass succeeding measures all very well, but members should be elected to pass or oppose one measure only, and be free to act just as they chose as to any future measures submitted to them. Thus all honest men could divide upon a distinct issue, which issue being decided, they would be free to follow their old chief or oppose him, entirely in accordance with the consideration as to whether any new measure to be brought forward by him had their sympathies or not. I know perfectly well this could never be, because men are not archangels, and moreover, very few members of parliament are in any sense patriots, or any degree better than mere place or position hunters. But we must try to get a little nearer to this ideal; government by brag and shout cannot be tolerated for ever. If that hateful fiend

party could be so pitched, political warfare would have some chance of having a little regard for honour and integrity. In every political struggle there would be a nearer approach to true unity on either side, instead of a false and forced cohesion of chance parties. A party man discovers his advocacy is compelled to measures distasteful or hateful to him. If he break with his party, and join the opposing camp, the same lot will be his fate. To be minus party is, under the present baneful system, to be minus political influence. Party allegiance results in a want of force and heartiness in political life; men compelled against their will to vote and to *think* in the same way as their leaders, find their faculties stultified, and their force dissipated. What is the result of this subtle blighting influence, but a political deadlock? Let us revert, as Sir Bartle Frere says, to earlier, simpler, and purer methods. We have had enough of government by party. The system has become corrupted at its very root—for concessions to rebellion and to rank intolerance, are ten thousand times worse mischiefs than were all the pocket boroughs the Reform Bill swept away. Our present system of government is eating into the very marrow of our national life, it is making men think with the cynic, that the very words, patriotism, honour, truth, earnestness, and the like should be relegated to a glossary of obsolete phrases.

Life-long allegiance and subordination to a party, or to a chief, mean, to the thinking man, life-long intellectual enslavement, for the thoughts of men are diverse. It is impossible to conceive of a man, not being a drone or a half-witted nonentity, who can find himself in accord with the views of any party or chief whatsoever upon all points. There must be some different planks in his platform. Political principle, then, comes to mean political dishonesty. Smothered insubordination and half-hearted political action are the inevitable products of this accursed legacy of party government, for no man can give heart-whole help to measures he secretly despises and contemns.

We are all Liberals or Conservatives, even our little children, as Mr. Gilbert so humorously says. Nor do grown men know any better than little children why they are Liberals or Conservatives, simply because there is no real or satisfactory meaning in

the terms. Do away with party government and make grand measures a worthier "line of cleavage," and we should strangle out of existence the miserable little army of crocheteers, midges, gnats, and occasional big mosquitoes—like Sir Wilfred Lawson. The stings and bites of such can make life very unpleasant, while it too often happens that their very number and persistency threaten to obstruct our further progress altogether. Let these politicians of the village go to their local boards and fight out their differences, and let us have an imperial parliament—swept of the advocates of follies, which may fitly be compared to old women's nightmares, or the conceits of the nursery.

It is an undoubted fact that our political procedure, not our political life, much in the same way as our religious systems—a very different thing, let me add, to our religious life—is tottering to its grave; it is more than festering and rotten, it is in its death-throes. The future will prove whether a fairer, grander life will be evolved from this decay and death, and, for my part, I believe that it will. We must not allow the thought that permanent stagnation is to be our lot. How can we doubt that there is something radically wrong, when we find the energies and time of our legislators consumed in miserable trivialities, while every politician who desires to bring forward measures fraught with really imperial, or in other words, national importance, has to submit to see his well-meant patriotism seized upon in a malign and ungenerous manner, to be used as a weapon to aid some contemptible party attack upon him. Base and narrow, ignoble and insular has become our party life. The cynic was right when he compared it to the jangling of old tin kettles. The sooner the terms Liberal and Conservative, which are now as meaningless as "Whig" and "Tory," are relegated to limbo, and good men and patriots, on either side, shall consent to come out of their sheep-pens, and call themselves Nationalists or Imperialists, and to allow to the scum of half-hearted misers, self-styled Humanitarians and Cosmopolites *alias* Grovellers and Traitors, the choice of any existing, or to-be-created appellation they may think worthy of acceptance—the sooner this is so, the better for England. We have, indeed, drifted into a sorry condition. The Government of England,

divided between a selfish and neglectful oligarchy, and a truculent and witless democracy. A political see-saw between the two. A selfish oligarchy, fearing that it is losing ground, trying to regain it by gifts of free parks and by remitted rent-rolls, and by opening its sacred portals to shoddy men and flunkeys; a truculent democracy inventing trades-unionism and the caucus to stultify freedom and strangle individuality.

And, in our "Religious" world, too, where is the marrow, where is the life? Are not those potent forces, enervating Blue Ribbonism, sensuously sensational Salvationism, and morbidly lecherous Ritualism, pandered to on all sides? * Are not men

* It must not be thought that I am blind to the fact, that there is much good, mixed up with greater evil, in all these movements. In like manner, many of their adherents are not only sincere and earnest men and women, but are, moreover, doing very much good. This may appear to be a contradiction in terms, to those who imagine that such abstract qualities as ultimate, absolute good or evil, unalloyed or finite truth or falsehood, have any real existence. The philosopher contends that they are merely terms. It is the fate of all who speak to, or write for the public, to find their words misquoted and misrepresented by lousybodies and ill-wishers. A sentence, robbed of its context, may be made to have an entirely different meaning to that which it was intended to convey. A writer, in a greater degree, perhaps, than a speaker, must ever be unable to so sufficiently amplify or elaborate his views as to render misunderstandings impossible. The author must trust to the intelligence of his readers to discover him between the lines. A very rotten stuff to depend upon, doubtless. But he has no alternative, and must submit to the inevitable. As to the animadversions above, I believe they are fully warranted by the general characteristics and tendencies of the sects under criticism. They are a Romish trio, one and all instruments of the Jesuits. The Jesuits expect to step in, and enslave this country, when the demon of selfishness in religion and politics has joined its forces with those of the fiend of parochialism and anti-imperialistic cosmopolitanism. Such a union must be followed by civil conflict.

An acephalous nation means internecine strife; war to the knife will succeed artificial cohesion between countless crotchet-mongers. Anarchy: followed by a reinstatement of the bonds of blasting, blighting Rome. Smithfield once more, and the stifling of thought and freedom, until the cancer of mammon-worship has been burned out, and the nation arises once more from its agonies and purgations in its old vigour and majesty. At present, sensationalism, in all its forms, is paying its *obolus* to Jesuitism, the charon, who is ferrying it far away from the unrestful shores of Acheron,—the wearing halting-ground of conflicting opinions,—into the *rest* of the nether spheres, that is to say, into the utter darkness of blind superstition.

This may or may not be strong writing. But I feel it to be my duty to write it. The lack of sincerity is eating into the very vitals of the country. The trimming of sails to popular opinion is taking all *purpose* out of our life as a nation. I have suspended my judgment before speaking, and now speak advisedly.

everywhere ready to fall down and worship the golden calf? Is not genius and free thought stifled, strangled, stamped out? Are not men blighted everywhere by an accursed gregariousness, and by the absence of real liberty? Is not obedience to some petty puppet man has set up, the bribe one has to pay for so-called success in life, be it in Church or in State? Is not power our only god? Power, which like—

“A desolating pestilence
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanised automaton.”

In art it is just the same, as has recently been too abundantly proved.

Let us shake off these miserable trammels, let us have done with such utter prostitution. I speak not as the disciple of any sect, set, order, or party. I scorn to enter the camps of mercenaries.

And would to God I might speak more plainly. We live in an age of pseudo modesty and veneered purism, cheap masks of corruption. Innocence! our much-vaunted innocence! What is innocence, but the negation of knowledge, otherwise Ignorance? what is Ignorance, but Darkness? what is Darkness, but Sin? what is Sin, but Damnation? And yet one must speak with bated breath, or be dubbed a Bradlaughite, an atheist, or socialist, or some other “ite” or “ist”. What matter which? I do not mind what the unthinking call me. I am none of these things, and for the rest, I prefer the tempestuous seas of advance, to the non-progressive lull of blind conformity. I make this appeal for a return to natural ordinances, in lieu of emasculating subterfuges advisedly, because I see that all measures which are fraught with possible blessings to our political, no less than to our religious future, are sacrificed to the interests of party, or of sect.

It is said, then, that imperial federation would interfere with the machinery of party government. Just so. Let it. Party government has blasted and withered the fair life of our colonies:

their interests, and therefore England's, are day by day offered up as sacrifices on its altars. If imperial representation should help to deal a blow at party government, it will have rubbed off one item of revenge, which it owes to the deformed monster that has so long held it in durance.

CHAPTER I.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

“HER PAST OBSCURE—HER PRESENT NOT UNSULLIED, HER
FUTURE, WHO CAN TELL?”

“Thus with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life’s unmeasured way.”

—*Thomas Campbell.*

“Britain! the freeman’s home, the proper soil
Where every patriotic virtue thrives,
Holds many a heart that beats in thy behalf.”

ALTHOUGH South Africa is now under a cloud, it has, I cannot but believe, a very bright future before it. Its prosperity is likely, within a measurable distance, to vastly exceed the best wishes of its most sanguine friends. The native question, difficult as it is, and demanding the most careful handling, will no doubt adjust itself, for better or for worse, in the long run. Minor local jealousies, kept alive by influential persons for private ends and narrow purposes, must undoubtedly give place to the general interests of the community, and “some day, I know not when or how,” as the song says, the whole of South Africa will be a powerful dominion as is Canada now. Civilisation and science having subjugated the fever, and surmounted all other natural obstacles, will combine to extend our influence to the benighted regions of the interior. The increase of the population of England, and the paramount necessity our legislators will be under of finding an outlet for the surplusage somewhere, will send thousands, nay, millions, into this vast continent. And let them come. The country can support them. The resources of Africa

are illimitable. Its mineral wealth almost defies description. Precious metals and gems are only waiting to be appropriated. The Diamond Fields of Kimberley are the richest in the world. The gold of the Transvaal stretches away far into the interior, some believe to Tanganyika, but let us say to the Zambesi. The primitive attempts of the natives to obtain the metal are discernible over miles and miles of country, in the shape of shallow holes and excavations, and it is even said that the spot is known where once the famous mines of Ophir, owned by the Queen of Sheba, were worked. Credible travellers speak of natives who use gold to make their bullets. The copper mines of Namaqualand are capable of indefinite development. So are the manganese mines of the Cape Colony. In these luxurious days, when enormous fortunes are so quickly made, the spirit of emulation has added fuel to the taste for display and ornamentation, which tastes are more than ever in the ascendant. Anything which can supply these wants will find a world-wide market awaiting it, so that even the mania for finery, vulgar as it is, is nevertheless a providential arrangement. It is beneficial in that it is directly and indirectly instrumental in sending thousands away from overpopulated centres, to develop savage lands, and thus in the end, money is extracted from the pockets of those who are rich, to the benefit of those who are poor: which result tends in the healthful direction of the equalisation of property.

Mr. Harry Brooks, who, some time ago, published a book on Natal, assured me when I was at Maritzburg, that the coal-fields of that colony were illimitable. Coal means steam, and steam means milling, engineering, manufactures. Then again, the interior is rich in rough produce, in beautiful skins, ivory, and so on. The continent is capable of growing the finest timber, and it grows such timber now. Its fibres and grasses would make carpets and brooms, baskets, and clothes for millions of people. Its wine, its ostrich feathers, its wool, tobacco, sugar, arrowroot, are all sources of wealth, still in their infancy. At present, the exports fall short of the imports, and the colonists still look to Europe in a large measure for their food supply. But who can doubt that when railways have opened up the country far and wide, and

kloofs have been cut through the mountains, so that the vast resources of the country in sheep and cattle may be made available for practical uses, we shall have to look to Africa for a portion of our meat and grain supply, as we are now looking to Australasia, South America, and Canada. The suitability of the country for pastoral and arable pursuits is pre-eminently satisfactory; and as the railways are extended, roads are made, passes are cut in the mountains, lands are irrigated, waters stored, trees planted, and the rest, great changes for the better will be effected. There is still much difficulty in getting cattle to market. Many poor miserable brutes are driven into Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, from distances exceeding 700 miles, and having to go through karoo or deserts, where there is neither grass nor water, it may be imagined that at the end of the journey of a month or six weeks' duration, the condition of the cattle is such as would make the Royal Agricultural Society shudder. Although, for reasons already elaborated, Africa has as yet no manufactories, ample facilities exist for the establishment of tanneries, distilleries, glass manufactories, shot and powder magazines, breweries; and cloth could be made here as it is made in Australia. As to the rivers and harbours, I need say no more about them.

Then again, South Africa ought to have a grand future before her, simply as a sanitarium for Englishmen. When Cannes, Nice, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Bordighera, Algeria, Corsica, Malta, Pau, Biarritz, Arcachon, Dinan, and countless places besides, are reaping golden harvests yearly from our invalided friends, why should not South Africa make a determined bid for this enormous percentage of our population? In England 130,000 persons fall victims to phthisis annually, who if they took the malady in time, might almost to a man be alive and hearty. There is no grander place for consumptives in the wide world than South Africa. True it is not so near England as the places whose names I have strung together. So much the better, the voyage and change go a long way in effecting a cure. The objection will be urged that the expense is greater. Well, to the poor man afflicted with a pulmonary disorder, I would say, scrape together the passage money and be off, rather than remain here to court destruction.

The most you can procure in this country is a change to Ventnor, Torquay, or Hastings, and your friends will send you there when the hand of death has already tight hold upon you. Nor are any of these English retreats of much use. As to those people who can afford to winter in any of the places I have enumerated, they are not, as a rule, much concerned about money matters, and could as easily go to South Africa as to the South of France; with far greater chances of being cured there. South Africa effects wonderful cures, and the more wonderful in that, as a rule, people have not come to Africa until their cases were almost hopeless, and moreover, no provision for invalids, on anything like a serious or extensive scale, has been attempted in the colonies. Some enterprising men in Cape Town should build and advertise Sanatoriums, similar to the Hydropathic Establishment at Tunbridge Wells, let me say, or the Mont Dore at Bournemouth; at Wynburg, Simon's Town, and in other suitable spots. This if properly done would attract hundreds to the colony, and would enrich it in every way, by the accession of money, culture, and intelligence. I believe, in this manner alone, that there would be a great future for the colonies.

I should only weary my readers were I to go over the ground again. I hope I have said enough to convince those who needed convincing, that Africa can make out a very fair case for itself. This grand continent is at our feet, are we to spurn it, are we to let the opportunity of creating a second America escape us? An America unhampered by the occupation of some of its best regions by a race of Latins, the ne'er-do-weel Spaniards. Here is a grand field where thousands of scientific experiments for the welfare of mankind might be worked out, where millions of our race could find room for the true expansion of their abilities, where instead of the prolonged life starvation which many of our poor fellow-countrymen endure, bread could be earned by work. A land, too, where our language, our laws, and our institutions might be perpetuated, full of faults as they are one and all, yet the finest the world has ever produced. Are we to be indifferent to all these considerations? Shall we allow some Teutonic race, more enterprising than ourselves, to usurp our historical voca-

tion, and rob us of that which we should regard as our palpable destiny—which is, I take it, to colonise the waste places of the earth? I will not believe it. We have tarried long enough, too long, on the outskirts of the promised land. It is time we pushed on. What has America done, and what is Australia doing, in their respective portions of the world? They are straining every nerve to get immigrants to help them to fence in the country. Australia is carrying telegraphic communication all over the island continent, and she has taken the wires from north to south and east to west, while she is extending her influence to Borneo, New Guinea, and the New Hebrides.

CHAPTER LI.

SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

“THE FIRST REQUISITE TO SUCCESS IN LIFE IS TO BE A GOOD ANIMAL.”

“Capital sport; never better! all smack, smooth, and no mistake.”—*Jack Brag*,
—*Theodore Hook*.

To pass once more from serious things to trifles light as air, I propose to say what I can about the sport of South Africa. Everybody knows that this part of the continent affords the finest sport in the world. Whether one's aims be ambitious and venturesome, or of the most modest description, it would be hard indeed if more or less scope for their indulgence could not be found in South Africa. Given liberty of action and fair opportunities, any man may indulge in sport to his heart's content in the colonies. Large game, such as elephants, hippopotami, lions, rhinoceros, buffalos, ostriches, Cape leopards, and giraffes, have practically left the boundaries of the British colonies, and are rarely to be met even in the Dutch Republics, although they cannot be said to have entirely forsaken either the one or the other. A herd of elephants lately made their appearance in the vicinity of Uitenhage, near Port Elizabeth, causing considerable annoyance and loss to the government, for they rooted up the telegraphic posts;—maybe they had heard of the crutch and toothpick brigade, and suddenly aspired to joining its ranks. But whether they required toothpicks or not, they caused sad havoc. Wild beasts of a less formidable and of a smaller species are to be found in the colonial borders. Of these, the wilde-beest (gnu) is the most important. But the

ordinary colonial sportsman has to be satisfied with the more moderately exciting sport which jackals, hyenas, zebras, wild cats, wolves, and such like afford. Antelopes (bok) and pheasants, and most English game birds, are the usual game, however, which falls to the lot of a colonist. The larger antelopes have left the haunts of the European, and retreated towards the equator with the less graceful, though more formidable animals. In the early days of Natal colonisation, the lion was very often to be seen meandering about the outskirts of settlements, and his roar was by no means infrequently heard by the settlers at night. It is not so many years since they were seen on the Berea (Durban), and they even now, once and again, take it into their heads to start on a marauding expedition, and sneak through outskirting bushes in the interior, into Natal: so that they may be seen there once more any day. The Tongate, a forest not so very far from Durban, used to harbour lions. As to elephants, their tracks may be seen in the Natal forests now. They clear their way before them through the bush, breaking down the young trees and shrubs and trampling them under foot. Traces of their reticulated paths are discernible in the Berea bush. Not more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since this same bush was a perfect network of such paths. The older paths are so well trodden down, that some years must pass over them before they are obliterated. The elephant having once made a thoroughfare for himself, takes care to keep to it, and he walks over it again and again. Elephant's Pass, near Durban, was a famous pass for elephants, whole herds affecting it. At this spot, an old Natalian informed me, that he was shooting birds on the outskirts some five-and-twenty years since, when he suddenly saw his friend of Zoological Gardens' memory making towards him. He let fly at him with a charge of dust shot. A senseless thing to do, no doubt, but the brute seemed not to have relished the insult, for he roared with as much vigour as a child with dust in its eye, and away he went, ploughing up the ground before him. The next morning, my informant saw from his bedroom window, for he resided in the vicinity, a black object in the distance moving along at great speed. He thought it was a Kaffir hut being carried away on the

brawny shoulders of its migratory owner. He discovered, however, in due course, that it was an elephant, and he considered that it must have been the offended magnate of the preceding day's exploit. The screaming of the men, women, and children in the neighbouring kraals informed him as to the personality of the moving figure. When an elephant appears near a Kaffir kraal, every tin vessel is brought into play to create a jarring tintinnabulation, while mothers pinch their children to make them cry. This particular animal took flight, and made for a valley near by, where he was shot and killed, and brought to town in triumph, the achievement causing some little excitement. This I mention, to add that the elephant is a thing of the past, so far as Natal is concerned, though isolated and interesting instances of the capture of these animals in Natal might be multiplied. The rhinoceros is scarcely to be classed amongst Natal animals, but a sea-cow (hippopotamus) was shot at Clare, wallowing in the Umgeni, during my visit to Natal, and I met a man the other day at Timbridge Wells, who informed me that he had not only shot many sea-cows in Natal, but also enormous boa-constrictors, 30 feet long, and this within the last twenty years. Bushmen paint giraffes on their caves within the boundaries of European South Africa, but I heard of no instance of their presence in British Africa. Several of the smaller feline animals—the tiger-cat, etc., are still fairly plentiful, and they are very destructive, and, like reynard, work sad havoc on the poultry yards. I saw a splendid specimen of this particular animal knocked down for two shillings at the open-air sale, which is held in Durban, weather permitting, every Saturday morning. The black buck, or the koodoo, the eland, the spring buck, or hartebeest, the gemsbuck (the typical unicorn) have, one and all, packed up bag and baggage, and left the dangerous ground of Natal, for the Transvaal and Zambesi. The same practically may be said of the wilde-beest. But this animal is very plentiful near at hand, to which attestation is given by the presence—in most Kaffir huts—of its tail, formed into a kind of artistic broom. Some of the foregoing animals, although they have left Natal, abound in the old colony, the spring-bok notably. This is a difficult animal to shoot. To take a supposition, should you see two hundred grazing, and you

mark one from among the crowd. You may be ever so good a shot, and yet miss your prey. Light travels faster than sound, or than the missile itself. The moment you pull the trigger, the beautiful creatures jump aside from the animal you marked, to a distance of a dozen yards, radiating from the centre, the animal marked of course going with the rest, but as you have reckoned upon this jump, and the probable distance of the jump, you may kill, if your object only consent to jump the right way. A haphazard shot into the thick of the herd is next to useless. Unlike India, Africa is minus deer; they are all antelopes, and antelopes alone. The Natalian's usual game is the red buck, a fair-sized animal, and the peat, a pretty little fellow, with a very dark brown belly, white in the centre. It goes about very noiselessly, sniffing on the ground with its nose touching the dead leaves, in search of umcovote berries. By this little rustle, you may, if you are quick of hearing, know that it is approaching towards you.

There are all kinds of shooting parties in the colonies, large and small, ambitious and modest; some planned by men on pleasure bent, others by traders, and men who have an eye to making a living by their guns. There are parties composed of English sportsmen, who spare no expense in securing for themselves all the luxuries and necessaries of life. They fit up beautifully-appointed caravans with everything that shall guarantee comfort and enjoyment, including a plentiful cellar of wine of excellent vintages, air mattresses, musical instruments, and every other adjunct to ease and indulgence, that the mind of man can suggest. These are always the keenest sportsmen, and such men as Gordon Cumming, Lord Mayo, Parker Gilmore, Frank Oates, Major Serpa Pinto, Dr. Emile Holub, may be said to belong to the class. On the other hand, there are caravan parties whose vehicles though far less extravagantly appointed, are, albeit, quite as imposing in appearance. These contain goods and chattels of a nature to commend themselves to the aboriginal fancy—beads, hardware, combs, brushes, gew-gaws, and knick-knacks of all kinds. Brum-magen rubbish and Houndsditch tinsel are dear to the savage heart. The trader-hunters barter for skins and feathers, and rely as much upon their cunning in driving hard bargains, as they

depend upon their ocular cunning in shooting game wherewithal to fill their caravans with skins.

Again, there is the colonial cross between these two extremes, men who combine pleasure with business, they shoot mainly for pleasure, and trade with the natives at the same time, and thus make their passion a self-supportive indulgence. Such is Colonel Rennie. There is also the solitary sportsman, who shoots for pleasure alone, but hides himself away unattended by even a Kafir boy, and is sometimes buried in the bush for years, "lost to sight, to memory dear". There is a large class of this kind of sportsman. Men who either go alone on foot, or attended by a friend or friends, and take boys with them to collect and carry their trophies, while at the expiration of a certain number of years, they reappear, swooping down with a collection of ivory and skins which they offer at the nearest market-place. These worthies generally try to dispose of some of their spoils as they go along. Some hunters start off on foot with nothing but their knapsack and gun, and remain in the bush for an incredibly lengthened period; how they live none can guess, and none know when, or at what place, they will make their reappearance. Such men sometimes disappear altogether. They are either killed, or starve to death, or sink to the level of the native tribes with whom they may be located, and become as one of them. The everyday colonist, however, has nothing to do with adventurous shooting of the foregoing description. He simply shoots as the ordinary English sportsman shoots, to relax the monotony of the routine of a social, professional, or mercantile life. If he be a farmer, he generally can get shooting readily enough on his own grounds, or on those of a neighbouring farmer, or landrost. If he live in a town, he probably knows a farmer or landowner who will give him shooting over field and bush. Such sportsmen need little preparation, or rather, their host provides them with Kafirs and necessary or useful adjuncts. Much shooting of this kind is done on horseback, the steeds being trained to mark just as a setter marks.

Buck-shooting is after all the grand sport of South Africa proper. The Natalians are keen sportsmen, and many a tale of the exploits of the unsophisticated greenhorn, a Natalian will be only too pleased

to spin you. While I was in that colony, a naval lieutenant, who shall be nameless, obtained permission from a colonist to shoot over his land. Imagine the gallant officer's chagrin when, upon his first day's sport, he managed to kill a dun-coloured calf, mistaking it for a red buck. Another Winkle took aim at a sandy-haired Scotchman, who chanced to be sitting at the root of a tree in the Umehlanga bush. The worthy fellow, unconscious of his imminent danger, only just managed to save his bacon, and his life too, by an involuntary cough in the very nick of time. Another well-known man in Durban has to bear incessant chaff at the hands of his acquaintances in the matter of his adventure with two wild boars. He saw them grazing in the bush, but could not shoot, not for the same high-flown reason as that which deterred William Tell from pulling the trigger, because "it was liberty," but because he was afraid. He had never reckoned upon such game as this, and he was riveted to the ground in full view of his friends, who were out of range. Eurystheus himself was not more alarmed when he beheld the Erymanthian boar. Apropos of the wild pig or boar, it is rarely seen in the Natal bush now, and any sportsman who may be fortunate enough to shoot one is treated as a little hero for the moment. A few years since, these boars were commonly met in the coverts near Durban, and I have seen their jaw-bones near many a bush camping-ground, giving token of past happy symposiums, to which, by the way, they must have imparted a *souffçon* of mediævalism. I saw nothing of the boar's living presence.

I have no intention of devoting a chapter to the natural history of South Africa, and, therefore, as I have said enough in a passing way about the mammalia of that part of the world,—sufficient to suit all purposes, I may as well, with especial reference to sport, add a few words on the local ornithology. Pheasants and partridges are by no means rare on the old farms, supplemented by "haw did dahs" (I have no conception of the proper spelling of this name, and I am more completely in a fog as I cannot find out whether it is a Dutch or an aboriginal title), but I do know that the creature itself is lovely to look upon, and its flesh is by no means distasteful to the palate. Then there are louries, quail,

guinea-fowl, wild ducks and wild geese. The strong point about Cape birds is their plumage, which is distinctly lovely. Their vocal powers are of the poorest order. Some of the commoner birds of South Africa, such as the red beaks, are very tiny, much smaller than our wrens. I brought home a couple score of red beaks, Cape or Natal canaries, and other pretty little feathered beggars. The ship's butcher looked after them *en route*, but they could not stand the severity of our winter, and they succumbed to it, one after another, upon arrival. The Cape sparrow is as dingy a little chap as our familiar "dickey," but as unlike our sparrow as the Cape gooseberry is dissimilar to the English fruit bearing that name. It is a long-legged, long-beaked, little fellow, like a small snipe, and it is not quite so tame as "the charming London sparrow with its plumage bright and rare," although it hops about with a considerable degree of confidence in the streets and gutters of Cape Town. I have spoken of the lizards and snakes. Some of the former are pretty little creatures, - so the hawks would appear to consider also, for they swoop down upon the poor unsuspecting little fellows, as they issue forth from their crannies and retreats to bask in the sunshine, on the most convenient exposed wall, or rock they can find. These hawks also regard the little birds about which I have just been writing, with no unconcerned eye. The Natal boys make a bird-line out of berries and gums, and covering a limb with it, attach the twig so prepared to a cage containing canaries and rhebeks. Attracted by the singing of the feathered prisoners, other birds fly down and sit on the exposed sticks, and find themselves detained thereon, when they attempt to move or fly off again. The more they flutter the more tightly they are held down. The boys however are often robbed of the fruits of their well-laid schemes, for these very hawks are before them. Poor boys, they have counted upon a very different kind of hawking and are hugely disappointed accordingly. The South African farmers have a curious method of catching predatory and troublesome birds. They place a number of poles in a line and attach twine thereunto, from pole to pole, in the fashion of telegraphic communication. The twine terminates in a sentry box, wherein sits a coolie. When a certain number of birds have

alighted on the twine in preparation for making a descent upon the crops below, the coolie pulls the cord, and, of course, the birds fly off affrighted. This is an improvement on the old-fashioned scarecrow. I find in my note-book also some curious accounts of various methods of trapping game up country, which details I presume I gleaned from colonial farmers with whom I have conversed. There is the noose-trick, the pit-fall, the rat-trap method, and so on. The natives have a plan of surrounding game, and cutting off its retreat by constructing a lane formed of parallel lines of high fencing, which is open at one end, and at the other closed, terminating in a pit. When they observe a number of animals grazing in this enclosure, they form themselves into a solid line at the open end, and walking down the avenue drive their victims into the pit, where they are quickly assegaied. Cruel fate, the weakest must go to the wall! Livingstone, I believe, alludes to this clever scheme on the natives' part in one of his works.

CHAPTER LII.

A SHOOTING JAUNT IN NATAL.

"SOO, MR. JELMS, LET DRIVE AT THEM, JUST AS THEY ARE!"

"Yet marvel not at any load,
That any horse might drag,
When all that morn at once were drawn,
Together by a stag."

—*T. m. Hood.*

"The heather was blooming, the meadows were mown,
Our lads gaed a hunting ae day at the morn,
They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best o' our lads wi' the best o' their skill."

—*Burns.*

I HAVE already remarked that works on South Africa, not being of a statistical or technical character, are, as a rule, largely composed of thrilling narratives of sport and adventure. My main aim in this book has been to delineate and set forth the hitherto neglected aspects of South African life—to wit, the everyday customs and habits of its people. To throw a light upon, and to expose the well-springs of, the social and political problems of the colonies, such an object has been considered too unimportant and commonplace by most of my predecessors, and hence the huge mass of misapprehension and ignorance at home, concerning the colonies, which it has been my business and my hope to remove.

Adhering simply to that which came under my individual notice and to events in which I took part myself, I eschew the tempting fields of romance which open up to me, when I find myself pen in hand, with the intention of writing about African sport. It

would be easy to invent thrilling adventures of flood and field, chance encounters with lions, elephants and hyenas, for I do not hesitate to say that a good many of the startling incidents contained in the pages and letters of African travellers are to be taken *cum grano salis*. However, a spirit of incredulity may lurk here. Not being a powerful sportsman myself, I am naturally inclined to be sceptical concerning the achievements of others. Still, sportsman or no sportsman, my work would be incomplete without some allusion to this important branch of South African life; and having in the preceding chapter presented a brief résumé of the most prominent features of the sport of the country, I shall proceed to give an account of a week's shooting in the Natal bush, not because it contains any thrilling features or momentous situations, but because it is a faithful reflex of the sort of sport in which the mass of the Natalian colonists are in the habit of indulging, and moreover the narrative can be made to serve as a vehicle by which I can carry on a sort of running commentary on various phases of Natal's characteristics. This week's sport although unique in some of its features, was in most respects a prototype of the kind of thing which falls to the lot of the colonists of the towns, who may possess no shooting of their own, and may prefer to rely upon their own resources, rather than to make their headquarters at the farm of some up-country friend.

The Umehlanga Bush is distant about 18 miles from Durban. A shooting expedition thereto had been on the carpet for some time, and elaborate preparations for it were made by my friends. Our party consisted of four adults, a youth, and a boy, and three or four Kaffirs. A large cart drew up at a certain house on the Berea, at 6.30 A.M. one morning; the Kaffirs set to work, directed and assisted by ourselves, to load this cart with provisions, rugs, boards and stretchers upon which to sleep, guns and ammunition, pails and washing utensils, rough planks from which to form a temporary flooring, etc., to an improvised tent, in view of which we took a large sail-cloth. Thus it will be seen that my companions were old hands at this kind of thing, and from repeated experiences they had come to know exactly what would be useful, and required. Of these requirements they evidently

had made a mental inventory. If in all these preparations a certain effeminacy was displayed, it must be remembered that I am describing the colonial way of enjoying a holiday jaunt, rather than a serious up-country shooting expedition. Sportsmen of the type who go to form such expeditions, would have scorned the exhibition of nervous lack of confidence in themselves, which the precautions we took against possible starvation must be admitted to have betrayed. Our commissariat department consisted of a good haunch of beef, preserved milk, consolidated tea, Peel's ale, whisky, sardines, puddings tied up in cloths, and many things besides which do not occur to my memory at the moment, but which amply insured us against the consequence of indifferent sport. Our little expedition therefore steered a middle course in the way of preparation between the "bold rough" style pure and simple, and the elaborate and luxurious caravan style at which I have glanced already.

The cart being loaded, we sent a coolie and a Kaffir "along with it". We took train to the Umgeni. Arriving there in advance, we had time to look about us, albeit there is nothing much to be seen there, save a large coffee warehouse and mill. Our baggage-cart presently arrived, and with it a couple of horses, for taking into consideration the long and tedious nature of our journey, and the slow rate of travelling made necessary on account of our baggage, it was decided to break the monotony of our progress, by alternating riding with walking and driving. We crossed the bridge and passed through some very pretty bushland,—the Kaffir kraals and coolie huts, semispheres and cubes, added life and animation to the scene, and their occupants still further enhanced its beauty. Give me a landscape in which there are human figures in the foreground. Here we begin to find men and women adorned in all the simple luxuriance of a pristine toilette, a toilette which fashion never alters, and which costs its wearer so little in trouble and expense to maintain. I was wrong, however, in a measure when I said "which fashion never alters," for in hats and in head ornamentation it varies much, the popular taste changing every six months. Thus the Kaffirs' shops thrive. The Kaffir is a finely-made man, the Kaffir maiden when very

young indeed is also occasionally possessed of a certain comeliness. Slim upright figures, straight limbs and torsos *à la grec*. The colour too, a rich brown, is not unpleasing. It is not a chocolate tint, as it is so often described, but a *chocolat au lait* hue. The married woman, the domestic slave, and nothing less, loses very soon whatever symmetry she may have possessed. It is strange to see her working about her lord and master's kraals, an unweaned child tied to her back, its curly little pate peeping over its mother's shoulder, as it imbibes the infantile food of the mammalia.

We pull along the heavy road until we reach the half-way house kept by a man named Logan. This hotel is shut in by orange and lemon groves, and by a tree bearing a peculiar fruit as large as a bushman's head, something like the shaddock. I can't remember its name, and if I could, I could only spell it phonetically. However, some of us chose to call it the People's Pumpkin and others the Pimple-nose. The sound of the name was a cross between these two absurd titles. Passing Kennedy's sugar estate and through several coffee plantations, with their sad indications of failure, we are soon again wending our way through acres of sugar fields, and then diving into the bush once more. We had just, by a tremendous up-hill tug, got over a long cleared bush path, bristling with stumps of trees and all kinds of irregularities. The waggon was in the front of us, and we were riding and walking behind. Suddenly a crackling sound drew our attention to our chariot, which had pulled up with a sudden jerk and precipitated to the ground a youngster of some thirteen summers who had been sitting alone in the front part of the cart. Upon arriving at the spot, which we did with all becoming haste, we discovered that the front wheel of the car had gone over the little fellow's leg. We were fortunately nearing our destination, for night was coming on, so with all due speed and care, we carried the unfortunate boy to the spot, which we had selected beforehand to be our resting-place. Although his leg was much swollen no bones were broken, and rest and arnica ultimately effected a cure. Several of our party had done a little shooting *en route*, but I was not of that number, and my gun was in charge of the young fellow who had come to grief, who in falling had of course missed his hold upon

it. The barrel of the gun had thus shared the fate of its whilom guardian's leg, the cart wheels having gone over it. The next morning I awoke to witness one of our party in possession of my fowling-piece, which he was placing across his knee. He was a thick-set and short, though sturdy and rough-looking man, and with all due respect to him, for he was a capital fellow, rest his soul, I must admit, dishevelled as he was, he reminded me very forcibly of a print in Du Chaillu's book of travels, in which a gorilla is depicted in the act of snapping a gun across his knee. However, he did good service, for he effectually straightened the barrel, and he fired a round or so at an imaginary target to his entire satisfaction. But I am anticipating. The spot which we selected was an old camping-ground, a snug retreat named "Tiger's Hole" (*Muhawana*) from the fact of a leopard having been shot there in or about the year '65. We assist the black fellows to unload the cart, and as quick as lightning the bush knife comes into requisition. Stakes are cut and driven into the soil, so as to form the four corners of an oblong figure. A rope is tied to the branches of two trees about eight feet or so from the ground. This rope was arranged so that it was just midway over the staked-out area. A tarpaulin or sail-cloth is slung across it, and tied down to the pegs at each angle. Thus our tent is formed. On the ground beneath it we stretched out thin planks, which we covered with canvas, matting, and railway rugs. On these, wrapped up in ulsters and smothered in karoses, we are to sleep, side by side, in the manner of the occupants of a casual ward. The Kaffirs make an enormous fire, and our "head cook and bottle-washer" prepares eggs and bacon for us, while we drive improvised table and bench legs into the ground and fasten boards thereunto, producing very creditable table and sitting accommodation. A little green paint was alone needed to make the resemblance to the benches and tables common to such *country* taverns, as the Greyhound at Dulwich, or the Brockley Jack at Lewisham, complete. Thus with the instincts of Frenchmen we elected to take our meals outside our hut, which we devoted solely to sleeping purposes. This we did, not only from preference, but also to keep the canvas house free from the debris and the smell of food, and as clear as possible

from all those encumbrances, which might interfere with our comfort and convenience in a dormitorial sense. We were grouped and surrounded in a manner which could fairly claim to be picturesque and weird-like. Seated around our primitive board, a lamp suspended from an overhanging branch above us, cast its furtive light upon us, alternately concealing and half-revealing our environment. Thus arranged in our sylvan retreat it would be a matter for speculation, as to whether we resembled the more brigands or warlocks. We were in a cleared space, but the ground was bestrewn with dead leaves and sticks, with goula-goulas, and Kaffir oranges. On our left is our rough tent, and a little further to the left, almost in the bush, so nearly did it skirt it, a bright fire burns, behind which the Kaffirs had run up their hut, a ruggedly knit together habitation, for like the Israelites in Egypt, the materials at their command were sparse. Indeed they had nothing but a few newly-cut branches and sticks from which to construct their house. A dome of monkey cord and creeping plants shut us in from above. A beaten track through the forest ran a yard or two to our right, along which Kaffirs continually passed, saluting us as they proceeded on their way. These natives were for the most part going to or coming from Verulam, although some were merely passing backwards and forwards to a neighbouring Kaffir kraal. The novel nature of our arrangements for sleeping happily did not interfere with our comfort or rest during the night. The next morning we were up betimes, and hied to the bush. It was thought advisable that we should break up into units and thus preserve strict isolation in our plans of attack on the denizens of the bush; more successful results being expected from this course of action. After we had advanced some 300 or 400 yards into the bush, the leader of our party considered that we had reached an appropriate spot to post one of his men, and I was selected to drop out there. Having seen me safely perched in a tree, they left me to my own devices, while they dispersed themselves in different parts of the bush. I remained in the spot where I had been left for twelve hours, although getting somewhat tired of that kind of thing, I had made several futile attempts to reach our

encampment. The bump of locality has however been denied me, and for the life of me I couldn't find my way. Still, as I knew nightfall to be approaching, I groped about again—hopelessly and vainly, until I tumbled across a stray Kaffir who conducted me to Mahawana. I had had quite enough of this sort of thing, and the next day I insisted upon accompanying a member of the party whom I knew to be an excellent shot, and what was more to the point so far as I was concerned, a capital conversationalist. Of all the unpleasant things of this life, and they are many, commend me to solitude to bear the palm. A time for profitable reflection: quite true. But like a good many other salutary things profitable reflection is not always palatable. To a man given to introspection, and to such like morbidity, prolonged solitude means madness and nothing short of it, and I couldn't stand another twelve hours such as those I had undergone, no, not for the best sport the world affords. This sport was good enough however. In this bush there was very little undergrowth, what there was being monkey-nut trees and such like lowly plants. One has therefore an uninterrupted range of sight, and consequently no excuse for not securing a good bag, especially as there was plenty of game about.

We went into the bush every day, and at the end of the week had a very good show of game, including red bucks and peat, to say nothing of a variety of birds. There was a certain grim satisfaction in taking a glance around our encampment, for the branches of the trees were bent under the weight of the trophies of the chase. One becomes, as one should, as hungry as a hunter in the bush, and one's olfactory nerves are as awake to the pleasant smell of cooking, as they are to the scent of sport. The Kaffirs roasted, or rather baked, venison for us on piles of burning sticks. The process was pleasing to more senses than one. The crackling of the embers and the fumes of baked meats caused the heart to rejoice. The expedition was coloured by the usual proportion of awkward, but successful, shots, and let me add, of awkward misses. There were incidents more or less stirring, but nothing worth relating, nothing beyond what would have occurred, "with variations," in any expedition of this kind. I will refrain,

therefore, from wearying the reader with mere transcripts from a diary. It is a pity that so many animals should be shot ineffectually, for when you think they "have their quietus made," you have the mortification of seeing them bound up, turn over and over, and round and round, and dart away into the thicket, leaving a trail of blood *en route*. It is vain to follow the swift animals, which fall to earth you know not where. I do not share the sentimental prejudice against sport on this, or any other, account: but I have very grave doubts as to whether a man who is not, and never can become, a good shot, has a valid right to potter about, wounding and maiming, where he cannot kill. A man to be a good sportsman must not only have patience, nerve, good eyesight, and hearing, but also a peculiar inbred instinct. The blood of Diana must run in his veins. The sportsman, no less than the poet, must be to the manner born. Be that as it may, the world owes more to sport, that is to say, to the subtle invigorating influence which it exercises upon the minds and bodies of men, than it is ever likely to acknowledge.

There was much pleasure to be extracted from the various extraneous amusements and incidents of that week as well as from the actual sport. After breakfast some of us made for the sea-shore about half-a-mile distant. The bush skirting the coast presents a very peculiar appearance. It is a dense tangled mesh, and this circumstance combined with the uniformity of its height, would almost pardon one for supposing that he could treat it as a well-paved marine promenade, and take his constitutional by the sea thereon. We clamber about the rocks, *sans culottes* fashion, and ultimately enjoy the most refreshing of baths in the natural basins, which the sea had left in the hollows of the rocks. These basins were some forty feet and more in circumference, and about three to four feet deep. Thus invigorated we set to work with stones, chisels and hammers, to detach oysters from their vantage-ground, which oysters it is needless to say, soon found their way to our mouths. I made a rough calculation that at London prices I had eaten about two guineas' worth of the delicious bivalve. Luscious as they were, and as small and plump

as natives, we were by no means too fastidious to indulge in more plebeian food. The Kaffirs also employed their time to good purpose, while we were engaged in bathing, swimming, and in oyster gathering and eating, or in the more juvenile pursuits of collecting shells from the sea-shore, which seemed so important a vocation to a distinguished Roman in another colony some few years since; or again in the more or less vain efforts to assegai the crabs which each wave brought from the ocean bed, on to the shelving shore to within half-a-dozen yards of our feet. While we were so occupied, the Kaffirs were diving for mussels, which they subsequently cleaned and pickled for us, thus providing our commissariat with a pleasing addition. In Natal, fish of any kind is almost as difficult to obtain as good tea on the Continent; this must be understood before we are condemned for relishing the despised, though succulent embellishment, of a London fish barrow. Our larder is also replenished from other sources. One night after we had returned to camp and were playing whist, a native in a slouched hat, and in regular sporting rig throughout, brought us for sale some small game (birds) and a plentiful supply of honey. The feast of honey which ensued though pleasant at the time, caused more than one splitting headache. It is a very rich and bilious diet, and requires the exercise of a great deal of discretion and forbearance in its use. That's the worst of all nice things. One can never enjoy them to satiety without having to suffer eventually.

"Sad, sad, is life to all who know
That pleasure is our greatest foe."

I asked the Kaffir who brought us the honey how he procured it. His method was simple. Having spotted a tree in which he knew there was a hive, he heaped up a pile of broken branches and leaves at its base. Igniting these, he covered the mass in, with moss and ferns, so as to create a dense smoke. The fumes stupify the bees, and all the Kaffir then had to do, was to climb the tree and seize the honeycomb. I had both seen and heard a swarm of bees in a high tree in the bush, some days before this, and I presume that these self-same honey-gatherers were eventually

robbed by the Kaffir. Well, they had their revenge upon us, for we were all nauseated by over-indulgence in the delectable product. We had to strike a hard bargain with this Kaffir, as we had with several others.

One morning I was aroused by the murmuring sound of voices, and discovered that an energetic dialogue was being conducted in the Kaffir tongue. Some natives had brought us milk, and having demanded an exorbitant price for it, two of our party, old and seasoned colonists, and well up to the nefarious little pranks of the Kaffir race, were remonstrating with the would-be sellers upon their unreasonable demands, to which demands they refused to accede. They were told that if they had to carry the milk into town, they would be more than satisfied with half the recompense from the Durban dairymen which they now asked from us. But the native is not altogether ignorant of the law of supply and demand, and these fellows stoutly maintained that as our need was great, and our facilities for satisfying that need very limited, we should be content to pay well for that which we had no other means of obtaining. After a long haggles matters were compromised. The Kaffirs are a regular plague in the way of bargaining. It is their *forte*. In conducting "a deal" with them he who hesitates for a moment is lost, it is necessary to avoid the slightest shadow of an appearance of yielding. If you should neglect this precaution, the Kaffir will preserve an adamantine firmness, and he will even, figuratively speaking, snap his fingers in your face, and refuse to transact business with you at all. This characteristic offers the keynote to the Kaffir character. Cowardly themselves, unless under great pressure, as in the Zulu military system, they respect bravery and firmness in others.

Indulgence and forbearance are simply equivalent to weakness and fear, from their point of view.

As to this milk we should have been more independent of it, had the water been at all decent, but, indeed, it was so much filthiness. We obtained it from a deep puddle, into which the waters of a nearly dried-up stream had run. We took so much water from this muddy receptacle, that we came near exhausting its capabilities. As we approached the bottom of the pool, the

water became perfectly undrinkable. By boiling it, and with the aid of pocket filters we tried to make it serve, but a copious admixture of grog became necessary. My friends discussed the advisability of clubbing together to sink a well there, with the aid of other habitués of *Ty's Hole*. Not only was the water hateful, but we were even further handicapped by the difficulty we had in obtaining it, such as it was. The Kaffirs objected to fetch it for us, and their objections rested on the strangest grounds. They feared, they said, that the Amatonga Kaffirs, in a neighbouring kraal, would waylay them and kill them. Why so, we asked? "Oh, they have done so before, in this bush," was the reply. "And they would not live alone in a solitary kraal were they good for anything." They almost asked some of us to go with them, saying: "Englishmen are not afraid to die". All Kaffirs do not share this opinion, as we shall presently see.

We had fortunately brought several stone bottles of Peel's ale with us, a so-called bitter beer made from mealies, by a relation of the great Sir Robert, and with this and with milk, we were in a measure independent of water for drinking purposes, while the more solid requirements of the inner man were satisfied by beef-steaks, venison, cutlets, sardines, potted fish, and so on. More than homely—rough fare—no doubt, but we were content. It was, at all events, sufficient to attract a troop of hungry dogs from the Amatonga kraal before named. These native dogs are all of a lean and mongrel species, very weak in giving tongue, and devoid of spirit. They are always in a condition pitiable to behold, for they depend for food almost entirely upon what they steal. Of all the unkempt, hang-dog miserable looking hounds I have ever seen, these Kaffir dogs are the very worst. They are a peculiar breed, or rather of no breed at all. We lost several bucks which we had hung on trees around. This soon caused us to be on the alert at night, and when we heard any rustling sound near our tent, we discharged our guns to frighten off the intruders. I don't know whether we were right in suspecting the half-starved curs belonging to the neighbouring Tongas; perhaps our suspicions might have more fairly alighted upon the Tongas themselves.

The day before leaving, we carved our names on a tree, in true Cockney style. We spent a very uproarious evening, and made night hideous by "singing" comic songs. Such hilarity and unrestrained noisiness must have even frightened the poor monkeys, who had but recently skipped about above us, chattering incessantly. Early next morning the Kaffirs repaired to the veldt to cut some grass for the horses, and we commenced to pack up bag and baggage in preparation for making our departure. Our cart had returned to town, but we expected it at ten o'clock that morning. Hour after hour went by, still no cart. At last, just as we had given it up altogether, it arrived. It was now about half-past five o'clock. The coolie made the excuse, that he had lost his way in a surveyor's cutting. We bundled the goods into the cart, and our trophies and guns on to a hand-stretcher to be carried behind us by two Kaffirs.

Our troubles began at once. We were more than an hour making a quarter of a mile's progress up the hill which had been the scene of our small disaster a week before. We stuck fast over and over again, and twice we were compelled to unload and reload. To give us light, we had to kindle and re-kindle fires a little in advance of the mules' heads. A supreme tug at last landed us at the top of the hill, and then holding on to the end of the cart, with a candle between us to guide our feet over endless stumps of trees and scrubby bush, we made our weary progress onwards. A three miles' drag brings us out of the bush, and we had a mile or two of easy journeying over soft veldt. The nine miles bush is next accomplished, and we pull up at Logan's for water. I here consumed a dozen limes, one after the other, and felt considerably refreshed. From this place a stray foal followed us into town, and no amount of moral or physical persuasion will induce him to forego what evidently was a determined intention on his part. Passing through fields of sugar-cane and more bush, we at last arrive at the Umgeni Bridge. It was now past one o'clock in the morning, and we had three hours more in making two miles through the sand. Why does not the Durban Corporation plant some of the binding creepers with which Natal abounds in this awful sand? Echo answers, why? The most horrible yells imaginable are pepe-

trated by our coolies and Kaffirs to urge on our animals. When we get free from this trouble, the road is under water, some subterraneous spring having broken loose from its confines. We wade through the water as best we can, and arrive at the Berea road weary and footsore. We pedestrians were forced to serve as a break to the cart, when it had to go down-hill. The jolting and limping over logs of wood and trudging in deep sand almost put our ankles out of joint, and otherwise made us fitting subjects for a surgeon's care. This was a rough journey, and as I had to walk nearly all the way, the horse, of which I should have otherwise had the partial use, being required by the injured boy, I think my readers will admit that this was rather a trying experience; but it was mere child's play to up-country journeys.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA,—GENERALLY— THE MALAYS.

“LET NOT AMBITION MOCK THEIR USEFUL TOIL.”

“The faith which under the name of Islam is composed of an external truth and a necessary fiction—that there is only one God, and that Mahommed is the Apostle of God.”—*Edward Gibbon*.

“The Malays are chiefly, one might almost say altogether, in two towns—Cape Town, the metropolis, and Port Elizabeth, known as the Liverpool of the Cape Colony. The principal part of them are artisans, and exceedingly skilful as bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, tailors, and the like; others are coachmen, and much esteemed as such; the women do the washing of the place, and earn large sums of money thereat. The fishermen of Table Bay and False Bay are all Malays, and they have as fine fleets of fishing boats as can be seen anywhere. They form a very large proportion of the population of Cape Town, and a not inconsiderable portion of the population of Port Elizabeth. It is only since the establishment of the Diamond Fields that the Malays could be induced to move in any numbers away from the two great centres. They have built very substantial Mohammedan mosques in the two principal towns, and they keep up their festivals with great regularity, and are much given to holiday keeping. They have more picnics in the country than any other section of the community, and a happier people never lived. They are orderly and much attached to their white fellow-citizens, and are ever ready to render a service when asked, and they never do so grudgingly. The Malay, though he keeps his family in comfort, is by no means a frugal man; he works for money, not for its own sake, but for the pleasure it brings.”—*R. H. Murray*.

MISAPPREHENSION and worse, with regard to the native races of our African colonies, in England, has wrought more mischief than enough.

In the first place, many of these races are very far asunder—as wide apart as the poles, let me say. A popular idea obtains in this country that the coloured peoples of South Africa

are negroes, similar to the emancipated slaves of the United States, or the black residents of Jamaica or Barbados. But these are the descendants of the West Indian blacks, and are of pure negroid race. South Africa possesses a varied assortment of black races, but they in no case come under the term "nigger," or rather, what we understand by that term. Many of the African tribes, however, are far from being aboriginal. There are not wanting persons who maintain that even the Hottentots, whom we regard as being the typical aborigines of South Africa, are really the descendants of a cargo of Chinamen, who were shipwrecked on the shores of Africa some seven or eight centuries since. I could never discover the origin of this tradition, but I do not think it can rest on any very secure foundation, although the features of the Hottentot go to bear out the tale, and were perhaps father to the thought. The Hottentots possess physical, and especially facial characteristics, which are vastly dissimilar to those of any other race of Africans. Their colour, size, and feature lend some little weight to the story of Mongolian ancestry, and one might almost imagine that they were a hybrid race, resulting from the union of Bushmen with "the heathen Chinese". But how to get over the fact of the hereditary aversion to travel, which has existed from time immemorial on the part of the inhabitants of the Flowery Land, and is only now beginning to decay, I don't exactly make out. In asserting that there is a grand dissimilarity between the Hottentot and all other African races, I exclude the Bushman, who bears, as I have implied, some little resemblance to the aforesaid race. Some maintain that the Bushman is a degenerate Hottentot, while others consider that the Hottentot is an advanced type of the Bushman. This is of course a mere anthropological point, and while the Darwinists lean perhaps to the former opinion, the less advanced and more orthodox thinkers zealously maintain the latter theory; while the supporters of the Chinese assumption believe that the Hottentot is the result of the Chinese graft on the old Bushman stock. Philologists maintain, however, that the languages of the Hottentots and Bushmen are, in their purity, as far apart as are the Shemitic and Aryan dialects. As to the Hottentot, it is not improbable that he was the aboriginal inhabitant of Africa. The Arabs and other tribes have driven

these "descendants of Ham" farther and farther from their early home in the North and interior of the continent, until they have reached its southern extremity. However, I must eschew the wearisome and argumentative realms of ethnology, and descend to a more entertaining, if a lower plane. I shall now proceed to give some account of the natives of South Africa, as I found them, leaving their scientific classification to men more able to write thereon than I am. The literature on this subject is singularly rich and exhaustive, and to those interested in the science, no country presents so fair a field for investigation, speculation, and study. Leaving such moot questions as to whether or not the Bushman is but a step in advance of the anthropological ape, whether the Kaffirs are a Koptic race, or the result of the intermixture of Arabian and negroid elements, and as to whether the Hottentots are of Chinese origin, to resolve themselves without my humble aid, I will endeavour to draw a series of pictures of the leading African races, as they now exist.

First, then, as to the black races of Cape Town and of the western province generally; where, if we except the Fingoes, which may perhaps be fairly considered to be an aboriginal South African race, although they now occupy a very different part of the country to their former *habitat*: it may be said of the native races that they are of recent importation, and are of a mixed character.

In Cape Town, we have the so-called "coloured people". Sir Bartle Frere considers that these are the remnants of the Hottentots, civilised and elevated, and he opines that the change for the better which has been wrought in their case is a happy augury of what may be expected from a similar policy towards the Kaffirs and Zulus. I endorse this belief, but it must not be forgotten that the Hottentot was ever a docile and unwarlike creature: notwithstanding the fact that South Africa has witnessed several Hottentot rebellions. These exceptions, however, go to prove the rule, and the Hottentot only became a menace when he had been driven to it, by unbearable cruelty and injustice. The trampled-upon worm will turn and sting. As to these coloured people, some of them make excellent servants, and of my own personal knowledge, I can testify that there are many good cooks among

them, for they not merely go through a prepared and imparted routine with credit to themselves, but also show some originality and cleverness. They earn good wages, are allowed a considerable amount of liberty, and are a merry, light-hearted, and fairly-contented people, if somewhat unmanageable and quick tempered at times. They stand upon their dignity, and demand, and enjoy far more freedom of action than falls to the lot of the ordinary English domestic. They are harmless creatures enough, with little brains and no genius, yet they become attached to a family in the good old retainer manner, in the same way as a pet dog or a tame bird. They are not afraid of a little colour in their dress. Their apparel assimilates very much to that dear to the heart of a Hibernian maid-of-all-work. A good deal of the rougher work of the community is executed by Mozambiqueers, and by other natives from the equatorial coast, and by wails and strays of all kinds—Chinamen, St. Helena people, and natives owning various origins. The more skilled labour is generally performed by Malays, a very intelligent, industrious, and sober race. Their sobriety perhaps is partly owing to the necessity their religion imposes upon them of kneeling to drink, a very wise provision on the part of Mahomet. Malay men are excellent coachmen, their ability in the way of managing horses is proverbial, and it is a pretty sight to see them tooling a four-in-hand round an abrupt angle, or into a narrow courtyard, or passage. Mrs. Carey-Hobson says: "I saw a Malay, the other day, showing off six horses that were for sale, with the waggonette, to which they were attached. He took them round a large open space three or four times, each time narrowing the circle, and then all at once drove them through the figure of eight; this was done several times, seemingly with the greatest ease. The horses here are good as well as enduring. There is a great deal of the Arab in the breed; but they are not generally so well-trained as our English horses, and need to be kept in constant fear of the long whip." The Malays wear very quaint hats, like the topmost portion of an oriental pagoda, large heavy coverings made of straw. They are excellent waggon-drivers and fishermen.* The women are

* Cape Town has recently been in the throes of a mighty controversy in reference to the Moslem fishermen of the town. It is contended on the one hand, that the

perfect laundresses. In climbing up Table Mountain, one passes through the famous Van Breda estate, clothed with the lovely silver tree. At certain elevations, the banks of the streams, or mountain torrents, are occupied by squatting Malay women, as fat as butter, who are then and there practising the noble art of the *blanchisseuse*. They hang the linen on the top of bushes and lowly shrubs to dry. In the distance, these varied articles of dress present the appearance of tombstones, and I fancied that I was approaching a Necropolis in the mountains, instead of a Malay drying-ground. Verily, the simile might be extended,—not only do whitened sepulchres hide dead men's bones and utter corruption, but scrupulously pure linen is too often the attribute of persons who would do well to keep their minds and souls as pure within, as they are careful that their outward forms shall appear. Under Durban Bridge, at Newlands, one of the suburbs of Cape Town, a very picturesque effect is wrought by the Malay washer-women, who congregate here in bevvies, and wash in the shallow stream amid the projecting stones, under the bridge. Their bright headgear and dress throughout, heightened by the pure white habiliments scattered around, really add to the natural beauty of the place, when viewed from a little distance. Very different is this effect to that produced by the French laundresses in their ugly riparian sheds. The costume of the Malay women is novel. In some respects it resembles the *négligé* though becoming dress of the Italian peasantry. It possesses, however, a suspicion of Orientalism which makes it particularly characteristic. The bodice is a kind of jacket, of remarkable shape, with leg-of-mutton sleeves, made very full indeed at the shoulder, but tapering off to a narrow opening at the wrist, scarcely large enough to get the hands through. The cuff projects about six inches beyond the tips of the fingers. This superfluous piece is turned over. On their heads, the matrons wear a large coloured handkerchief tied under the ears. The maidens dispense

presence of the fish-eating establishments so near to the metropolis, with its inevitable concomitants of "ancient and fish-like smells," is hurtful to the health of the community. The Malays stoutly resent any interference with their vested rights and interests, and as their vote is of great importance at election times, all political parties, in virtue of their nature, are endeavouring—not to arrive at a fair compromise and remedy—but to glean as much political capital from the dispute as possible.

with head-gear of any kind, in and out of doors. They cosmetic their hair with beeswax, which imparts to their raven locks a shiny oleagineous appearance. Malay weddings are very superb. The bride and her bridesmaids are attired similarly, with this reservation, the bride wears a satin head-dress, and her shoes and tunic are also of satin. The Malays take a great pride in the internal decoration of their houses, and their bedrooms are often luxuriously appointed. The drapery, curtains, and toilet covers, among the wealthier Malays, are of satin, while those who cannot afford to indulge their tastes so far, fall back upon worked woollen fabrics. They are a very prosperous people in their way; they make a good deal of money, which they spend very freely, and they are very fond of holiday-making, and of festivities of all kinds. The small shopkeepers of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, and the environs of these towns, find the Malays among their best customers.

The Malays are the descendants of the Borneo and Sumatran slaves. They are a light olive-coloured people. They are almost a pure breed, although the very black specimens which one occasionally sees would seem to indicate that a certain intercourse between them and the Hottentots took place in early days. But this surmise is by no means conclusive, because the Malays, who are Mohammedans, have made certain more or less serious efforts to proselytise in the interests of their faith, and anyone professing the religion of Islam, in Cape Town, is at once identified with the Malays, and in fact becomes a Malay. Thus there are a few Malays of English and Dutch extraction.

The Malays were converted to Mohammedanism some generations since, by a few energetic priests from Mecca. The Hollanders no doubt looked upon this movement with that calm and apathetic indifference with which they are wont to regard all matters appertaining to the inferior races, with whom they are associated, so long as their own interests remained unaffected. A visit to the Malay mosque, with its revelations of Mohammedan methods of worship, is a lesson to the Christian, from a devotional point of view. There can be little doubt that the worshippers throw their whole souls into their prayers and

religious ceremonies. There is no acting here, no lukewarm or half-hearted adoration,—that it is the real thing, it is impossible to deny. As to the effect their faith may have upon their inner life, I can only say that they are a truthful, temperate, honest, and by no means vicious race of men and women. They compare favourably, too, with many other Oriental races, such as the Turks, and the Musselmans, and Hindoos of India, and are particularly free from the venality which characterises those peoples.

Friday is their Sabbath. I was a participator in their services on several occasions. Before repairing to the mosque, the Malays attire themselves in beautifully clean white turbans, and in white linen vests, or shirts more properly, for they are be-sleeved. Over this is their every-day coat. Their ordinary nondescripts are very full and straight cut garments, resembling the by no means becoming pantaloons which were in vogue in this country some eight summers since. I may mention *en passant* that the exquisites of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth never adopted this fashion, as they could not stand the odious comparisons which would be sure to identify them with Malays. Well, on repairing to kirk, they take care to wear under these continuations a scrupulously clean pair of pants. The first thing to be done on entering the mosque, is to divest themselves of their outer garments, and of their wooden sandals. They carefully fold up their clothes into little heaps, which they place in the rear of the building. The floor is a clear area, and no respect of persons is shown, but each man kneels down where he stands, on a little mat which resembles a pillow case. He proceeds to indulge in a prodigious amount of villainous singing, in which false and inharmonious tones are predominant. The intonation is strange. But the sight of all is the backward and forward motion of the kneeling devotees, which serves as a response to certain Arabic words, which the priest iterates from his pulpit, a detached and moveable piece of furniture, like unto a sentry-box. They remain kneeling for a long time, swinging the body up and down with remarkable precision, and uttering weird-like sounds. The appearance all this presents is very quaint and theatrical, even to English eyes, accustomed to the high ritual, which fashion has now thrust upon the Church of

England. The effect is certainly pleasing, the many-coloured turbans and shirts contributing to this result. The outer world is appraised of the conclusion of the service by the clang of the wooden shoes, which go, clatter, clatter, clatter, down the streets paved with hard stone. These sandals are thus constructed. To a piece of stink-wood cut to the shape of the foot, two small pieces of wood are attached, parallel to each other, the one at the heel, and the other at the toe. A peg about two inches long, with a little handle at the top, is driven through the toe-end of the shoe. This peg, passing between the big toe and the second toe, holds the shoe in its place under the foot. Funny shoes, and beyond all comparison, intolerably uncomfortable, I should say.

The Kalifas of the Malays are curious religious ceremonies. They are held in private houses. Half-a-dozen men play tambourines, and a dozen or more fanatics, stripped to the waist, dance about the room to the tintinnabulation of the tambourines, incising themselves between their ribs with small short-pointed spears, of a dirk-like nature, which they hold in either hand, and use freely upon their persons. These self-inflicted wounds sometimes prove fatal. For the rest, the Malays are devoid of ambition, except to make money and to spend it. They despise the cash-hoarder. They have one aim in life, however: to get to Mecca. Having accomplished this grand end, they become important personages, and wear evermore a priestly robe.

The Malays have their own burial-ground. Their monuments bear quaint Arabic inscriptions. These tombs are lighted up on certain ceremonious occasions, and the effect produced is rather striking and novel. They make good porters these Malays, but I must say they know how to play the old soldier. Upon leaving Cape Town for Natal, I commissioned certain Malays to see after my luggage for me, and I thought they would never complete the task of packing a capacious four-wheeled cab with my boxes and cases. They heaved prodigious groans over the work, but the energetic and vigorous manner in which they managed to run beside of, and hang on to the vehicle, on its way to the docks, belied the assumption of exhaustion, in which condition they would have me to believe the work had left them. The Malays who load your

luggage always desire to unload it also. There is a certain advantage here, as but one payment is necessary.

The worst features about these fellows have yet to be told. When under fanatical influences, they are apt to set fire to the bush right and left. It is no uncommon thing at night to see huge fires on the mountain-side, illuminating the skies far and wide. At such periods also, these strange Moslems are readily put out, and are apt to stab one in the dark, and even in extreme cases to run amuck in the streets.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE IMPORTED LABOUR OF NATAL—THE COOLIES.

“EVERY WHITE WILL HAVE ITS BLACK, AND EVERY SWEET
ITS SOUR.”

“To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.”

—*Crozer.*

THE Cape Dutch brought labour from the East, and the Natal English have been compelled to do likewise. The reasons for this step, to wit, the comparative inutility of the Kaffirs, I shall be able to treat of more fully in due season. Suffice it to say here, that Kaffir labour is unreliable, and in consequence of this, some 12,000 coolies have been imported from India, to meet the requirements of the Natalian labour market. These coolies are tied down by contract to remain three years in the colony, and they are specially consigned to the respective sugar planters or others who may require their services. The consignee has to pay the expense of their transit from India to Natal and *vice versa*. These consignees are generally sugar planters, but, of course, the coolies are engaged by all manner of men, and they make very fair labourers. Among them are to be found men of all castes. Caste feeling, if not dead, is buried. A Rajpoot or a Brahmin is no better than a Topa—Hindoos and Musselmans are alike. On the other hand, the coolies look down upon the Kaffirs, and the Kaffirs return the compliment with interest, for in their secret hearts they despise and condemn the coolies. The Kaffirs are

fond of hoarding their earnings, and the Indians twit them upon this provident habit, for they, on the contrary, are by no means a careful and prudent race. Many of the coolies are married, and bring their wives and families with them, and some few Indian families settle permanently in Natal. It is amusing and instructive to watch the motley bevvies of black labourers returning from their work. The Kaffir bounds along, jumping, skipping, hallooing, and grinning, and laughing out a rich profusion of ivory smiles, as free and careless as the birds. The coolie walks with measured step and slow, with the firm, hard-set mouth and furrowed brow of a philosopher. Their creed is nearly akin to the belief in the ascendancy and omnipotence of evil in this world's economy, and a conversation with a stray coolie will go far to show that such a view of life is a deeply-seated conviction in their minds. Hence their utter venality. The Kaffirs have a happy-go-lucky *bien rûpus* appearance, with fat legs and arms, and well-proportioned bodies. "*La jambe bien faite*," is seldom the attribute of the coolie. They are spare thin men. They are more philosophical and reconciled to their fate in this matter than was Napoleon I., who was so ashamed of his Tappitian appendages, that he resorted to padding, or to the wearing of Wellington boots to hide the defect. A coolie, however, would scorn such weakness. If you chaff him about his legs, or compare them to those of the Kaffir, he merely shrugs his shoulders in a half-mournful, half-defiant manner. I once heard a rather smart reply on the part of a coolie whom some young Englishmen were worrying and teasing upon this subject. "I have no ambition to be a footman," he said, "nor do I relish having my legs converted into pin-cushions, like the flunkey with divine calves." This was a superior coolie. He attended penny readings. The coolie although a far more satisfactory servant than the Kaffir, on account of his greater intelligence, is, nevertheless, infinitely more wicked and cunning, and is blacker at heart, if not in person, than the African, by a whole universe. But then the coolies are civil, they don't scream under your windows, or laugh in your face, as the Kaffir does. Against this must be set many abominable traits of character peculiar to the Indian. What with his feasts and

festivals his sham ailments and his sham caste-prejudices, all devised to escape work, no wonder that employers often anathematise the Indian as an intolerable humbug, and are tempted to regret having been so rash as to have called in his aid.

The coolie is not above the perpetration of acts of petty larceny. When an offence of this kind is discovered on a sugar estate, the employés (coolies) superstitiously resort to the following means of detecting the delinquent :—

The foreman calls all the coolies on the estate together. Being assembled, he interrogates each man regarding the commission of the theft. Of course no one confesses. Thereupon every coolie is compelled to put a mealie grain into his mouth, and he who is unable to produce it at the expiration of a given period, free from saliva, is considered to be guilty. A guilty conscience, it is argued, causes the mouth to water. This may be all very well as a test in the case of callous and unimpressionable coolies, but it will scarcely be considered to constitute a conclusive proof of guilt. For my part I think the most guilty are the most brazen-faced. Often the nervous or self-conscious child, or even adult, is suspected, solely because he possesses those qualities. An absurd test of guilt is made to pass muster at certain elementary schools, and in the nursery. The child who blushes, upon an accusation being preferred, is considered to have been guilty of the offence under investigation. This seems to be as unjust as the cruel and wanton ordeals by which witchcraft or murder were supposed to be “smelt out” in the middle ages.

These Indians are very fond also of pretending to have bruised or mutilated their limbs in the execution of their duties. The doctors soon frighten them into convalescence by threatening to cut off their legs or arms, as the case may be. Notwithstanding this deception, they not unfrequently come to grief in real earnest, in the sugar factories. They are a dreamy and careless race of men, and sometimes fall into the boiling sugar and are drowned, or are frizzled to death in the cruel and scorching liquid.

In comparing the coolie with the Kaffir, I omitted to mention that the former is a far more subordinate animal.

There is this good feature about the Indian. If he be walking along the highway which a European is traversing, the white man has only to call him to his side, and he will immediately carry any parcel "his sahib" may have with him. He will not ask for recompense for such service if it be not freely given. This may account for the colonial antipathy to the carrying of the smallest parcel or hand-bag. They share this feeling with all Anglo-Indians. This prejudice has survived in the colonies, although it may be now said to be dead in the Mother Country. Co-operative stores have scotched that snake of foppery.

Some time ago a scheme for the introduction of mules into Natal was mooted. A wit objected that there were too many mules in the colony already, alluding to the colonial waggon-drivers, who are generally half-castes. It is amusing to question these fellows, for they invariably maintain that their dark skins are merely attributable to the influence of the climate. This leads me to deal directly with the Kaffirs of Natal, who are doubtless the most interesting of all the semi-civilised natives of South Africa.

The St. Helena people and Mauritians help to supply the labour market of Natal. As to the St. Helena women, they make very indifferent servants indeed, and Natal has little reason to congratulate itself upon its day's work in introducing them, for they are a demoralised and demoralising set of viragos.

CHAPTER LV.

THE KAFFIRS OF NATAL--GENERALLY--POLYGAMY.

"QUOD GENUS HOMINUM HOC? QUAET PATRIA TAM BAR-
BARA PERMITTIT HUNC MOREM."

"I desired to know of him what laws and customs they had concerning mar-
riage, and whether they married well, and whether they were tied to one wife."
— (*New Atlantis*) *Lord Bacon*.

"The more wives the greater opportunity of getting a larger kingdom."—*The
Mormons, or Latter Day Saints*.

THE Kaffir area stretches from the Cape Colony to the equator, and even beyond the equator. This is especially true of the Eastern and Central portions of Africa, but it also applies to the Western coasts. The term Kaffir is of Arabian origin, it means "heathen," and was first adopted by the Portuguese, subsequently by the Dutch, and later on by the English, to denote various families of men, more or less nearly allied the one to the other. Among these are the Zulus, the Amatonga, the Matabele, Basutos, and many other tribes. The Delagoa Bay Kaffirs call themselves Portuguese whether or not they have a drop of Lusitanian blood in their veins.

The history of the Kaffir races is the history of the rise and downfall of countless despots, the break-up of various tribes, and their re-formation and amalgamation under other leaders. This has been their *modus vivendi* for years, and as long as the chiefs retain their power, and the natives remain uncivilised, it will be their history in the future. As to the original *locale* of the Kaffir race, that is a moot question. The locality in which a race may be found, when Europeans first become aware of its existence, in

other words, come into contact with it, is no criterion or guarantee, let me say, that this race has occupied such lands for any length of time. These Africans make very searching migrations in quest of lands to conquer, and peoples to subjugate. Therefore races ethnically considered as far apart as the poles, may be living next door to one another. These races may ultimately amalgamate as the Normans and Saxons amalgamated, and as did the Romans and Sabines. Some maintain that the Kaffirs came from Egypt, and others that they have filtered through from Arabia; but however this may be, they have, without doubt, a slight strain of negroid blood in their veins. Although the origin of the Kaffir nations of South Africa is a question upon which but very little light has been thrown, yet one thing is perfectly clear, that these tribes have only inhabited Southern Africa during comparatively recent years. They made their way from the Central portions of South Africa, until they reached the Eastern littoral. Not more than a century has gone by since a branch of this race invaded and conquered the territory north of Natal called Zululand. There they have lived, subject to a system of military despotism, under the dominion of a succession of blood-thirsty and powerful chiefs, who wielded them into a nation called the Amazulu. From hence they percolated through into Natal. It is with these Kaffirs that I shall be chiefly concerned, as I had a more intimate knowledge of them and their customs than those of the other Kaffir peoples of South Africa.

Colonists talk and write a good deal of random nonsense concerning the criticisms of visitors and strangers upon their manners and their customs generally. The opinions expressed by outsiders upon the natives and the difficulties attending their control are always rather brusquely received by Natalians. I admit the Home Government has repeatedly committed the gravest blunders, in their gratuitous and ill-advised intermeddling in and with native affairs. The colonists are by no means the heartless, selfish task-masters which some would have us to believe, and the mere fact that more than half-a-million Zulu natives have voluntarily sought the protection of Natal, suffices to establish this contention.

The Hon. Mr. Galway, the Attorney-General of Natal, drew

forcible attention to this truth, on the occasion of the Langnet recently given in his honour at the Langham Hotel.

I also admit that certain corporate bodies, and influential individuals at home, talk about the natives, and act towards them, in a manner calculated to cause feelings of the most intense exasperation in the colonies. To be misunderstood and maligned is bad enough. To be fettered and controlled to your own destruction is worse. It is also true that certain visitors—even intelligent and well-meaning visitors too—have very much misrepresented the colonial policy towards the natives. Sometimes this is to be accounted for by the fact that speakers and writers have visited South Africa with a firm determination to turn and twist everything they saw into arguments in favour of their preconceived notions, or cherished sentiments and predilections. Then, again, officers sent out by the Government have too often been fettered by the instructions which they have received from the Home Authorities before leaving, to shape matters by hook or by crook to fit the political exigencies of the moment at home. Hence, when they wished to do that which they knew to be right, they have been powerless to accomplish that desire.

Lord Wolseley, Major Buller, and a few colonial governors, and many other responsible but well-intentioned persons, would no doubt have acted differently in various matters, had they been free to carry out the dictates of their own judgments.

Making allowances for all these factors in the question, I cannot deny that the colonists in their impatience of criticism and interference, often commit themselves to a very inconsistent line of conduct towards their critics. They boldly assert that none but a colonist is able to form a sound opinion upon native policy. This is a little inconsistent, seeing that in many matters the colonists are by no means agreed among themselves as to the proper manner, in many important matters of detail, of dealing with the natives. I allow that they are tolerably unanimous on main issues. The greater portion of the gratuitous and indiscriminating advice offered by strangers is so much dross; so that we can perhaps pardon the colonists for being too independent and indifferent to care to sift the pure metal from the alloy. Men

smarting under an intolerable bugbear, from which they can by no means discern any hopeful means of freeing themselves, are likely to treat the strictures—sometimes by no means pertinent strictures—of onlookers with but scant courtesy. It is so often assumed by such, for example, that the Kaffirs have been the making of Natal, and that the Natal colonists are immeasurably indebted to them for everything they enjoy. These positions should be entirely reversed. As between Natal and the Cape, a very different state of things exists. In the latter place—in the populous districts at all events, the blacks must either work or starve. The refugee Zulu of Natal is a lazy fellow. He elects to make the colony his home, because he is free from the military exactions and oppression of the Zulu chief on the one hand, and the cruelty of the Dutch on the other: because he can eat and drink and be merry, be idle when he likes and work when he feels so disposed, which is only when he has some urgent desire to gratify and requires money to realise that desire. Even at such times he is often a very disrespectful and insolent fellow, ready to take umbrage and decamp to his location upon the slightest excuse, not caring in the least if he knows that he is deserting his employer in his most urgent hour of need. The presence of the natives in Natal is an absolute disadvantage to the colonists. They were allowed to settle there by the colonists, and by the Home Government, on condition that they became British subjects. As they are only there on sufferance, the colonists naturally feel that they ought to be allowed to govern them in the manner they may consider most fair and expedient, especially as the difficulties which their presence engenders press heavily upon them, and stultify them in every way, hindering them in their every effort to advance.

The Natal Kaffirs have their good points, but their provoking independence is very trying to the colonists.

If you can get a Kaffir away from his surroundings, take him up-country with you, or better still, bring him with you to England, he will be your staunch, obedient, and faithful servant. He feels his isolation under these circumstances; he loses his bounce, and becomes submissive and tractable. But when he is

in easy reach of his kraals, where he can sun-bask all day and do nothing, and when he knows that there is no earthly power to compel him to work, and that he belongs to a race which outnumbered its rulers over and over again; he shows his sense of all these advantages by insubordination and self-assertiveness. Many persons say, and with evident justice, that the Kaffirs are not to be blamed for not working, if they can live without work. This is all very well as an abstract idea, but it is very trying to the colonists who are unable to make satisfactory progress for the want of labour. In view of the foregoing circumstances it is not surprising that Natalians are not altogether well-disposed towards the missionaries. They complain that they unsettle the minds of the natives, and cause them to entertain a false conception of their own importance, and of their equality with the whites, so that they become more conceited, idle, and recalcitrant from day to day. Let the missionaries content themselves with teaching the Kaffirs the true meaning and dignity of labour: impressing upon them the great truths underlying the moral code; imparting to them certain elementary knowledge; and especially let them give them some technical instruction. This would do far more good than compelling them to endorse a mere formula of faith, which they fail to understand. The missionaries are too anxious to aggrandise the particular church to whose tenets they themselves may have subscribed. Don't trouble the poor Kaffir with musty creeds, hair-breadth distinctions, outward forms and ceremonies, and theological abstrusities, the din and turmoil of which have wasted the energies of "enlightened" Christendom, until Christendom has almost had enough of the whole performance. Don't strain after the shadow and lose the substance. What matter the creed, if a good and useful life be insured. It is a little too ridiculous to be so anxious to make the natives endorse outwardly this, that, or the other "ism" when we can scarcely find two men to agree respecting those "isms" here at home. The fact of the matter is that the ordinary Kaffir is a far more moral man than is the ordinary European. If he have few lofty aspirations, he has also very few degrading vices. He neither swears, lies, steals, nor indulges his sensual appetites. The Christianised Kaffir is

unhappily far more demoralised, and far more useless than the rude barbarian.

The Portuguese Jesuits set us a lesson. A hundred years ago or more, they established missions at Benguela, Angola, and St. Paul on the South-west coast. They taught the Africans the primary mysteries of certain trades, and to read and to spell. Although these missions have been abandoned for fifty years, the natives living in the villages stretching inland for a hundred miles, still retain a good deal of the knowledge then imparted.

In Natal certain portions of the territory are allocated to the Kaffirs, and upon these allocations they squat. It is true that they pay 14s. per annum for every hut. As to the married men, each Benedick must have a hut to himself, and one for every wife, — a separate hut for each to prevent family jars. With the Kaffirs, wives and cattle are interchangeable commodities. A man who has plenty of daughters is considered a rich man, a woman being equivalent to nine or ten head of cattle; if she be particularly fascinating, she may be exchangeable for twelve head. Cattle are of course the most precious and coveted of possessions.

There can be little doubt that the toleration of polygamy is to a marked extent at the root of the idle habits of the Kaffirs in Natal. It is not my intention to animadvert on the immorality of polygamy *per se*. The Kaffir can by no means see anything wrongful or disgraceful in the system of having many wives, or in making them work for him. He says, Have I not paid for them, and am I not entitled to do as I like with them? For my part I consider that there is more justification for the toleration of this custom in Utah than there is for its allowance in Natal; where it is practically encouraged. Perhaps this comparison may not hold good from a moral point of view, for from that standpoint the American is far and away more culpable than is the Kaffir; but from an utilitarian outlook the case assumes a very different aspect.

America has an unlimited extent of backwood, and lifeless territory, albeit it is rich in life-producing characteristics. It is therefore an important consideration to increase the population by every earthly means. In Natal, few desire to see the native

population, already unduly increased, further augmented. Were it otherwise, the monopoly of many women by one man, in the case of a nation where the proportion of one sex to the other is equal, is eminently unfair. In Natal, this system of polygamy works to the detriment of the colonist thus: The Kaffir's chief desire is, to obtain cattle and wives. When he has secured ten head of cattle he exchanges them for a wife. This wife has to work for him so that he may obtain more cattle, and by a natural process more wives; so he goes on. His prosperity is measured by the number of his wives and his oxen. The system amounts solely to this: The husband having degraded his loving spouse to be simply his agricultural servant, expects her to move heaven and earth, by her constant toil, and procure for him the produce which he can sell or exchange for cattle, and when a sufficient number of cattle are procured, then the barter for another wife is effected. What is this but slavery of the most degrading description?

By the toleration of polygamy the English settlers are made dependent on the Kaffirs, instead of the more natural state of affairs, namely, that the Kaffirs should depend upon the English. These Kaffir gentlemen are clever, idle fellows, they sit at home at ease and leave their so-called wives to bear the heat and burthen of the day; in consequence, we can get but little work out of them. The Natalian apathy to patent facts is wonderful. Polygamy should be made illegal, and those who transgress the laws of monogamy should be subjected to the most stringent punishment. It is the blackest and cruelest slavery for the women, poor, abject drudges. Disgraceful scandals grow out of the system. It is a common thing for an ancient Kaffir, with half a dozen wives already, to appeal to the law, to compel an unwilling girl of fifteen to contract an alliance with him. This is disgusting and revolting to all sense of equity and decency. It is quite true that English fathers—and the higher we go in the social scale, the truer my statement becomes—sell their daughters unblushingly to the highest bidder; character, age, and suitability of temperament are treated as trifling considerations, just as trifling, maybe, as the girl's own inclinations and desires in the matter. But there is a wide

difference here. The English girl has been educated to prefer wealth, show, and glitter to all other considerations, and the natural heart has been cramped, distorted, and misshapened by conventionalities and fashionable idolatries, in just the same way as the natural feet have been robbed of their normal beauty by tight-fitting boots, and the natural waist made hideous and wasp-like, by the unscientific and barbaric corsets. She falls readily into the scheme of her parents, and links herself to a *roué*, a dipsomaniac or successful swindler with the lightest of hearts, and in a spirit of flippant frivolity. Sometimes the case is different—often, maybe. It does happen that parents who have apotheosised mammon in their own hearts, fail to do so in the case of their children. The most careful training does not succeed in obliterating the deep-down germ of goodness which their daughters may possess. Such parents rely to effect their objects upon the yielding and dutiful attributes of their girls; or they trade upon their spirit and their independence, and by a cruel course of treatment goad them to free themselves. They do not go always unpunished. The women thus wronged have remedies, though bitter. They may cause their parents to repent of their unnatural treatment by pining away under their eyes, or by disgracing their name in the court over which Sir James Hannen presides.

“ Women of England, neither strength nor skill
 Can stay you marrying blackguards, if you will;
 But if you find your wedded lives be sad
 Remember *You have made your husbands bad!*
 You sneer at ‘goody goodies’ who deny
 Their souls the shameful joys that round them lie!
 Sin seems to you as strength; if you would speak
 You’d call all good men ‘slow’ and pure men ‘weak’;
 Till virtue seeks a corner where to hide
 The very name that should have been her pride;
 Fearing your scorn, you give wild oats to sow,
 Ah, women! you must reap the crop they grow.

“ Yes, if you changed, if this seemed good to you,
 Surely we men, your lovers, would change too.
 If you would scorn the drunkard, and refuse
 To woo the soul that every vixen woos,

Nor argue that for love and your sweet sake
 A hero will develop from a rake,
 There would be less of sin and less of shame
 About the world-wide sound of England's name."

But the poor Kaffir girl, who may have her simple attachment, quite as pure may be, as that of any country wench in England, has no alternative. She is simply so much property, to be sold in the market-place. In England, the buying and selling of wives is happily confined to certain spheres of life, and is, as a rule, readily acquiesced in by the victims. Revolting as this is, the *mariage de convenance* among the Zulus and Kaffirs is more revolting still. In short, I believe this bartering of wives, and this polygamous system, to be slavery of a more hateful type than that which was done away with, by the passing of Sir Fowell Buxton's memorable bill.

And yet this very matter of slavery is just the one point upon which the national conscience of England is especially sensitive. We are a truly sentimental nation, and while straining at gnats we swallow camels. Maudlin nonsense, indeed, a good deal of this ultra-sympathy with the black races! All very well, if not carried too far, but not when it leads us to Quixotic tilting at windmills, and hysterical indignation meetings about every miserable black king, or despicable black race who may cross the imperial highway.

As to slavery, the spirit of the age is opposed, and rightly opposed to it, and to all the old cruelties and barbarities by which it was attended. I am strongly in favour, though, of a system of compulsory apprenticeship; and in some cases compulsory service, also. In free countries we have compulsory education and compulsory military service. We must cut our cloth in accordance with our stuff, and in Natal I would like to see the above project, *i.e.*, compulsory apprenticeship legalised. To ensure against cruelty, it should be incumbent upon the Government to employ officers to visit all industrial centres, though, for obvious reasons, at no stated times or seasons. Thus the blacks would be protected in much the same way as the well-being of the dumb creation is guarded over by the P.C.A. Society.

About the uses and abuses of slavery in the Cape Colony, I have already said something. In the States, the abolition of slavery and the extension of the franchise to the blacks has by no means proved an unmixed blessing, even to the negroes themselves, while to the white population the effect has too often been disastrous. The blacks were given equal political rights with the whites far too hastily. The former have far too much say in the government of the country. Witness their insolence at elections. By rowdyism and horseplay, and at the bidding, perhaps, of a half-caste mulatto, the pampered blacks keep back their betters, the respectable white citizens, from the polling booths.

The freedom of the negroes of St. Domingo has proved to be the ruin of that lovely and once prosperous country.

I cannot do better than quote the words of Sir Samuel Baker on this subject. In speaking of the negroes of America, he says:—

“The national character of these races will alter with a change of locality; but the instincts of each race will be developed in any country where they may be located. Thus, the English are as English in Australia, India, Africa, and America, as they are in England; and in every locality they exhibit the industry and energy of their native land. Even so the African will remain negro, although transplanted to other soils; and his natural instinct being that of idleness and savagedom, he will assuredly relapse into an idle and savage state, unless specially governed and forced to industry. The history of the negro has proved the correctness of this theory. Like a horse without harness, he runs wild: but, if harnessed, no animal is more useful. Unfortunately, this is contrary to public opinion in England, where the *vox populi* assumes the right of dictation upon matters and men in which it has no experience. The English insist upon their own weights and measures as the scale for human excellence; and it has been decreed by the multitude, inexperienced in the negro personally, that he has been a badly-treated brother; that he is a worthy member of the human family, placed in an inferior position through the prejudice of the white man, with whom he should be

upon an equality. The negro has been, and still is, thoroughly misunderstood. However severely we may condemn the horrible system of slavery, the result of emancipation has proved that the negro does not appreciate the blessings of freedom, nor does he show the slightest feeling of gratitude to the hand that broke the rivets of his fetters. His narrow mind cannot embrace that feeling of pure philanthropy that first prompted England to declare herself against slavery; and he only regards the anti-slavery movement as a proof of his own importance. In his limited horizon he is himself the important object; and as a sequence to his self-conceit, he imagines that the whole world is at issue concerning the black man. The negro, therefore, being the important question, must be an important person, and he conducts himself accordingly. He is far too great a man to work; and his first impulse is to claim an equality with those whom he has lately served."

Herein, then, lies the glorious inconsistency of our conduct. We enforce the freedom of the natives with the utmost rigour, and yet we allow those natives full license to enslave their womankind. Englishmen, with all their love of freedom, have a sneaking sympathy with the idea that personal liberty should be denied to women. What could be more unjust and one-sided than some of the laws affecting them in this land of the free. I have, somewhat rashly perhaps, entered upon a subject which it is impossible for me to so sufficiently elaborate here as to make my full meaning patent. This, more especially, as I have in preparation an exhaustive work upon the true position of women. No state can last long which is dominated by women: no man will be of much account in the world who is subservient to a woman, or to women. But the old ideas of female repression must die. We shall suffer in the process. Suffering, and a certain amount of loss, accompanied by greater gain, are inseparable from all grand and beneficial changes. We complain of our women being frivolous, illogical, and unfaithful. We have made them so, by nursing them in ignorance, and stiling their faculties, while we abnormally develop their cunning, by bungling espionage and injustice. Women are terribly and unfairly handicapped. No

wonder that they are narrow, bigoted, and guided by sentiment, rather than by reason. The system and policy of our treatment of women really warrants the suspicion that we fear that if we gave them their "head" they would master us. We thus pay them a delicate compliment. Carmen Sylva (the Queen of Roumania) has some grounds for saying in her *Pensées d'une Reine*—"Selfishness induces men to make severer laws for women than for themselves, little suspecting that they, by so doing, raise them above themselves". Happily some of these statutes are being removed year by year, and I hope the last remnant of old savage ideas will soon disappear. The man is the stronger vessel, and surely, if he have the stuff in him, can rule the woman, in virtue of the more hardened qualities of his nature, without the aid of legislative enactments. Fortunately women are asserting themselves now, as far as property is concerned, and I hope ere long they will succeed in removing every disability whatsoever, under which they are at present suffering, be it political or social. Women's rights may be an unsavoury cry, because it has many unsavoury and unattractive champions. But it is manifestly unfair to rob a woman of the power to make her voice and influence an active force. I would see her possessed of votes, and, in fact, I would desire that she should be equalised with man in every way. True, I love not the blue-stocking pure and simple, nor the noisy woman's-rights advocate. I believe that woman's true function is domestic life, for this she is best fitted, by God, and by her nature. In discharging these functions she is discharging all that is holiest, noblest, most elevated in her power; she is training the men of the future. But all women cannot be domesticated, all women cannot be married, and many women better serve the interests of the community by standing outside the sphere of domestic life. As to the important matter of marriage, the sooner the true compact or partnership nature of the transaction is understood and acted upon the better. The man agrees to earn the bread, the woman to bear the children. But that the woman is therefore to be robbed of the right of judgment, and is to make her political and religious ideas subservient to the man's, is a michievous piece of arrogance on the part of

the man. That word "obey" is a mistake, and should be expunged from the marriage service. The more harmony there is in ideas and in feeling, between a man and a woman, whom law has tied together for life, the better. But let that harmony in future be produced by love, forbearance, mutual concession, and above all, by agreeing to differ on points where early training, or inherent mental bias, renders all hope of agreement in thought impossible. If this were the basis upon which the relationship between the sexes rested, we should have less unhappy marriages, less unhappy men and women, and a happier world. To accomplish this, women must fight, and men must help them.

The spectacle of the wholesale enslavement of the black women of Natal cannot but make one wish that female suffrage were in vogue, at least in that colony, for had women a hand in making the laws, I feel sure that they would sympathise with their black sisterhood, and compel the legislature to free the Kafir females from the trammels in which they are at present bound, hand and foot. My confidence on this point is inspired by the fact that it is Zulu women who are in bondage, not Englishwomen. One of the worst outgrowths of the unhappy inequality between men and women in civilised countries, is the unnatural want of sympathy between woman and woman which it breeds. If women were more independent of men they would not be put so much into competition, the one against the other, and less jealousy and insincerity would subsist between them. One of the grandest men of our day—George R. Sims, states the case thus—

“ Here suffering finds a ready friend to answer its appeal ;
Here every woman has a heart for women's woe to feel ;
Here people meet to guard the rights of nigger and of Turk,
Here shop girls slave twelve hours a day, and die from over-work.”

Anyhow, the removal of the disgraceful crime of polygamy in Natal is urgently called for.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE MISSIONARIES.

“AS TRUE AS THE GOSPEL—AS FALSE AS MANKIND.”

“Free to meet and mingle—to rise by our individual worth, without any consideration of caste or colour.”—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

“Wherever that dusky youth was, he sought comfort in the society of females. Their fair and tender bosoms knew how to feel pity for the poor African, and the darkness of Gumbo’s complexion was no more repulsive to them than Othello’s to Desdemona. I believe Europe has never been so squeamish in regard to Africa, as a certain other respected Quarter. Nay, some Africans—witness the Chevalier de St. Georges, for instance—have been notorious favourites with the fair sex.”—*“The Virginians”*—*W. M. Thackeray.*

ANOTHER important factor in the native question, is that of the dealings of the missionaries with the natives. For the missionaries as a body, I have the greatest respect, and the warmest regard for their self-denying labours, their earnest zeal in a cause which, with all its drawbacks, must ever be a good one. That some missionaries are self-seekers, who use the gospel as a cloak, under which they can not only carry on more successfully a system of imposition and spoliation, but also lead lives of utter immorality, and debasing sensuality, I know to be too true. The scandals connected with the Moravian Station at Caledon are alone sufficient to prove this. But these are the exceptions which go to prove the rule, and I have no sympathy with the vulgar cant which would stigmatise the missionaries as being a set of designing humbugs, who grow fat abroad on the funds subscribed for evangelical purposes, by the devout at home.

Moreover, the much maligned missionaries, and the much maligned Boers, have been the pioneers of civilisation in South

Africa, and all honour is due to the one set of men as to the other, on this score alone.

The dealings of the Boers with the natives differ from the dealings of the missionaries in this, that while the policy adopted by the former is far too practical, and far too much an embodiment of the law of expediency, that adopted by the latter is far too unpractical, and based too often upon theories rather than upon common-sense. The missionaries, as a rule, are eminently irrational men. Their enthusiasm for a cause carries them vehemently along paths which culminate in dangerous precipices. In justification for their peculiar methods of dealing with the Kaffirs, they point to scriptural injunctions. Strange to say, the Boers do precisely the same. The extreme measures of coercion and cruelty upon which the Boers act, they regard as being the duty of the Christian towards the heathen, in the land which he has gone in unto to possess it. The missionaries base the doctrines which they preach of equality, on the well-worn biblical texts, that God is no respecter of persons, and that all men are equal in the sight of the Almighty.

The god-fearing, just, principled, and at the same time practical colonist, would desire to steer a middle course between these two extremes. The colonial clergy in many instances endorse this position. The fact remains, however, and a very significant fact it is, that the colonist will always prefer a raw Kaffir to a so-called Christianised native. The Christian Kaffir is too often not only an impudent, and immoral, but also an indolent, disaffected, and even dangerous fellow. He robs, drinks, lies, and swears, none of which faults are to be found in those of his brothers or cousins, who are raw Kaffirs. There can be no doubt that the Kaffir in his state of pristine ignorance is a purer, better, and in every way more moral man, than he afterwards becomes under European influence, missionary or otherwise. The sober truth is, that the colonists view the professing Christian Kaffir with very careful eyes. It is a sorry thing to say, but it is too true.

Ask a colonist—"Are the Kaffirs honest?" "Yes," he will reply, "until they come under the ban of the missionary, and

then they are the blackest villains going." There is manifest unfairness and injustice here, for the fact is clear, that the contact with civilisation makes the Kaffirs dishonest. It is not all the fault of the missionaries, although I fear that habits of indolence and insubordination among the natives are by no means mitigated by the teaching of the missionaries. Despite the Peace Society and the Aborigines Protection Society, I have the authority of seventy colonial clergymen, for saying that our principles of forbearance and indulgence in dealing with the Kaffirs are evident failures. They interpret both qualities as significations of fear. The Cape war of 1847 proved how treacherous and untrustworthy is the Kaffir character. All attempts to ensure the fidelity of Uggika were useless. It is our duty to educate the Kaffir in a measure, but we must exercise tact and discretion in this matter, and be careful not to move too quickly. We must not cast pearls before swine, nor waste our energies in futile efforts to civilise heathendom, and awaken to find we have done more harm than good. Energetic philanthropists, with more zeal than common-sense, often have to sorrowfully confess that the foregoing has been the result of their labours.

It ought not to be forgotten that our very presence among the heathen is in itself a medium by which countless benefits are bestowed upon them. And yet it seems to be considered that it is incumbent upon us to force them up to our level *volens volens*. Many persons who expect Englishmen to act thus, are leaving thousands of their own flesh and blood in disgrace, ignorance, and misery, at home. Much of the generous self-denying labour bestowed upon the African would be far more usefully expended, if directed to relieving and elevating home savages. I believe that the most illiterate Englishman, the most debased inhabitant of the midland counties, is capable of being reformed in ten years, and brought up to a very much higher standard of excellence than would result as the product of many generations of Kaffir culture.*

This view was insisted upon at some length in a paper which it was my privilege to read, before the Liberal Social Union, at the rooms of the Society of British Artists, Pall Mall, on October 26, 1832, entitled "The Dangerous Classes". In

Sir Samuel Baker, in speaking of the negro, uses words that are in a measure applicable to the Kaffir. "His mind promises in fruit, but does not ripen: while his body grows, he does not advance in intellect. The puppy three months old is superior in intellect to a child of the same age: but the mind of the child expands, while that of the dog has reached its limit."

Of course there are exceptions to this axiom. Several Kaffirs, notably the late Tyiosoga, have become not only intelligent and accomplished, but also polished gentlemen. But in every instance these surprising specimens have died young, proving, seemingly, that the brain is overstrained, and the body is too weak to stand the stress. And, for argument's sake, shall we admit the possibility of their ultimate culture? Note the results. The Kaffirs of the Tyiosoga type, supposing them to become very numerous, would be ambitious to enter into union with women of English descent. The age is far too mercenary, I fear, to allow us to believe that no Saxon girls saving those of no position would contract alliances with Kaffirs. It may seem to us that none but derelicts would disgrace themselves by bonds of this nature, but we know to the contrary. Tyiosoga's wife was the beautiful and gifted daughter of a Scotch divine. Now, apart from all so-called sentimental prejudices anent this matter, and supposing we could dismiss from our minds all dignity of feeling and self-respect, still we have the opinion of all psychological and physiological anthropologists to tell us that such "crosses" result in degeneration. However well some European nations may amalgamate, a close community between the black and white races has never been fraught with good results. What did Lord Carnarvon say the other day? "The creation of a black colony means decrepitude and slow decay." What is the use of endeavouring to equalise inequalities? It is absurd to start on the basis of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity". To teach such doctrines and princi-

this essay I endeavoured to lay bare the many ill effects which are resulting from the terrible condition of the residuum classes of society. I am glad to find that the more potent efforts in the same direction of such men as George R. Sims, Sir Richard Cross, and Lord Salisbury are at length bearing fruit. But I still believe, as I then said, that State-aided emigration on a scientific basis is the only satisfactory cure for the evil.

ples to the natives is madness and suicidal to ourselves, and ultimately to them. They must continue to believe themselves to be, what they are actually— an inferior race. Moreover to try “to Christianise” them is a mistake. As with the majority of the Hindoos or Musselmans, if we tear up Buddhism in the one case, and Mahommedanism in the other, all restraining forces are gone. This fact almost inclines one to believe in the dogma of certain philosophers, who contend that respective religions are suited to respective climates and races. I am not now crying out against bestowing elementary education on the Kaffirs; my position with regard to this I have already explained. This policy will be conducive to the improvement of the labour market by creating wants, desires, and ambitions in the Kaffir breast, which the return for his labour will alone satisfy. It is not for me here to speculate as to the probable results of the gratification of these wants. I do not know whether it will result in the ultimate extinction of the black races, or whether it will elevate them into a respectable colonial contingent. Maybe the love of drink and change of habits, alas! will sap the sources of fecundity, and so gradually remove the Kaffirs from amongst the nations of the earth. Some theorists assert very positively that such is to be the fate of the black man here and elsewhere. What the Natalians have to do is plainly this: To make the best use they can of the materials at hand, and the experiment of industrial education is well worth the trying. Natalians cannot help thinking that had they more of the management of native affairs, things would rapidly improve. They would induce the lazy Kaffirs to work by some means, and one way would be to abolish polygamy, as I have endeavoured to demonstrate. When compulsory education all over Europe is making the rising generation of the working classes’ children more and more inclined to seek exercise, not in manual labour, but in athletic sports, and when every man is striving to earn his bread “with his brains,” not by his hands, black labour is coming more and more into requisition. If our fields are to be tilled, and if our industries are not to become waste and barren, it must be procured. Propositions, it has been said, are on foot for the introduction of the coolie even into the Eng-

lish labour market. In papers which I have been called upon to read before several London Societies, I have strongly advocated this policy, and I am now as firmly convinced of its wisdom as heretofore. Despite the potency of mechanical skill, of hydraulic power, and of electricity, the time is far distant when we shall be able to dispense with manual labour. We cannot supply all the necessaries of life by self-directing machines. President Grant and the Emperor of Brazil, by simply turning a handle at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, set in motion a thousand complex engines and machines: but then somebody must make the machines; and even were we able to so completely control mechanical appliances as to bring them to our aid in every common necessity, it would but be carrying the difficulty of doing without actual labour one step further back, for somebody must manufacture and keep in order these mechanisms. Indeed, the more intricate our scientific inventions as applied to commerce become, the larger becomes the circle of their utility in developing hidden or forgotten resources and treasures, and more and more labourers are demanded. Is it possible that a division of labour will arise out of the wreck of class labourers and class employers? If education should gradually equalise and unite the white races, some such communistic arrangement must be adopted as a way out. But be this as it may, these are the contingencies of the future. For the present Natalians must bend their energies to solve the problem—what is to be done with the natives? If they may not say, work they must, and work they shall, they can indirectly, at any rate, make industry a necessity, and thus compel compliance with the Divine precept, that by the sweat of his brow man is to earn his bread.

Although the missionaries have started many industries among the natives, their general policy has been to enforce a creed, not to teach simple axioms and moral truths. Hence much more mischief than good has been done. So it comes that the Aborigines Protection Society, the Peace Society, Exeter Hall generally, and the late Bishop Colenso's party in particular, are well-hated institutions in Natal. In their wrath the colonists sometimes exclaim these are the inventions of his Satanic

Majesty. I have heard very many colonists say that so much do they deplore the pernicious influence of such bodies on the home government, that rather than be governed by Great Britain, they would have Russia or Germany as their master, in which case, common-sense would at least have a chance against maudlin sentimentality.

CHAPTER LVII.

NATIVE DIFFICULTIES AND PERPLEXITIES.

"THE FIRST DUTY OF A GOVERNMENT IS TO GOVERN."

"They might have been required to vacate their territory which they occupied, and retire into the desert; or the obligation of military service might have been justly exacted from them."—*John Kettle, D.D.*

"Justice to the noble aborigine warrants me in saying that of orrigernly he was a majestic cuss."—*Artemus Ward.*

FIRST let me remark that something should be done to break up the system of government by chiefs and the custom of living in kraals.

Except so far as the requirements of decency go, it would be impossible to compel the Kaffirs to pay attention to their dress, yet their innate vanity and mimicry are gradually causing them to eschew the simple blanket and karoos, which in most instances constitute their entire clothing. In their own kraals they go about *in puris naturabilis*, or nearly so. A kilt of skins at the most, is the only garment worn. But as time goes on a new want is growing up in the Kaffir's breast. He is beginning to desire fine clothing. This craving should be stimulated in every possible way, for in order to obtain such clothing, the Kaffir will be forced to work.

The colonists have great odds against them in dealing with the native races, especially as Kaffirs are proverbially incapable of gratitude. Treat the Kaffir in the kindest of manners, and your chances of reward are as small as can be. Kindness, gratitude, attachment, and love, are words for which the Kaffir

language has no equivalents, and the Kaffir heart is rarely capable of entertaining either the one or the other of these grand sentiments. When I make use of the words love and attachment, I mean as between man and man. True, their mode of living makes them hospitable to one another. Cattle-driving expeditions are their chief inducements to travel, and the traveller who seeks their kraals tired and hungry, does not seek in vain. They argue thus. The traveller is a human being, is he not? He is hungry, thirsty, and tired. He needs repose, and he needs food. They gladly accord him facilities by which he can obtain both. But beyond this they cannot go. Kindness which takes the shape of self-sacrifice or indulgence they interpret as being weakness and cowardice. If, they argue, A were not afraid of B, A would exact certain things from B, which he has the right and the power to exact. The Kaffirs are naturally cowardly at heart, brave as they can be under the control of military despots; and with the fear of the anathemas of their chiefs and witch-doctors before their eyes. Dignity or bullying they can understand and can respect; gentleness, forbearance, self-renunciation of rights, or the neglect to do one's worst against an enemy, are totally inexplicable to them upon their own merits, and are invariably construed as being symptoms of fear. Thus, without exception, let us disguise the fact as we may, those who act kindly or considerately to the Kaffirs have a bad time of it. Be just, be even, but not indulgent, mingle a little harshness and severity in your treatment, harshness and severity of manner, if not of action. The clever writer who gave the world the book which he called, "The Australian Abroad," says that all subject races are accustomed "to rough language and overbearing treatment from the English—bounce, bluster, and abuse". This is very true, but while condemning such conduct when carried to excess, I cannot but admit that a little of that sort of thing is absolutely necessary. You can be really kind and careful of the natives' health, interests, and well-being, without letting them imagine you are going out of your way to perform these services for them. Immense tact is necessary in all that you do in this respect, and the same unbending exterior must be preserved. Otherwise such acts

will be construed into a tacit acknowledgment of superiority by the natives, or to fear of their power, to a desire to conciliate them, or to some other ulterior motive.

These facts go to the very root of the question of the equality of the black and white races. It is impossible, it is insane, to treat the natives as our equals. If we do so, nothing but ruin and revolution can result. The equality, so much applauded, which the United States acknowledges in theory, is but a myth.

The natives of Natal are a jocund, merry race, and they have ivory smiles for every one: but you must not humour their jocularities, much as you may feel disposed at times to do so, or they will at once lose their respect for you, and your interests, as far as they are concerned, are certain to suffer. The only key to the effective management of the Kaffir is, in short, to treat him with perfect justice and precise decision. Never vacillate, not by a hair's-breadth. Your word must be law, final and irrevocable, from which there can be no appeal. Never humour them, pamper or pet them. Be firm and just, and you may then hope to metamorphose a lazy, unintelligent fellow into a servant who will respect you, be useful to you, and work well for you. Ultimately he may love you in his own peculiar manner, in the same way as the dog which you have well under control, learns to love the master who has broken him in. If a Kaffir know that he must work, or that he must learn, and that no shirking is possible, he soon sets to work to do what is required of him. The colonists wish that the Kaffirs should be so governed, and so controlled, that they should have to work or to die. There is no cruelty in this, they urge. It is the condition under which we all live, and if the Kaffirs should elect to starve or decamp, agricultural labourers from England would soon take their places with great advantage to the colony. The colonist does not advocate cruelty or the rod except in extreme cases. To strike the native unless he richly deserve it, is a great mistake. He never forgets an injury of this sort, as the Boers have found out full well. Sechele, chief of the Bechuanas, had a different notion as to the propriety of striking natives. He said to Livingstone: "Do you imagine these people will ever believe by you merely talking to them? I can

make them do nothing except by thrashing them, and, if you like, I shall call my head-man, and with our litupa (whips of rhinoceros hide) we will soon make all believe together."

The colonists, however, are hard put to it as to how to treat the disobedient, impudent, and thievish fellows, which description is true of too many Kaffirs. If they are exasperated beyond all bounds, they occasionally use their fists or a stick to their tormentors. A summons is at once taken out against them. How, they very pertinently ask, can they successfully control the natives under these circumstances. And yet, knowing all the colonists are called upon to passively endure, we recalled Governor Pine, a gentleman well acquainted with the disagreeable side of Kaffrarian character, because when Langalibalele was organising a rebellion, in cunning duplicity, in which, as it afterwards turned out, many other chiefs were to join him, he nipped the affair in the bud. When the disturbance was over, and Langalibalele was visited in prison by a Bishop, the Kaffirs became so intolerably insolent and extortionate in their behaviour, there was no holding them in. Here is an instance. A chief came to Mr. Macfarlane, an up-country magistrate, at a time when he was alone in his office. With a hundred warriors at his back, this chief demanded an exemption from paying his hut tax. The plucky magistrate seized the insolent beggar by the nape of the neck, and presenting a loaded pistol at his forehead, said, "Order your men to pay, or I will shoot you dead". When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war, and Mr. Chief had found more than his match. The money was forthcoming immediately. For this courageous act, by which one man, by his determined bearing and cool presence of mind, kept at bay a hundred armed Kaffirs, with knob kerries and assegais in hand, this magistrate was removed. Every colonist and every sensible man, whose brain had not been hopelessly weakened by a maudlin negromania, would say that magistrate was right, and would respect his conduct immensely. Several cases of a similar nature might be mentioned. Such policy has a very bad effect. A magistrate who respects "his bread and butter" is obliged to "knuckle under" to the Kaffirs.

To beat a Kaffir is illegal even when the greatest provocation has been given. The offence is punishable by a fine of £5, which some very important personages in the colony have had to pay before now.

Our country is disgraced, and its good sense put to shame, by our policy towards the Kaffirs. We are guilty of almost as flagrant an error as was the opposite extreme into which the Hispano-Americans fell, cruelty. With us, if the natives strike us on one cheek we turn to them the other. After the Langalibalele disturbance, a manifesto, which may have been inspired by the Aborigines or Peace Society, was sent out. It proclaimed that the Queen did not desire her subjects to work if they did not wish so to do, but it is said that Shepstone repressed the most objectionable and hurtful passages in reading the proclamation, and quite right he was in doing so.

In England and in all civilised countries, it may be accepted as a broad truism, that all men must work, or actually, or mentally die. As to the Kaffirs they don't work, their wives do all the work, they eat, drink, and are merry, occupying English soil, *which was never their own*: paying a paltry sum to government. They are idle, and useless, and they remain so: though all the time the farmers are starving because they cannot get labour. Nevertheless we have been guilty of the preposterously absurd, and pusillanimously silly policy, of distributing picks and hoes to rebellious chiefs, to make them more independent than ever. During these disturbances a clever Bishop, anxious, maybe, to gain a greater notoriety than could possibly be achieved in a small out-of-the-way corner like Natal, took up the cause of "the intelligent savages". To me it seems sad to see really competent men prostituting their abilities in this way. But vanity and the love of the praise of influential parties in England are powerful incentives to evil, and are not easily overcome. About half-a-dozen colonists of position, including Mr. Sanderson, the editor of the *Colonist*, joined the faction which centred round the Episcopal mitre. Sanderson was, it is said, offered his salary for the whole term of his engagement, if he would withdraw from his editorial functions in connection with Messrs. Davis's paper.

It must be admitted that there is a certain charm in being quoted by Exeter Hall as the opinion of Natal, so sweet, so soothing to one's pride. And yet these are the very men the Kaffirs most despise. The natives said that Langalibalele (the Burning Sun) ought to have been shot, and in accordance with Kaffir law he would have been shot, and yet the cant cry is that the Kaffirs should be judged by their own law, and not by ours. The colonial estimates show an item of £530, being the annual expense of maintaining Langalibalele and his family (two wives). We have allowed the same sentimentality to rule our action in the case of Cetewayo. They have both received better fare and better treatment than has fallen to the lot of many a royal prisoner in the Tower. The case of the Natal rebel was even worse than that more reasonable exhibition of weakness and imbecility in the Cetewayo fiasco. Both performances, however, should cause every right-minded colonist and Englishman to blush. Wine and good living in the one case, and fêting and lionising in addition in the other, extended to traitors to encourage other chiefs to rebel, I presume, for news travels like lightning amongst the tribes of South and Central Africa, and a week after any important step has been taken by us, it is known to the countless tribes of the interior. Some of these chiefs have Europeans attached to their courts to read to them every scrap of news relating to their illustrious persons or to their people.

The colonists say, and say very properly, that we are incapable of governing the natives in anything like a sensible or successful manner from England. Whether we have Kaffir law, Roman-Dutch law, or English law, let us have, they exclaim, common sense and a little consistency in our dealings with the natives. "If we had the control and management of the natives in our own hands, the Natalians urge, we would abolish polygamy, chieftainship, and tribal institutions, and we should rule the land with a strong hand."

As it is now, the Kaffirs are engaged without character or reference. They are engaged for the month, but they run off whenever they please. They can save enough out of two years' pay to keep them in idleness for five years. At the expiration of

this period of time they again emerge from their kraals and have another spell of work. No register is kept, so that no one knows whither the man comes who offers himself to you, or whither he goes. Kaffirs whom you have learnt to know disappear for years, and suddenly reappear. During the interim they have been living in idleness with their chiefs, or on their locations. This laziness provokes the colonists almost to desperation, and they would like to break up the squatting and tribal systems altogether. To do this would be very difficult, I own: but I should think the following plan would work well. Each chief should be compelled to educate his heir so that he could pass a certain elementary examination, and he should not be recognised by the authorities as his father's successor, on the death of the ruling chief, if he could not satisfy the government that he had made some progress in the ways and ideas of civilisation. This plan might be expected to be pregnant with grand results.

CHAPTER LVIII.

KAFFIR HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

“HURTFUL CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS STRANGE AND SULLEN.”

“Each circle and section, each rank and class, has its respective customs and observances, to which conformity is required at the risk of being tabooed.”—*Samuel Smiles.*

THE smattering of religious knowledge which the Kaffir has picked up, tends to foster his hereditary superstitions, of which the chief are, the belief in taghartis (ghosts), in witch-doctors, and rain-makers, and in “smelling out” witchcraft. A few illustrations may serve to show the bent of Kaffir superstition. About the time of the Langalibalele disturbance there was an eclipse of the sun. The Kaffirs rushed to the stores to put up the shutters, thinking that the end of the world had come, so that when the solar disc was again unobscured, half Durban was closed to business. I was unable to divine their object and their idea in doing thus, saving that they probably considered, that all being at an end, the proper and sensible thing to do was to shut up shop. There is a quite irresistible element of humour about the whole affair. However, the Protector of Immigrants made capital out of the eclipse by persuading the natives that the Queen had signified her displeasure, and that she had put her hand across the sun to denote to the natives that she was angry. Another time when more troops were being asked for in the papers, as troubles were apprehended, a man-of-war suddenly made its appearance at the Point. The Kaffirs fancy that England has ships of war full of soldiers all over the sea, and the news spread like wildfire that troops had arrived in thousands. Little things such as these determine our safety in Natal. Twenty-five thousand whites to

five hundred thousand blacks! Large odds! It must be admitted that in the Kaffirs' superstition our strength lies.

The Kaffirs are smart fellows, and pick up superficial knowledge quickly, which fact however has this disadvantage, that it unfits them for service. I believe their future is hopeful, but at present they seem to be unable to turn the knowledge which they may acquire to any rational purpose. This is in no wise surprising, for they spend years and years in perfecting the most trivial appliances, such as making a spiral column out of a cow's horn. This is an index to their almost Hibernian stupidity. May I further illustrate their opacity by a few anecdotes?

An up-country traveller, who was very fond of sago, took fifty pounds of his favourite food with him on his expedition. He gave it to one of his "boys" to prepare for him, previously enquiring of him if he knew how to cook it, to which he received an affirmative reply. The Kaffir boiled it in an earthen pot, and served it up as a piece of hard glue, which neither white man nor black man, dog nor fowl could eat.

Another Kaffir being at a loss as to how to polish a pair of patent-leather boots, conceived the brilliant expedient of boiling them in a saucepan. Tableau! Again a raw Kaffir was engaged by a squatter up-country. He gave him a packet containing some powdered soup, and naturally thought that when he had told him the quantity of water necessary to be added, he had discharged his part of the duty. What must have been his surprise when the Kaffir, totally ignorant of the proper use of the appliances of civilisation, made his appearance at the dining-table carrying the soup in a Wellington boot. It took some time to initiate this Kaffir into the uses of the various culinary appliances with which the colonist had provided himself, and it was very long before he could be persuaded to desist from the habit of putting the kettle on the tea table.

The vanity of the Kaffirs is another marked characteristic. They become inordinately disgusted with their personal appearance, particularly with the darkness of their complexions. These self-conscious fellows frequently powder themselves, especially before going to church.

Moreover, they are capable of looking after their own interests and the interests of their friends. The British workman has often been held up to ridicule on the score of his tendency to create work for his compeers, varying his repairing operations by breaking *en route* so as "to give other trades a chance". There would appear to be a sort of compact between all English artisans upon these lines. Thus you send a plumber on to your roof to look at your cistern, and you will find to your cost that he has succeeded in breaking a dozen slates for the benefit of the slater. Corrugated iron is generally used for roofing purposes in Natal, but when slates are employed, the niggers will smash twenty if they be sent to replace one.

The Kaffir is thus seen to be by no means a guileless or harmless being. When he is sober he is trouble enough, but when he is over-stimulated, he is far more pother. The native police in the towns hunt all the Kaffirs in at 9 o'clock; in fact, the old institution of the Curfew is resuscitated in Natal. Some few escape and get drunk on rum in quiet corners, and issue forth to make the night hideous with their screams. Occasionally they drink themselves to death, that is to say when the spirit moves them to extremities of over-indulgence. Various laws obtain in the different portions of South Africa as to the right of the native to purchase liquor. Some of these laws are very severe, and some are very lax. None are sufficiently stringent, nor are any so strenuously enforced as they should be. If we are really sincere in our professed wish to save the natives from self-destruction, we should take measures to prevent them from drinking alcohol at all. Any chance file of colonial newspapers will amply attest the truth of my contention, that whisky, brandy, and rum are not only deteriorating, but ruining and destroying the natives.

It must be allowed, however, that they are a laughing, happy, jovial, merry race—free from care, and brimful of fun and good-nature. Until they are spoiled, they have little vice about them. They have no idea, however, of performing the slightest office without being paid for it. When Sir Garnet Wolseley's ox-waggon got stuck in the road, he called to some Kaffirs to assist him out. "Give me ten pounds," said

the Kaffir. Sir Garnet wished to thrash him, but Mr. (now Sir Theophilus) Shepstone told him he would be fined if he did so. Again, a little girl was being drowned in the deep sluice at Maritzburg. Her sister who was with her was powerless to assist her. She besought a Kaffir to do so. Said the Kaffir, "Show me first your penny". The little girl replied, "If you please, I have not any". The child was drowned, the Kaffir looking on apathetically, haggling about his guerdon, when he might have stepped into the ditch and rescued the child with little or no trouble. Instances of this kind might be multiplied.

The Kaffirs who have been to the Diamond Fields are abominably impudent and disloyal. I have heard some strange expressions of opinion from them. One of these bravos assured me that "English soldiers liked plenty of money, plenty of food, and plenty of drink, but not like plenty of fight".

Kaffirs have some strange habits. If the gentle reader will follow me in spirit into a Kaffir hut—a wicker dwelling of semi-spherical shape—about 15 feet in diameter, I may hope, perhaps, to make him acquainted with the peculiarities of their manner of living. A well-to-do Kaffir will generally have a box full of clothes in his hut. These clothes are, more often than not, discarded uniforms—military, naval, constabulary, and all kinds of official garments, the more showy and loud the apparel may be the better they like it. The floor, which is simply hardened earth, is bestrewn with a few mats made of skins, Kaffir pillows, mouchas (kilts), assegais, the horns and hides of animals, and shields. All these are scattered around, while attached to the sides of the dwelling, you may expect to see pipes and the various ornamental appendages of the Kaffir toilet, and perhaps a few "highly coloured" prints, and other vulgar—so-called works of art—oleographs; a very appropriate place for both the one and the other. It is a pity the Kaffirs cannot take all these libels on true art; or rather all over and above those required in England by poor cottagers, and other uninitiated persons. As to aforesaid ornaments, they comprise an assortment of bangles for the arms and anklets. Some of these are of native manufacture, made of woven grass, but the greater portion are of Brummagen make,

wrought in brass and in white metal. Then there are numerous snuff-boxes, which are worn in interstices cut in the lobe of the ear. Some of these are of their own production, and are formed out of small gourds, others are made of brass, and are from the aforesaid town which worships Joe Chamberlain. Bracelets made of beads, and finger-rings, are also very dear possessions to the Kaffir breast. No hut is complete without a box of Kaffir scent (a peculiar black compound like unto the compressed dates one sees temptingly displayed in the windows of small general shops in London). It is produced from odorous roots and compressed flowers, and is a powerful perfume resembling the hateful Patchouli. Their kilts are made of hides and the tails of animals, and in their construction, no less than in the manufacture and ornamentation of their pillows and shields, they display not only skill, but also some rude artistic ability. The most elementary pillow is merely a tripod constructed from the forked and pronged limb of a tree, others are more elaborately finished, and there is some attempt at carved embellishment. Their shields too are somewhat curious. They are not made of wicker-work like those of the ancient Britons, although the Kaffirs are very proficient in the art of working in wicker, and in basket making. Their shields, however, are cut out of cow-hide, they are elliptical in shape and about 2ft. 9in. long, and 15in. wide, and a piece of wood is passed in and out certain slit-like apertures in the shield, and thus forms a handle. About a dozen incisions are made in the centre of the shield, through which hide of another colour is obtruded.

The really well-to-do Kaffir may include a rum-bottle and a Bible in his inventory of household effects, and some Kaffirs even "go in" for copies of Shakespeare and Milton. Singing, dancing, and various games, sleeping, eating, and talking, alternated by a little desultory work, occupy their whole time when living in their kraals. When they sleep they rest their heads on their hard pillows, and wrap themselves in karooses. In these modern days they prefer blankets, and each sable form is enveloped in the article of commerce upon which Lord Mount Charles and Mrs. Jellaby spent so much anxious thought. Thus reclining, forming the radii of a circle they place their feet in the ashes of the wood

fire, which they always keep burning in the centre of their huts. The smouldering embers have no effect on their hardened "dew spreaders".

Before going to sleep they tire themselves out with various games. A favourite game with them is the game of war. This is how they play. A circle is made, and the Kaffirs then pair off, each chooses his *vis-à-vis*, and himself sitting down opposite to him. They have a certain number of curious pipes amongst them. Sometimes they have one apiece. Upon other occasions they make a single pipe act for a whole company. Their most favourite pipe is constructed out of a bullock's horn. A hole is made in the middle of the horn in the inner or concave side. A small piece of reed is attached to this aperture externally, and to the end of this reed, which is about six inches in length, an old ink-bottle with the bottom knocked out is conjoined, the mouth of the ink-bottle being annexed to the reed. The stone bowl is next filled with sango, a peculiar herb resembling tobacco. This is ignited. The horn is then filled with water until it reaches the orifice. By slightly inclining this novel pipe and applying it to their capacious lips, they manage to draw a whiff of smoke through the "hookah". Keeping this smoke in their mouths, they imbibe a quantity of water which stands near them in a gourd, or ancient and defunct tin, such as a condensed milk tin. The last act in this Kaffirian drama is to emit the smoke in bubbles through an extremely fine reed. These bubbles are started from the outer edge of a circle, and worked as radii towards the centre, and when those of the operator and his *vis-à-vis* meet, the opposing armies are supposed to have come into contact. The amount of laughing, coughing, and so on, these fellows indulge in over this amusement is simply incredible.

True, they make a pain of a pleasure. If these pampered beggars, who ten years ago received 6s. a month, and now get £1 or more, would only display as much pains and trouble in any useful pursuit there would be more hope for them.

As to their food, it consists chiefly of mealies, which they make into porridge. In some matters of diet, they are remarkably

funeful. The gentleman Kaffir (*i.e.*, the Zulu) refuses fish and eggs. The Amatonga, an inferior race, who live along the coast, eat fish, and are upon this account held up to scorn by the Zulus. The latter race will devour with avidity and evident relish the intestines of animals, and the heads of all kinds of game. It is therefore rather a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

The Kaffirs of Natal grow Indian corn, but they also cultivate millet. They are not particularly fond of fruit, or indeed of meat, and in truth if they can get a good mess of porridge they are perfectly satisfied. The Kaffir will by no means soil his fingers, and he considers it to be particularly dirty to put one's digits into one's mouth. He is not so particular in all things, for in eating porridge a common cauldron is placed in a central position, the Kaffirs clustering around like the witches in "Macbeth," each having an enormous wooden spoon, with which he ladles out the porridge, his mouth stretching from ear to ear to receive the capacious spoonful. After all, this is not more filthy than that relic of barbarism still obtaining with us—the Loving Cup.

Amusement may be gleaned, moreover, by watching the process of manipulation observed in the manufacture of the black india-rubber-looking rings which some of the men wear round the top of their heads, as signs of distinction. This ring is given them, or rather the right to wear it is accorded them, by the chiefs, when they consider their subjects to be of a proper age to be married. They are made of a peculiar fungoid growth, or rather parasitic insect which attaches itself to the branches of trees, sometimes to a whole forest of trees. This insect is white, and were it not for the fact that it emits a profusion of red blood when pressed, one would be inclined to class it with the vegetable kingdom. Having made from these insects a polished black ring, about the girth of, and in appearance not unlike an ebony walking-stick of medium size, they place it on a network of fibre and string which has been firmly attached to their tuft like hair, and there it remains for the rest of their natural lives, unmoved and immovable. Many an English lady would give worlds to be able to manipulate her hair as effectively as can these fellows. They dress one another's hair with admirable skill. The young Kaffir sits on

the ground day after day, at the feet of one of his elder brothers, who builds up his head-dress with thorns, and moulds it into shape like so much potter's clay. Some have their hair heaped up and down like the furrows of a ploughed field, others adorn their *coiffures* with feathers, snuff-spoons, and snuff-boxes.

CHAPTER LIX.

KAFFIR SUPERSTITIONS, ECCENTRICITIES, AND DIALECT.

“BE IGNORANCE THY CHOICE WHERE KNOWLEDGE LEADS TO WOE.”

“We all of us, as we grow older, lose somewhat of our proximity to nature. It is the price we pay for experience.”—“*Transformation*”—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

THE religion of the Kaffirs is a strange jumble of superstitions. It is very difficult in this day, to say how much of this superstition is aboriginal, and how much is the effect and survival of the partial understanding of the teachings of missionaries. The Amatonga have a peculiar creed which appears to be primary. It is poetic and visionary, and sometimes rises to a certain sublimity. But their religion does not appear to have made them happy, for they are a morose and easily put-out race, and do not possess the cheerful *bonhomie* of the Zulus, who are practically a race without a faith : although the first dawn of a religious belief is to be found in their fetish.

Miss Marshall, in her “Plant Symbolism,” says :—

“The naturalist and future scientist made his appearance first in the guise of the King’s flatterer or poet-laureate.

“This early thinker to the community soon began to think to some purpose, and we get gradually combined in him, poet, priest, astronomer, and pro-man of science. He laid claim to miraculous power; the miracle being the everlasting miracle of mind over matter and over ignorance. He laid claim also to especial communion with the gods, and with the forces of nature, which were indeed gods and mighty powers to him, he did hold especial communion. He it was who, shutting himself from the sight of

his fellows, gradually learnt secrets of nature of infinite use to his tribe. He knew the way of the clouds, the changes in the position of the stars, the effect of the light, and of a heavy atmosphere on smoke rising and falling, and in mists and dews. He knew the flight of the birds, the haunts of strange, noxious, or useful beasts, the properties of plants, and so he became the oracle, the priest, the great power to be dreaded and obeyed, fed and propitiated by the tribe."

The rain-makers, and "smellers out" of witchcraft in Africa are somewhat after this kind. But they have lost in one sense what they have gained in another. They were never so wise as the seers of whom Miss Marshall speaks, but they possibly knew more than they know now, before they developed priestly attributes, which mean death to knowledge, and the birth of quackery and imposition. Everything is in the hands of these witch-doctors, although they lived, in Zululand at least, as the king's flatterers, and to assist him in carrying out his decrees, and in governing by his arbitrary will. In Natal, their functions are reduced to a very shadowy substance. In Zululand, the witch-doctor is the head and front of everything. He is the person put forward in the administration of justice. He is priest, judge, and councillor in one. Of course, in all this, he is careful not to overrule the wishes of the powerful men, of the chiefs, and especially of the king. In many cases he is merely a puppet to carry out the behests of these important personages. With the common herd, he has great power; but there is a quiet cynicism about all this, and these humble prototypes of the priests of more advanced communities, are only tolerated so far as they administer to the exigencies and requirements of their actual masters, the king and his indunas, as instruments to carry out their decrees. Should they venture to outstrip the injunctions of their real rulers, and endeavour to become an actual power in the State, and to work in accordance with their own designs, they are very soon reminded by the stern warriors who tolerate their pretensions, that they only do so for their own selfish aims and objects. Thus at heart, it will be seen that the clientèle of these *priests* are thoroughly sceptical, and they inwardly dismiss their spiritual advisers with a sneer.

The Machiavelian rôle of Henry VIII. towards Pope Clement VII., and of Henry II. to Thomas à Becket is practically re-played by these Zulu kings.

Their conjurers are clever—in their way, and of these, the witch-doctors are the chief—but Mathews, the colonial conjurer, “beat them hollow”. He performed before the Kaffirs, and he is considered by them to be a supernatural being.

As to their so-called laws, they are grounded on the grossest superstition. Their “courts of justice” are under the direct dominance of the witch-doctors, but under the indirect control of the chiefs. The witch-doctors are not very clever deceivers; the wonder is they are not discovered by their dupes, but like other priesthoods, a strong belief in themselves sustains them, no less than a certain willingness to be deceived on the part of the people. The witch-doctors resort to charms and to all kinds of absurdity, to retain a hold on the people. But the people trouble themselves very little about them, nevertheless. They have no religion, and like other nations whose creeds do not press heavily upon them—the Japanese—and to an extent, the French—they are a very happy people. But their joy is on a lower plane than that of more advanced nations, if they know less of sorrow. Of course those races which have not advanced high enough in the human scale to have religious or ethical needs, are minus the highest and most acute pleasures of life, metaphysical and moral perceptions and sensibilities. Adoration is the natural attitude of the awakened intellect. The happiness of the Kaffirs, although they have little alloy of pain to mar its joy, is, after all, little more than the exhilaration of pure animal spirits.

The religious conceptions of these Africans go very little beyond a belief in a Supreme Being, and even this faith is of the haziest description. This elementary belief in a god is the first logical inference of the savage brain, when emerging from the mists of utter ignorance. I remember putting a simple question to a Kaffir in Natal. He was a very ambitious, vain fellow—who, being dressed in his Sunday best, scarcely knew how to contain his pride, as he stood in the middle of the road with velveteen coat, white shirt, and tall hat, grinning at everybody, and demand-

ing admiration.—I asked him abruptly, “Who made you?” “He didn’t know,” he said, but at last he replied, “I think my papa made me, but I know I am related to” so and so—a chief.

I shall write very little more concerning the religion or *fetish* of these Kaffirs.

They dread old people—grey hairs; and sick and feeble beings they desert. In the Transvaal War against Secoceni, the Amaswasi, allies of the Boers, buried their wounded alive.

The Kaffirs pay more respect to their dead than is considered necessary by some African races. They bury them in a sitting posture, deep in the ground, not so slightly or carelessly that the beasts of prey can unearthen the dead bodies with no trouble to themselves.

If, however, we leave the sphere of religion for that of morality, it cannot be denied that the Kaffirs are a fairly moral race. When we take into consideration the countless opportunities and temptations to acts of violence and rapacity which are thrown in their way, we may be allowed to consider that they have a right, with Lord Clive, to marvel at their own moderation. In Zululand, before the war at all events, the mass of the people were compelled to observe the strictest morality, both in matters affecting the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and also in other no less important concerns of life. The penalty attending any deviation from certain moral paths, which deviation is considered but a light offence in this country, is extremely severe in Zululand: in fact, capital punishment almost invariably follows upon such delinquency. The question of matrimony is left entirely to the discretion of the chiefs, who have the power of saying yea or nay. They are very exacting in this respect. Kaffir marriage laws are most rigid. To marry the most distant relative is disallowed, and from this fact, combined with the vegetarian diet, which Kaffirs almost exclusively affect, and with the total absence of alcoholic drinks (worthy the name) amongst them, their splendid physique is doubtless in a measure due.

As to physique, that of the men is far superior to that of the women. I understand that Cetewayo had some splendid women in his kraal. But this fact must be noted, that the chiefs and

their children are a superior race, intellectually and physically, to the ordinary Kaffirs. More dignified also, and with some regard for decorum and politeness. Generations of authority, and all the peculiar advantages of their position, have produced this result.

Marriage is a ceremony just as in more civilised communities. All kinds of wonderful rites are gone through, dancing, etc. The Kaffir dance is very pretty, the men sing during the whole performance, and the women respond. They keep wonderfully precise time. Their songs are the iteration of a few lines, similar to that quaint old Bacchanalian refrain—

“Once upon a time there were three Jews (*repeated ad lib.*).
The name of the first was Abraham,
The name of the second was Isaac,
The name of the third was Bendigo.”

The Zulu law of inheritance is like to ours. The eldest son is the successor to his father. When a man dies, all his wives and cattle go to the eldest son, or in the default of male issue, to the next brother, or, in some cases, to the chief. In Zululand and beyond, the land is nominally the chief's, who alone is migratory. The military camps are composed of a series of three concentric rings, struck with as much precision and nicety as if they had been geometrical circles made with the aid of a compass. The hut of the chief, and those reserved for his sons and *indumas* (councillors), are beautifully finished. Closely-knitted basket-work lines the inside and renders the walls impervious to the attack of assegai or serpent.

The huts in Zululand are generally much cleaner and more wholesome than are those of Natal, and in short the Zulus in their own country are a more particular, cleanly, and refined people than they are in Natal. This applies with full force to the language, which is spoken in its purity and full richness in Zululand; it has become corrupted with all kinds of foreign words and inflexions in Natal, and this Kitchen-Kaffir is really nothing better than a patois. The Kaffir language is far from free from the abominable clicks which render the Bushman's tongue very little better than a monkey chatter. The Kaffir vocabulary contains about seven thousand words. I fail to understand on what system the mission-

aries have based the spelling of the language, for which spelling they are responsible. One would have thought that in the absence of any authentic or reliable information regarding the origin of the Kaffir tongue, which could have led to its proper classification, the most rational plan would have been to have adopted the phonetic method of spelling. Instead of this, every possible variation of this system is the rule of the day. Could the Kaffir tongue be traced to any source, or be proved to be nearly allied to any tongue possessing a literature, there would be a scholastic excuse for a system of spelling confused and pedantic. As it is, it seems to me to be pure puerility to spell Ketchwi-o Cetewayo. Tyetga (a ghost) is pronounced *taggeti*, and so on. I can see no excuse for this absurd affectation. A few slight changes in the centre or end of a Kaffir word will alter its meaning. *Amacanda* means fowl's eggs, and *amacandi* is a fowl's head. A lady who asked her Kaffir to bring her the former was somewhat alarmed upon receiving the latter.

The Kaffirs call a gun *umboom*, from the booming noise it makes when discharged.

I will say good-bye to the Kaffirs of Natal in their own expressive word "Foot-sack"—be off, and go on to other races.

CHAPTER LX.

OTHER NATIVE RACES.

“WHAT ARE WE TO DO WITH THEM?”

MURDER OF BUSHMEN BY DUTCHMEN.

“A curious and horrible incident took place a few weeks ago upon what is known as the northern border of the colony, the scene lying at the north of the Calvinia and Carnarvon districts. That part of the country contains a number of Bushmen, who cause great loss and inconvenience to the farmers by their depredations and thefts of cattle. At the time in question, it appears from the published reports of the preliminary examination held before the local magistrate, that three or four Dutch farmers, brothers of the name of Steyn, finding that some of these Bushmen, as they thought, were roaming about their farms, went out early in the morning, before it was quite light, in search of them, and coming upon a man, two women, and a child, killed them all. The man and the two women were shot, and the unfortunate infant of twelve months old had its skull broken in. The farmers above-mentioned have been arrested and committed for trial for the murder of these natives; but such is the sympathy among the other farmers with them, that a strong body, fully armed, assembled for the purpose of liberating them from the local gaol in which they were confined, though wiser counsels induced them to alter their intention, and the authorities have decided to remove the trial of the case down to Cape Town, as it would be impossible to get any jury to convict in the district where the tragedy took place. The trial is fixed for next month, and will excite enormous interest, there being a large section of colonists, especially among the Boers, who would regard the action of these farmers, if they are guilty of the crime brought against them, as very excusable, and even justifiable, inasmuch as they regard the Bushmen as no better than wild beasts, to be destroyed without compunction.”—*The Globe*, 30th Sep., 1883.

THE Basutos are an important Kaffir race whose territory is on the confines of the Orange Free State and the Natal Diamond Fields (Griqualand West). They were on the point of being subjugated by the Free Staters when the English interfered and annexed their country, since which time they have, in recent years,

given the Cape Government an immense amount of trouble. I need not go into the details of the unfortunate transactions which have transpired between the Basutos and Cape colonists, as they are fresh in the memory of every newspaper reader. But the Colony has no greater thorn in its side than that which the difficulties growing out of this Basuto fiasco has constituted. How it will end none can tell, but it has caused the defeat of two ministries, and whether the Basutos will ultimately be forced to lay down their arms, depends very much upon the forbearance of the colonial public, who by this time are becoming heartily tired of the whole business, and of the sacrifices in men and in treasure they have been called upon to make. Whether or not it were wise to molest the Basutos in the possession of their guns and other warlike implements, is a very vexed question, and without attempting to dogmatise on this point, I can at least venture upon the assertion, that had the colonists known the endless sea of trouble on which they were embarking, they would have preferred to have run all risks of future mischief on the part of the Basutos rather than have interfered with their most beloved possessions. Since writing the above, Mr. Merriman has visited England, and so has Mr. Scanlen, and the Imperial Government has offered to take over the management of Basutoland once more. I will not trust myself to enter into this question more fully, it is interminable. For my part I do not look upon the Basutos as a warlike race, and if left to themselves I fancy they would not have been troublesome. The Basuto is a fairly good agriculturist : but he loves his gun best of all. The mischief was in allowing him to have a gun in the first instance. The Basutos and Red Kaffirs were originally under Moosesh. In 1848 they were the most formidable enemies to the British power. Moosesh, by means of a fictitious seer—a native warlock—made many tribes in the old colony, and his own tribe in particular, believe that the time had come when the Supreme Being would expel the intruding White Face. To ensure this favour all the cattle in the provinces were to be slain. A kind of confidence trick. The allied tribes poured down upon the colonists. But they had prepared no line of action or concentration of attack. The natives were “disconcerted and disjoined

from fellowship". Consequently, instead of coming down in a sweeping force, they descended into the plain in dribblets. Nevertheless, they succeeded in defeating Sir George Cathcart, and they put him to flight. Reinforcements having arrived, Moosesh, a cunning old fellow, finding himself with a starving army, and minus cattle, arranged matters with the government, which he so far conciliated as to remain in power until 1857, when he made war on the Free State. He was protected by England, when on the point of annihilation, and the Basutos came under English domination.

The Fingo is very much like the Red Kaffir, and the unexperienced eye cannot distinguish between the two races. They are not good friends, however. At Lovedale College, a Mission Station where men of both races are trained to lead useful lives, bitter conflicts sometimes take place between them; so I learnt from the daughter of one of the principals of this college, who was a fellow-passenger with me in one of my voyages.

The Bushman, although so low in the scale of humanity, has yet some musical and artistic ability. His language is a series of clicks little better than a monkey chatter. Certain German naturalists, after patient investigation through many long years, have been able to discover from forty to fifty distinct sounds in the monkey dialect, by which sounds that animal can express a like number of elementary wants or ideas. The Bushman's language contains some hundred or more words, and he is only able to express very primary requirements and mental attributes, such as fear, hate, hunger, thirst, envy, and so on. He is a vain, miserable being, and the only way to conciliate him if you chance to meet him on a hunting expedition, is to pretend that you saw him from afar off. They are a hideously ugly, and extremely small race; sometimes they are but 3ft. high, although others are taller, 4ft. 3in. being the maximum standard. But they are very sensitive on this point of stature, and a Bushman likes you to tell him that he darkened the sun in coming towards you, and that you could see him from afar off on the hill tops, and in the valleys. They have heads resembling Ripstone pippins, or pepper-corns. They are ubiquitous and live in caves. The Dutch call them *Bojesmen*, and

hunt them as they would bucks and monkeys. Their only weapons are horrible poisoned arrows which they are very expert in using. There is something essentially animal about the Bushman's every movement, and he must have taken a very good lesson from the monkey. This ugly yellow-brown creature is a remarkable mimic, and he decorates himself in an eccentric manner. He is fond of dancing and of painting, and he covers the sides of the caves which he inhabits with rough diagrams of giraffes, lions, and other animals. He has no marriage nor equivalent for the same, no ideas of futurity, no knowledge of time, nor of his own age. His olfactory nerves revel in evil odours, and as to his diet, he prefers a very gamey food, and in short his tastes in this respect are similar to those of the vulture. He is a clever ostrich hunter, and cattle lifter, and like the apothecary of Mantua, he is well up in the use of poison, and extracts "such soon-speeding gear" from the noxious plants, of which Africa can boast a rich profusion. If vengeance be a virtue, the Bushman is on this count a highly commendable moralist.—Of the Bechuanas I shall speak directly.

Damaras, Namaquas, and Griquas are mixed races, little better than Hottentots. From all these tribes there are regular gradations to the people of Central Africa. It would be outside the scope of this work to attempt to describe all the races of Kaffir origin to be found in the South African colonies, or in the territories adjacent thereunto. My readers would not thank me were I to attempt this leviathan task, and really there is something thoroughly unlearnable in their very names, and so let me say adieu to the subject.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

CETEWAYO AND ZULULAND.—THE TRANSVAAL RETROCESSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—THE BOER MISSION AND BECHUANALAND.—COLONIAL PERPLEXITIES.—RAYS OF HOPE.—CONCLUSION.

“DE OMNI RE IN CONTRARIAS PARTES.”

“Let justice be done though the heavens should fall.”

THIS Work, as it originally stood, possessed two additional chapters. The one on the Transvaal Retrocession and its Effects, the other on Zululand and Cetewayo. They have gone into the waste-paper basket. Not merely because much of their contents might be considered to be “ancient history,” or appear to be *exhibitions of wisdom after the event*; but because—and this is especially true of the last chapter—everything, or nearly everything, I prophesied as likely to take place, has taken place, and because I have become weary of the subject, by reason of the many writings on these matters which I have given to the world anonymously. I have not laid claim, in a spirit of vainglory, to any extraordinary prescience, or power of seeing into futurity, in implying that I foresaw the course events would take. I only saw what the entire body of South African colonists foresaw, and impressed upon the government to take into their consideration, in vain. The restoration of Cetewayo, no less than the Transvaal Retrocession, was a fatal mistake. As I have said, I have already expended much breath and ink in the endeavour to demonstrate this fact. I had thought that I had washed my hands of the whole matter,

but other counsels have prevailed, and I shall now rewrite much that I had destroyed.

As far as Cetewayo be concerned, let me endeavour briefly, and if possible succinctly, to summarise the whole case. Cetewayo's very existence depended upon the maintenance of his reputation as a great warrior. He would have preferred to have washed his spears in the blood of the Boers; we restrained him, and he saw that if he attacked the Boers, he would really be attacking us, and he made up his mind to assail us directly instead of indirectly. Hence Sir Bartle Frere's action was justifiable and expedient. The outcry against the war had its origin in Colonel Durnford's blunder at Isandhlwana. However, Cetewayo was ultimately defeated. Then followed Sir Garnet Wolseley's patched-up *settlement*. This was the grand mistake. In the interests of humanity and civilisation, and of the colonists of South Africa in the aggregate, and of Natal in particular; in the cause of common sense and of justice: for the sake of the Empire and the world at large, Zululand should have been annexed. However, the Wolseley compact broke down, and we made confusion twice confounded by sending back Cetewayo. By what process of reasoning it could have been supposed that he could be changed by his temporary sojourn in Europe, I fail to comprehend. There is no necessity to amplify this matter, it is a subject of which I am heartily tired and disgusted. Events have vindicated the position *all those who knew* took up. Cetewayo returned homewards, like Iagoo in Longfellow's *Hiawatha*—

“The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many, and many wonders.”

But with all his boasting, all the *éclat* of his visit to England and to the Queen, all his prowess, the Zulus would have none of him. He was a cruel, heartless, selfish despot, and it is not surprising that he fell an easy conquest to the first determined stand made against him. Whatever might have been the result of his return, it must have been harmful to us. Had he been welcomed back and accepted, his old *indunas* and witch-doctors would have persuaded him that he was infallible, that even the English could

not kill him or detain him, and he would have been forced once more into deeds of bloodshed, within and without his boundaries; even if we allow that his protestations of reform were neither insincere, nor from the necessity of the case, of an ephemeral nature. However firmly Cetewayo might have been convinced of our power, he had experienced too much of our erratic manner of exerting it, to hold it in very great respect or fear; and, moreover, how was he to impress his own ideas of our greatness—hazy at the best—upon his councillors and people.

No! no! whatever way Cetewayo's return is viewed, it remains a crass and childlike blunder from which nothing but disaster could be expected. Our die was cast years before Lord Chelmsford's army crossed the Tugela; our destiny has dogged our footsteps since we first annexed Natal. We have turned down every darksome alley, or obscure path to escape it, only to find ourselves landed in a *cul de sac* or a slough of despond. How much better to have done at first that which we shall have to do at last, after infinite loss and suffering has been entailed upon us. It is not merely a question of absorbing Zululand, it is a larger question than that. Centrewards, northwards we must go, and we are going there whether we like it or not. What do all the railways South Africa is building from the coast-belt mean, if they do not mean this? what does the existence of gold and water and rich uplands in these central Goshens mean, if they do not mean this? what does history teach if it does not teach this? and where is the old elasticity and enterprise of the English race if it does not intend this?

We have alternated our policy in South Africa between fighting the inhabitants of that land, black and white, and in endeavouring to shirk our responsibilities and duties altogether. Mr. M'Kenzie (Dr. Moffat's worthy successor in Kuruman) says so, and he speaks the truth. The inestimable and earnest gentleman adds, that neither of these things is wanted. Administration is wanted, he says. Just so.

Before I go any further in this matter of condemnation of the policy of our government, I wish to make a personal explanation. I desire to state that I am not animated by a spirit of party

opposition to Mr. Gladstone or to his government, in anything which I may say or write. Mr. Gladstone commands my earnest admiration. His strong love for the people, for freedom, and for justice is undeniable. Whatever may be his mistakes and shortcomings, I honour him for the former traits of character. Moreover, I am personally bound to him because he loves the things that I love, he worships at the shrine of Homer and of Tennyson, his soul is keenly alive to the beauties and wonders of these masters, and this awakens a responsive chord in my heart. His sympathies are so wide, he can see good in everything, his mind is so lucid, he perceives every question of public policy from all its countless aspects. How difficult then must be his task to be firm in one line of action. My contention with regard to Mr. Gladstone is, that he possesses the attributes of a poet, rather than those of a statesman. He is a poet marred, a statesman never. Poets are men of irritable and passionate temper. A true poet is a genius, a creator, a deity. The line between genius and insanity is very shadowy. Genius is an excess of sanity, and to become too sane for this world is insanity. This is all very well as applied to poetry, which is after all mere theory, one can accept it or reject it at pleasure. But if a statesman act as a poet, and treat all the world as *he would have it*, not as it is, then we may expect lamentable results to follow. Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian campaign was an effort of passionate genius misdirected. His vigorous onslaught on his opponents would not have been possible, without a like vigorous confidence in himself. Mr. Gladstone's superlative belief in himself sustains him, it makes him infallible in his own eyes and in those of his followers. How great a power for evil then must this be, when his heroic soul has led him to believe in a policy totally unsuited to a common-place world like ours. The disillusioning process dawns upon him at last, his castles in Spain dissolve into ether, and he has nothing but chaos for his bedfellow. In a statesman we require a man of strong unbending will, gifted with superlative common-sense and adamantine firmness. A man who has built himself up by contact with the world, and the men in it, whose mind is matured and settled on definite objects, who never swerves from this pur-

pose, and is not over-troubled with imaginative and sympathetic attributes.

Having said so much, I will go further. During the process of my endeavour to make out a clear indictment against the government, I shall doubtless express the opinion that the ministry is knocking nails into its own coffin. I wish to explain that I am not among those who feel very jubilant concerning this result. I certainly disagree with the government upon its foreign, colonial and Irish policy, and upon much of its home policy also, especially with that which seems to me an absurd and dangerous project—giving votes to men incapable of thinking—and who, having nothing to lose, have nothing to impose upon them the obligation of some sort of thoughtfulness. Nevertheless, the Liberal party is pledged to so many measures which will raze to the ground the temples of prejudice and anachronism, that I cannot but view with sorrow the temporary interference with their work. Moreover, I regret to think that “the outs” have no sufficiently capable leader, and until such appear, a change of power cannot but be a matter for anxiety. I am nevertheless strongly of the opinion, that the vital interests of this country will receive the more ugly wounds by the disruption of the empire, than from any other cause whatsoever, and my allegiance, whatever it may be worth, could be given to no party to which the grand necessity of conserving, consolidating, and extending the empire were not the first and foremost tenet of its faith. I crave pardon for this long personal explanation, and I believe that pardon will be readily accorded.

I now desire to say a few words upon the Transvaal retrocession, and its baneful effects upon the progress of civilisation in South Africa. The Transvaal was founded by the Boers, practically to get out of the way of any form of government. I do not deny, as I have already maintained, that we gave the Boers a great incentive to leave our dominion in the first instance, but after all, in what we did, we were but upholding the supremacy of law over disorder. The Dutch have never shown a desire to progress from within. They will not progress unless they are pushed from without. Even in their own republics they make no effort

to advance. The Bible is their only literature. They desire nothing beyond perfect immunity to live on their own farms; free to smoke Boer tobacco, and drink Boer brandy; to rear large families; to hunt and to farm; to treat their so-called apprentices as slaves, which they really are; to pay taxes when they feel inclined; and to obey laws, or serve in war when they are so disposed; then and only then. The Boers had no part in discovering or in working the auriferous or diamondiferous wealth of the country—in fact, the typical Boer is opposed to progress of any kind. This applies to the Boers living up country, and in the republics, and only in a modified form to the Dutch of the towns or their vicinity. As I have already said, these latter, and even a respectable minority of those belonging to the other class, were fully alive to the benefits to be derived from English association, and were by no means opposed to the spread of English influence; not from any love of us, but from a lively sense of the benefits which would indirectly accrue to them thereby. They looked to the English for the energy and “go” which would build towns on their estates, and create industries in or near those estates, and thus improve their value; for it must not be forgotten that the Dutch, being the first comers, own much of the land. Now in the Transvaal, as elsewhere, there were many men who had a more or less vivid appreciation of these facts, and who were by no means indisposed to profit by the commercial energy of others, though they were constitutionally incapacitated to exert that energy themselves. It only wanted a series of disasters within their own boundaries to stimulate that feeling, and make it for the time a ruling one. The disasters to which I allude, were the defeat of President Burgers by Secoceni and his mountain hordes. Secoceni proved so formidable an enemy, and so difficult to conquer, that the Dutch farmers at last refused to serve against him, and the spirit of insubordination was so strong, that the President beseeched the Boers to rally to the fight, and to reduce the Kaffir chief’s stronghold, in vain. At last, bankrupt, beaten, and disorganised, we were invited to step in. The up-shot of it was, that our high commissioner, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, was forced to annex the country, for he found the people entirely pulseless and disinclined to assist him in any way

in the reorganisation of their own government. The annexation was by no means forcibly accomplished by Sir Theophilus, but with the silent, and in some instances loudly proclaimed approval of the people. Shepstone had a small escort with him, and perhaps, some twenty policemen. There was no force exerted. It was solely an act of pure humanity. The Transvaalers were in the direst extremity: they asked for help, and we gave it them with no unstinted hand. I may as well mention here, that we had a perfect right to step in, had the people at that time been ever so hostile to our so doing. By the original convention which we made with the Boers, we agreed to recognise their independence, provisionally only. The provisions were, that slavery should be abolished, and that law and order should be upheld. These provisions had not been observed. Slavery was openly practised, and the natives were cruelly oppressed, and as for law and order, they were more than ever conspicuous by their absence. The safety, nay, the very existence of the neighbouring British colonies was in jeopardy. Now what did we do for the Dutch? We sent them our greatest general, and at a considerable expenditure of life and money, we subdued Secoceni. We gave them a settled government, and a revived and enormously increased trade. The Zulu war, and the grand sacrifices attending it, was really carried out in the interests of the Boers, for Cetewayo was smarting under their aggressive insolence and unfair proceedings towards him, and had we allowed him to wet his spears in the blood of his hereditary enemies, he would not have offered us provocation, with the view of inciting us to attack him. But after we had got them out of all their troubles, they discovered themselves in the position of the little boy who wanted to eat his pudding and keep it also. They found English influence rapidly asserting itself, and that their old world ideas were becoming impossible. They are but half-educated and impulsive men, and they readily yielded to the influence of demagogues, who incited them to rebellion for their own selfish purposes. They had taken note of the conduct of the government in Afghanistan and elsewhere, and considered with perfect good sense, that they would never have a better opportunity for striking a blow for their independence. Although

I have given excuses and reasons for the Dutch feeling against the British in my earlier chapters, I by no means think that these justified them in the course which they pursued towards us in this affair. Never has a nation displayed the qualities of ingratitude and double-dealing more conspicuously. But I am not much concerned with blaming the Boers. They simply acted in a manner invited by our own conduct. They saw that we could be bamboozled, that we rather liked it than otherwise, and they only acted in the aggregate, as nine out of ten individuals act towards such of their fellows as are disposed to be so treated. They succeeded, and as nothing succeeds like success in this world, where might is undoubtedly a more powerful factor than right, they have simply forced us by might to yield to them our right. It is mere child's play to waste words in dwelling upon their treachery. Treachery it was, despite Dr. Clarke, or anybody else.

It is worth while to remark here, that it is not very safe to count upon the integrity of foreign governments in any of our dealings with them. The late government knew this, and in consequence so ordered our affairs, that we were respected throughout Europe, and we were in a position to dictate terms in any matter affecting our interests. The present Premier insists upon indulging the belief that moral rectitude on the part of a nation will have its own reward. He talks incessantly about moral bulwarks and moral barriers. If he were in the midst of a band of savages or robbers would he find his *moral rectitude* a guarantee that he should not be robbed or murdered. If he were to go innocently to a financier or broker, and place his wealth blindly at his disposal, would he be surprised to find that his moral rectitude had not stood in the way of that financier or broker "feathering his own nest"? To the winds with this rose-coloured statesmanship, the world is not an Utopia, nor have we yet reached the days of the millenium, far from it. The nation, no less than the individual, who acts in the milk-and-water manner in which we have recently indulged, must inevitably go to the wall.

Mr. Gladstone when in opposition cast about for planks, from which to form a platform strong enough to bear the full weight

of his denunciation of the previous administration. He worked upon the political radicals, who entertain a lively sympathy for rebellion and treason, in all its shapes and forms, and who nurture a keen appreciation for insubordination and contempt of constituted authority of whatever kind. He made use of the restless and defiant attitude which, he was informed, the Transvaal farmers were assuming in a more pronounced manner from day to day, incited as they were from within and without; and he represented that attitude as being the outgrowth of Tory oppression, villainy and ambition. He thus raised the hopes of Joubert and his party, and stimulated them to persist in their secret organisation for open rebellion, when a fitting moment should arrive. Mr. Gladstone reiterated from every spot where he could find rest for the sole of his foot, his disgraceful and calumniating statements regarding the Transvaal. These statements, or rather misstatements, were only a few of the cards which he artfully slipped up his sleeve, only a small portion of the base coin he passed to cheat willing dupes or assist equally unscrupulous accomplices. No sooner did he come into power—not being aware of the rampant and expectant hopes with which his words had inspired the Boers, and still less of their determination not to be disappointed of their realisation without making a fierce struggle for it—than he repudiated all he had said, by having recourse to one of these artful twistings of words, in which he is so proficient. He explained that to stigmatise a policy as bad, was a very different thing from committing yourself to its reversion. However, his lieutenants had been before him, and had indirectly committed him to a policy of reversal. And then commenced that disgraceful pantomime of bounce and cowardice, which ended in a still more disgraceful peace. I am not concerned now, nor am I anxious to criticise the varied mistakes of that campaign. The precipitate haste with which we withdrew the troops that had been engaged in the Zulu war from the African continent, was the primary error, but where our government committed a comedy of errors, it is scarcely necessary to specially enumerate them. Sir George Colley's disaster must be laid entirely at the door of the government, for his rash movement was simply animated by a

desire to achieve a victory in order to give the home authorities a little pluck to prosecute the campaign, and thus save them from themselves; as he could plainly see that a disgraceful surrender was being prepared at Downing Street. Sir Frederick Roberts' expedition was another intolerable disgrace, and a most undeserved insult was offered to a worthy man, who had served his country well. But our surrender of the Transvaal ought to have been an impossibility, despite the balderdash and nonsense which would have been disgraceful in the mouth even of an officer of the Salvation Army, and of which use was made by the government to cover our retreat. Had not our governors-general and administrations repeatedly said, that as long as the earth endured, the British flag would float over the Transvaal? had not numbers of Englishmen and Cape colonists invested all their wealth in the country, on the strength of these representations? and have not their losses and the losses of the loyalists who fought for us been all but totally disregarded? But stay—I need not enumerate the arguments against the retrocession, they are unanswerable, and have been so ably put forth by Lord Cairns and others, and received no reply from the government, that it must be considered that they have lost the case by default. If there had been any justice in the cause of the Transvaal Boers, why not have admitted it before we had suffered three defeats? Did not our policy offer a premium to rebellion, and how can we with our wide empire, containing so many alien races, hope to maintain it, if conduct such as that of the Boers receive reward rather than punishment. What an example to Ireland? and why in pure logic do we not treat her in the same manner? This part of my argument is so readily dealt with and so self-apparent, that I feel almost ashamed to have such an easy case to make out, and, therefore, I will leave these broad issues for the consideration of the wider and less apparent mischief which the government has worked in giving in to the game of bounce, so successfully played by this spoiled child.

In the first place, I will allude to the moral effect which the withdrawal has had in South Africa itself. England is now regarded as the defeated power all over the Continent, and the position of the English and Dutch is reversed. All those sneers

and personalities with which ill-bred Englishmen were wont to taunt Dutchmen are now our portion, and will be our heritage. Very right and proper in the eyes of those persons who love to see their country humbled, and who will say, as a matter of absolute fairness, it should be our turn now. If such a spirit had animated our ancestors, England would be a beggared nation. Whenever such a spirit animates an individual, he becomes a beggared individual. Formerly, the Dutch believed in the invincibility of England, and in her determination to maintain her hold upon her possessions. This feeling has been rudely shaken, and to our incalculable injury we are no longer considered impervious by the Dutch, or by the natives. The natives again cherish hopes of turning us out of the country, and the Dutch, who, as I have before remarked, were losing all idea or desire of remaining a separate nation, have now revived all their nearly-forgotten hopes of becoming the dominant race in Africa, and shaking off the English yoke. As an earnest of this, they are endeavouring to make their disgusting patois the official language of the Cape Colony, and they are asserting themselves in various ways. A member of the Legislative Council of Natal wrote to the *Globe* some time since, in the following words: "The belief is growing," he said, "that to wage war against colonial governments will secure sympathy and reward in England, whilst colonists, who have shed their blood, and spent their treasure in support of their Queen's authority, will be, as they have been, both vilified and deserted, in order that the blunders of the Ministry may be screened in the torrent of abuse flung upon them. All this cannot fail to bring about other risings, as well as weaken the support of those who have so far been loyal, and induce but too many of them to join England's enemies, whose avowed object is to secure the independence of South Africa, or place it under the protection of some other power." Could there be a stronger proof of the necessity of colonial representation here, than the fact, that these weighty words from a prominent colonist can only find a hearing in the columns of a newspaper. But this is a side issue.

The miserable plea of our Premier, that he desisted from

prosecuting the war in order to escape the sin of *blood-guiltiness*, is utterly untenable. Was it by such squeamish absurdities that our Empire was founded in the past? Had we held such doctrines years ago we should not have possessed a square inch of land abroad: in fact, we should have long since ceased to be a nation at all. If such silly, weak chatter as this had been used and acted upon by past ministers of the crown, our Empire would have never had its existence. It is rather to the firm determination of purpose, patriotism, and the love of glory, of our ancestors, that we have to look for an explanation, when we find ourselves the centre of the mightiest Empire the world has ever seen, or what might be the mightiest Empire, if it were properly governed and properly consolidated. And let me again ask what England would have been without her Empire? The greatness of England, and her prosperity and wealth, have been created and reared by her trade. Without commerce England would be nowhere. How has this commerce become our heritage? It is solely the fruits of the adventurous spirit of our ancestors, of our sailors who scoured the seas in search of unknown lands, and of our soldiers and explorers, who conquered and subjugated our foes, and made life possible for Englishmen among savages. All this could not have been done without a certain amount of so-called blood-guiltiness, but without it, England would be a poor, half-starved nation. The enormous fortunes of modern times, the creation of a strong and firm middle-class, and of a prosperous and fairly contented artisan class, would have been impossible but for the wealth our colonies have brought us, and who can deny that they were bought at the price of blood-guiltiness, as our Premier calls it. I fear he has invented this phrase, although he does not know it, to please and flatter the Nonconformist party, to whom, he openly avows, he owes his return to power, but for whose habits of thought his soul can have no real sympathy. A statesman who could sacrifice our interests as he has done, is worthy of impeachment. His counsels have been alternately swayed by an irrational quaker, and a parochial scrowtoerat, and he has admitted into his confidence a radical journalist, who cannot be said to have done well for his country by instigating the Boers to rebel.

The cabinet is a living personification of the abstract ideas of cant, vacillation, and cowardice, and it will live in the memory of our descendants as a cabinet which nearly—let us hope we shall not have to add quite—brought their country to ruin.

The Midlothian campaign was an exhibition of venomous spleen, deliberate falsification of facts and arrogant self-sufficiency, to which there is no parallel. A cheap Jack, a whining religionist, and an impudent mountebank, could not have found his way into the hearts of the people by more threadbare, though ever successful devices, of flattery and wholesale promises. Really Mr. Gladstone's character was never more ably portrayed, than by the great statesman, who has sped his flight, when he stigmatised him as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination, that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself".

One of the first fruits of this Midlothian campaign was the Transvaal rebellion. The whole world, during that campaign, was told that the annexation of the Transvaal was but a part and parcel of the imperialistic policy of the late government. The Afghan war, and the splendid part played by this country in the late Eastern difficulties have come under the same category. Well, by their own actions and their own inconsistencies, will I judge the revilers. Lord Kimberley, not long ago, coolly granted to a private company—the British North Borneo Co., forsooth—well-nigh sovereign rights in the northern portion of that island, from which the Company takes its name. The following reservations were made, namely:—The Admiralty must sanction the emblem that the Company adopts as its flag, and British ships of war must be admitted into its harbours. It can make no cession of territory without the consent of the Crown—and to the Crown it must refer all international disputes. To the appointment of the Company's principal representative, the approval of the Crown is necessary, and the conduct of its foreign affairs is to be under the control of the Crown. The Company has, with these exceptions, sovereign power to tax, make laws, and wage wars,—in fact, its authority exceeds that enjoyed by the East India

Co., and we, as a nation, are practically bound to uphold it, upon necessity: in short, we have really annexed Northern Borneo. I do not complain of the grant, nor of the reservations. The grant is wise, as it will be likely to create a new trade, and give lucrative employment to numbers of Englishmen directly and indirectly, the reservations are also statesman-like, as they give a guarantee against foreign interference, though of course a government like to the present government would shuffle out of that guarantee on the first sign of danger. However, had the late government taken such a step, it would have been held up to reprobation by its present authors, and the grant would be quoted as an example of imperialistic greed of territory, while those who were responsible for it would be anathematised as men whom ambition and desire to add to the prestige and glory of their country had led into adding to the responsibilities thereof. I believe we are well able to bear these responsibilities; but still this would have been the attitude of the "Liberals" towards the measure, had they not been its originators.

But putting on one side all other considerations, I base my main argument in favour of the retention of the Transvaal on those superlative motives of State policy which should have taken precedence over all other considerations. It is to Central Africa that we ought to look, and to which we must look, for a future development of our trade, as a market for the goods of Manchester and Birmingham, and as a home for millions of our people. The difficulties which we shall have to overcome before we can make a second America of this magnificent territory, were by no means despicable at any time; but they are enormously increased, now that we have a nation—I suppose I must call it a nation—of hostile protectionists and exclusionists between us and the productive uplands of Central Africa. It will be unnecessary for me to bring facts to bear upon this portion of my argument, further than to state that anything that I might say about the grand possible future for Central Africa has long ago been so fully attested to by Stanley and Livingstone, that there is no need for me to say more than I have already said in previous chapters. If there were no grand future for Central Africa, why should nations so remotely

interested therein as Austria and Belgium, go to the expense of fitting out expeditions to report upon the characteristics of the continent, and to found settlements there? As for England, it is most nearly and dearly interested in the opening up of this comparatively unknown land. Moreover, so very many of her sons have perished in the attempt, that, and from this cause alone, it is our rightful heritage.

But instead of claiming our right, we relinquish the title-deeds thereto. We allow Marshal MacMahon to rob us of Delagoa Bay, and to hand it over to Portugal, so that our entrance from the sea is cut off, and we tolerated the erection of barrier after barrier against our entrance from the mainland. The Transvaal surrender has meant the reinstatement of a barrier which England's well-wishers had fondly hoped was destroyed. The whole business was a disastrous bungle, and never has a government presented a more pitiable front to the world. Vacillation and divided councils attend all its public actions. The Transvaal affair is only on a par with everything else. If we be men, we will no longer consent to be governed by a cabinet of crotchet-mongers—a government, which to use Lord Carnarvon's words, is at once rash and feeble, irresolute and revolutionary. It may be objected that I have descended to some good round abuse. I have rather ascended to it, for I suppose it is an ascent to copy a Prime Minister. I have paid him back in his own coin. He set the pernicious example, it was he who talked of criminals in high places, who misinterpreted and maligned every action of his opponents, and pretended to see evil in their every honest effort for the public good. It was he who posed as injured innocence, and worked upon the enormous substratum of cant and narrow "religious" hollowness which has its hot-bed in this country. He has been all, and more than all, the bad things he said of his opponents. No true man should spare this evil genius who has mesmerised the unthinking masses, who are now, let us hope, beginning to discover the fraud.

Such then has been the Transvaal retrocession. Its after effects have been worse than the greatest enemies of the movement could have feared. It has extinguished, for many a long

day, all hope of union and consolidation among the South African States. It has given the Boers a supremacy all through South Africa, and has, I sometimes fear, laid the foundation-stone of the United States of South Africa. I have been told that had we prosecuted the war, the Dutch in the old colony would have risen. I do not believe it, and if they had, it would have been easy to have subjugated them, to have imposed our own conditions upon them, and to have taught them, once and for all, that non-progressive opacity would have to lower its flag to the banner of advance and progress. The reinstated Boer government has proved itself a disgrace and reproach from the very first. It commenced by acquitting men who had without doubt murdered British officers in cold blood. It has sentenced to death two natives, Njabel and Mampoer, solely because they fought for that independence we had secured to them. No one could read unmoved the passionate appeals to the Dutch judges of these unfortunate chiefs. They protested vehemently that they were not, and never had been, subjects to the Transvaal state, and they asked why they must be killed for defending their own. Their sacrifice will be nothing more than judicial murder. A writer from Cape Town to the *Globe* gives the following account of this affair:—"It appears that the termination of the Transvaal war against the tribe of Mapoch was the result of discord within the enemy's camp, the followers of Mampoer and of Njabel (the head of Mapoch's tribe) having come to blows. But the Boers have reaped the benefit, and are very jubilant. The unfortunate natives are to be made to serve their white conquerors for five years, and there is a very graphic description in one of the Pretoria journals of how the wretched blacks were ranged up and down the market-place of Leydenburg, examined critically by their future masters, and finally 'allotted,' the only restriction being that a whole family must be taken by the same person."

This, after all, is only part and parcel of the general treatment accorded the natives by the Boers. It must not be forgotten that the war against Secoceni was provoked by the Boers, who stoned one of that chief's women to death, and it is even asserted that they previously flayed her alive. During that war the

Amaswazi, hereditary enemies of Secoceni's tribe, were employed by the Boers, who, in several engagements, emulated the example of Edward III. at the battle of Crecy, and remained on a hill, safe and sound, while their allies fought for them. The Amaswazi said they would rather fight under twenty Englishmen than a whole army of Boers. Moreover, have they not, with the aid of dynamite, blown up women and children in caves? have they not continued to tie natives to carts, and to beat them with sjambochs for trifling offences? Have they not placed every obstacle in the way of British trade, and missionary effort? have they not prevented the development of the gold fields? Have they not put many insults upon the Queen's Representative, the British Resident? was not the treatment accorded to Dr. Jorissen a disgraceful piece of jobbery? and, moreover, have they not stimulated the freebooters of Goshen and Stellaland to oppress and murder the natives who were loyal to us during the Transvaal war, and who helped us manfully, in our hour of need? and have they not destroyed the happiness and prosperity of harmless natives, whom we, at infinite cost, had rescued from barbarism? It is impossible to deny that the Transvaal government identified itself with the robbers and despoilers of Bechuanaland. Ask Capt. Parker-Gilmore, an unimpeachable witness, about this, ask Capt. Harrild, another faithful testifier. I might extend this list of abuses and disgraces indefinitely, but I have already said enough to show what we are doing in making further concessions to the Boers. I am writing this fresh from the Mansion House meeting, and from listening to and applauding the unanswerable arguments against giving in to these demands, urged by Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Fowell Buxton, Sir Henry Barkley, the Honble. Richard Southey, Sir Wm. McArthur, the Lord-Mayor, Mr. Forster, Capt. Parker-Gilmore, and above all, by the Rev. J. M'Kenzie. Would to God all missionaries were practical men like unto Mr. M'Kenzie and the late Dr. Moffat. Were this so, we should have more cause to revere the missionary. Never before has so powerful a protest been made against any policy, as was made at that meeting against any further concessions to the Boers. These speeches are, I hope and believe, too fresh in the

memory of my readers to need any repetition from me. But I must supplement what was then said, by examining into the meaning of these Boer demands, and of the apology and defence contained in the Boer manifesto to the members of the Aborigines' Protection Society, and the Anti-Slavery Society. The first demand is to be excused the debt. That is a matter about which I refuse to haggle, as Mr. Forster would say. The Boers never intended to pay it, and they have said so all along. But to allow them to repudiate the Queen's suzerainty means plainly this, and nothing more, to hand over the natives we have sworn to protect, body and soul, to the tender mercies of the Boers. To allow the re-establishment of the title, South African Republic, is to offer a bait to disaffected South Africa to join the Boer government. But the last demand, a right to annex all territory not at present under British dominion or control, is perfectly preposterous, and it means even greater mischief than any of the speakers at the recent meeting pointed out. Now let me take the manifesto itself. I will say at once that no one could read that manifesto and remain unaffected. It does great credit to the astuteness of those advisers who assisted President Krüger and his colleagues in drawing it up. No doubt Natal would do well to copy the Transvaal, not only in its laws regarding polygamy, but also in its system of forced apprenticeship. No doubt many sins have been brought against the Boers of which they are entirely guiltless. But the real issues mooted lie deeper than any of these outside considerations. We must first of all disabuse our minds of the belief that the Boers, in their recent rebellion, were animated by a spirit of patriotism. The Boers were fighting for individual liberty, for the right of every man to do as seemed best in his own eyes. They co-operated in order to gain this end. And they have gained it. Hence those undoubted cruelties have taken place, which we are asked to condone, because, forsooth, we are told that they were in opposition to the wishes of the Transvaal government. This question of cruelty, or otherwise, to the natives is insisted upon by the Boers, because they know it is the very point upon which our national conscience is so very tender. If they can throw dust

in our eyes in this matter, they very justly consider the day will be won. And what does their winning the day mean to us? It means the erection of a barrier against our advance to the rich uplands of Africa, which are our rightful inheritance. It means the sowing of the seeds of a South African Republic, which will ultimately attract all our colonies to itself, for such, as Sir Bartle Frere says, is the disgust of the whole body of Afrianders to us that their loyalty is undermined. A further concession would breed such loathing as to alienate every earnest Afriander altogether. The Sand River Convention was a grand mistake. By the invitation of the Boers themselves, we were enabled to repair that mistake, only to re-affirm it by our craven retirement from the Transvaal in 1881, and now we are asked to stultify ourselves still further, and to rob the Cape Colonists of their just inheritance—the back country of Africa. Common-sense and our duty to our Empire and to humanity cry aloud against these concessions being made. The Boers have been the first to uphold the theory, that inferior races must give place to the requirements of a progressive people. Let them abide by their own doctrines. The Transvaal Boers have thrown themselves prone athwart the current of the stream of progress in South Africa. Is it for them to ban and bar our advance, and to prevent our expansion?

The whole of the Boer manifesto might be readily demolished, for it is a tissue of misrepresentations from beginning to end. We must not allow the cloven foot underlying it to escape our notice. It means a demand on the part of the Boers to be acknowledged the paramount power in South Africa. The Boers desire to annex all territory to their north, east, and west. The south would inevitably follow. So that instead of the Cape Colony being the central power in South Africa, the South African Republic would usurp its place. The Transvaalers hope to turn the deep disgust and dissatisfaction, nay, disaffection, of the English in South Africa into open renunciation of the English yoke; that is the game Messrs. Krüger and Co. are playing. Let me counsel my readers not to imagine that I am taking an extreme view of the situation. The temptation to belong to another nation is becoming a very strong temptation to all South Africans—English, Colonial, Dutch, Boer, Afriander, or

native. Mr. Rider-Haggard thinks so, and few more clear-sighted men exist; so thinks the writer to the *Cape Argus*, whose able letters signed "A South African Liberal," have created so deep an impression in the Cape Colony. The *Times* hopes so, and the colonial press fears so. President Krüger, at a banquet at Kimberley, boldly advocated this policy. The *Africander Bond*, which I fear will be largely represented in the new Cape Parliament, means nothing more nor less.

President Krüger and his colleagues' speeches all breathe one sentiment—advocacy of a united South African Republic. Not a word is heard about England's place in South Africa, nor the suzerainty of the Queen. The cry at the Paarl, and at Cape Town, no less than at Kimberley, was pitched in one key—a very seditious key, I take it—Africa for the Afrianders. These Boers have been allowed to preach disloyalty and sedition to English subjects throughout British South Africa. Our policy has inspired such burning disgust in the colonies, who are beginning to despair of substantial help or support from England, that I fear a spirit of semi-acquiescence with the Boer propaganda is stealing over the minds of all classes of colonial society. I have been a close student of the Cape and Natal journals for many years, and I note with sorrow and grave apprehension of coming evil, the gradual change which has taken place in their tone and opinions. At one time they were almost unanimous in the loyalty of expression which pervaded their general tendencies. Now they seem to be wavering, some are even openly joining issue with the ultra-Boers, and this is more especially true of Natal. And yet we are told that we ought to forgive the Boers once again. May we be forgiven if we do so. Nations must be guided by the same rules as those which should be operative in the case of individuals in this matter of the propriety or otherwise of condoning offences. There can be no doubt that the true man—who endeavours to follow the moral code set up by that Great One of Nazareth, which code was inculcated by so many pure and holy men, who worked in the cause of righteousness before Him, and has been insisted upon by all good and noble teachers who have succeeded Him—should forgive offences when his reason will allow him to

do so. Sudden passion, strong temptation leading to lapses foreign to the nature of the offender, these among other factors should be allowed to constitute grounds for forgiveness. But there are occasions when to forgive an enemy is not only weak, it is worse, it is immoral. In these cases we may forgive, or endeavour to forgive in our hearts, but we must never allow that forgiveness to lead to reconciliation. And what are these occasions? Briefly, when we have discovered the offender to be vile in heart, in nature, and in purpose; when we have proved that he is incapable of a generous action, when we are assured that the god he has set up in his heart is self, and self alone, such a creature is to be shunned, to be spurned. To forgive such a man, to be reconciled to him, is immoral, it is base, for by so doing, you endow him with the power to put more poison into your cup, to suggest more evil to your mind, to contaminate and lower you by contact with him, to debase your aims, to fasten the brake on your aspirations by his downhill companionship—in short, you give him the opportunity to lacerate and to hurt you, and in so doing, to dwarf and to destroy your power to do good in the world. No, no! It is immoral thus to condone wickedness and baseness. Hold not commune with them, when you are ultimately assured of their existence: for such commune will end in killing the good in you, and thereby the rein to evil will be given. The man of refinement, of culture, and of feeling, is handicapped seriously in his dealings with a man of coarse and brutal instincts. The former lacks the force of the latter. The gentleman, which is only another word for the Christian (I use the word, it is broader and original, not in its debased modern sense), concedes to his grosser companion. He is for ever sparing his feelings, and hoping that he is fairer than he seems. Of these traits, his *friend* is only too ready to take advantage, until he has either enslaved their possessor, or goaded him to renounce him and all his works, once and for ever. By giving in to the Boers, we shall be doing as a nation what I would reprobate in an individual. We shall accord them the power to nullify and destroy our influence for good in South Africa, to stone us to death in fact, and to set up and establish their own vile polity.

Just one word in conclusion to those who may be inclined to regard this consummation, the independence of South Africa, as a happy release. There is no need to reiterate what I have already said as to the enormous loss this would entail upon England. It would entail something else. It would mean, that as the English and German elements in the colony increased, and those elements will be constantly increasing from without, the uprising and rebellion of those elements—the progressive elements—against the disciples of sloth, the Boers. It would mean civil war, with all its bloodshed and countless horrors.

English influence in South Africa is trembling in the balance. The decision of Lord Derby decides the future. The interests of civilisation, of humanity, of commerce, demand of us to reject the Boer overtures, and to accede to Mankoroane's request, that we should step in and annex Bechuanaland, and put down the lawless "republicans" of Goshen and Stellaland.

At the present time, the whole of British South Africa calls for our earnest sympathies. The Cape Colony has accepted self-government, "blessing or curse which e'er it be". It has not developed administrative ability commensurate with the difficulties with which it is called upon to cope. The finances of the Cape Colony are in the most serious condition, and the same may be said of those of the Cape Town Municipality. The banks are in a condition pitiable to contemplate. The debentures of more than one bank have been offered for "what they would fetch" on the steps in the front of the respective premises of the banks in question. I was assured a few days since by a commercial gentleman, a Cape merchant of great intelligence and eminence, who has just returned from South Africa, that the colonies were upheld solely by the Standard Bank. Never before "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," has such distress been known in Cape Town. Numbers of the unemployed have been forced to come upon the charitably disposed for relief. In Natal, the same condition of bankruptcy and distress obtains, and both there and in the older colony, hundreds of clerks are leaving for Australia. There is no place for "Our Boys" in the Cape Colonies at present.

To make matters worse, the Free State is clamouring for a

rebate on the custom dues, exacted at the colonial ports on goods destined for the Free State; conveniently forgetting the enormous sums the colony has spent in subsidising the mail steamers, and the submarine telegraph, &c., &c., &c.

The religious public at the Cape is agitated in the matter of fresh difficulties concerning Church affairs. I must abstain from opening up this question.

The reflective public is sadly concerned at the prospect of seeing Madagascar in the hands of the French. I sympathise with this anxiety, and with Sir Donald Currie's view of the importance of this island to England, and especially to the Cape. Were the Cape as powerful as Australasia, all the objections urged by the colonists there to the annexation of New Guinea by a foreign power would be urged with equal cogency by the Cape colonists regarding the occupation of Madagascar by aliens. Again, the attempted annexation by German traders of British territory at Angra Pequena is harassing.

Mischief, too, is brewing in Pondoland, where Umquikela has become reconciled to his quondam enemy Umquifiso. This has naturally alarmed those inhabitants of that wild country who cherish peaceable instincts. The English resident at St. John's River is threatened with expulsion. The settlers in Griqualand East, and stragglers in the whole district situate between the Kei and Natal, are of course very uneasy and anxious.

Basutoland, moreover, harbours offenders against the Cape government, and Sir Philip Wodehouse's addition to the empire seems to bid fair to give as much trouble as heretofore.

The serious drought in the Free State is a matter which nearly affects many Cape colonists, as is likewise the alleged outbreak of small-pox, or something very similar to that fell disease, in the Transvaal.

The land-grabbers of Bechuanaland are getting more and more aggressive, and have proclaimed the United States of Stellaland; while they are harassing the farmers and missionaries of Christiana, and generally constituting themselves a nuisance.

Cetewayo's little business seems as far from settlement as ever. One day we are told that he is to be reinstated at Ulundi with

the aid of British troops, and anon we hear he is to return to Cape Town, and perhaps to England, via Port Durnford. Meanwhile, Usibepu continues to slaughter indiscriminately, to the right and to the left. In Natal, Mr. Escombe has taken up the mantle Bishop Colenso has let fall, and is championing Cetewayo, much to the disgust of the majority of the colonists.

In all these difficulties, the colonist can no longer fly to that refuge for the destitute, a parliamentary commission. He is sick of these commissions. The Native Laws Commission cost the Cape colonists a large sum of money, and its results were practically nugatory, and it is asserted that of the other commissions the same adverse criticism holds good.

With the foregoing perplexities, and many others, clamouring for settlement, South Africa has enough to do just now. The general outlook is doubtless gloomy. As to the political outlook, it could scarcely be blacker. The *Natal Mercury* goes so far as to say, that it believes "that before long, England will awake to find that another campaign has begun in South Africa, the cause of which she does not comprehend, the end of which she cannot foresee, the result of which is problematical".

My fears, I must say, tally with the above. It is satisfactory so far to find the government organs awakening to the situation. The *Daily News* lately spoke in no uncertain terms, and the *Daily Chronicle* implores the government to adopt some definite policy in regard to South Africa.

So long a string of miseries demands something brighter to relieve its sombre hue. I was going to point to the alleged discovery of gold at Graham's Town and at Worcester; but my sceptical faculties are awakened, and I remember what a friend from the Cape remarked to me recently:—"It is a little strange," said he, "that these discoveries should be made just when those two towns are on the verge of collapse". The attention being bestowed upon education in South Africa is at least a hopeful sign. Dr. Kolbe and others are working in this cause. The effort to revivify colonial industries is a healthful awakening. Horse-breeding, too, is being actively pursued. Mr. Charles Southey, according to the new Cape paper—*The Racing Calendar and*

Sporting Journal, and Agricultural Gazette—has initiated horse-breeding at Clumstock, near Tafelberg Station, Great Brak River, on a most successful and promising scale. Stock-rearing also is receiving much attention, and Angora goats especially are promising well. Moreover, there seems to be a disposition on the part of the wine-growers to make a change of a very healthy character in their business. Hitherto, Cape wines have been called Sherry or Port,—wines which the Cape cannot produce. If they were called by local names, they would stand on their own merits and not be put down as spurious imitations. There would appear to be a disposition to acknowledge this fact, and Cape wine has had some success of late in Holland, at all events: and if the growers would only become disciples of Pasteur, and apply his scientific principles to the growth and manufacture of their wines, very important results might be confidently anticipated. Moreover, South Africans are now fully assured of the existence of boundless fields of gold in the Transvaal, and coal in the Cape Colony: while, upon going to press, I think I may add that there are evident signs of a general revival in trade, up-country business having especially shown such indications of improvement. Stanley is demonstrating what this up-country of Africa really is. South Africa only wants rest, fresh blood, and decent administration to be a grand country. I have great hope that she will weather the storm, and ride into the haven triumphantly.

I have now come to the end of my task—a labour of love, "for the labour one delights in physicks pain". But it has been a heavy labour, nevertheless—a very heavy labour indeed, because I have felt in every word I have written, the weight of the responsibility resting upon me. For my mistakes, I hope I shall be forgiven. I have worshipped at the shrine of truth, from beginning to end. When I have nodded, as doubtless I have nodded, it has been solely because the lamp of my own perception has burned too dimly to guide me to those paths which lead to that altar of Truth, at which I would fain fall down.

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